

Plays

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OLD PLAYS;

BEING A CONTINUATION OF

DODSLEY'S COLLECTION.

WITH

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

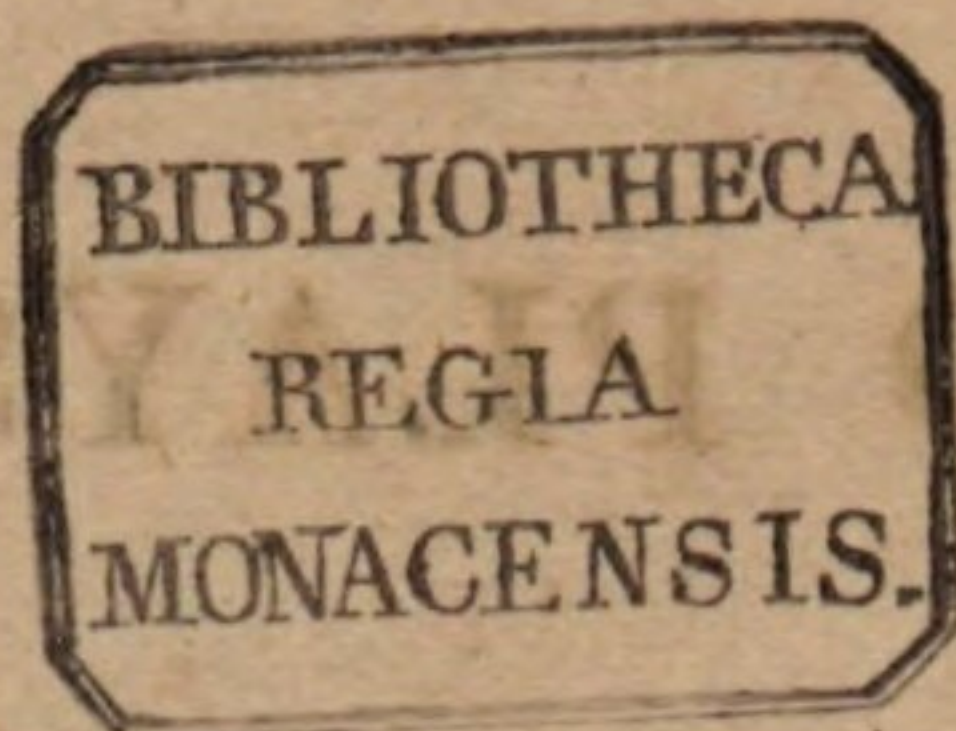
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RODWELL AND MARTIN,

(Successors to Mr. Faulder)

NEW BOND STREET.

1816.



Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

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MAY DAY.

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LONDON.

Printed for J. DODSLEY, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXII.

MAY DAY:

COMEDY.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lorenzo, father to Æmilia.

Honorio, father to Aurelio.

Lodovico, nephew to Lorenzo.

Aurelio, son to Honorio, and lover of Æmilia.

Lucretio, appears throughout in the disguise of a woman, under the name of Lucretia.

Leonoro, in love with the supposed Lucretia.

Quintiliano, the husband of Francischina.

Giovenelle.

Innocentio.

Gasparo, an old clown, the proposed husband of Æmilia.

Giacomo.

Angelo, servant to Aurelio, and cousin to Francischina.

Fannio, page to Quintiliano.

Æmilia, daughter to Lorenzo, in love with Aurelio.

Theagine, appears throughout in the disguise of page to Leonoro, and under the assumed name of Lionell.

Francischina, wife to Quintiliano.

Temperance, servant to Honorio.

Tailor ; Tailor's Son ; Cuthbert, a Barber ; Dancers, &c. &c.

* As the real names and sex of Lucretio and Theagine do not appear until the last scene, the practice of the old quarto has been observed, and their *assumed* names are prefixed to their speeches.



M A Y D A Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A number of young Persons are discovered singing and dancing; LORENZO enters with Papers in his Hand: after some time they go out dancing.

Lor. WELL done, my lusty bloods, well done! Fit, fit observance for this May-morning*; not the May month alone, they take when it comes; nor the first week of that month; nor the first day; but the first minute of the first hour of the first day. Lose no time, bloods, lose no time; though the sun go to bed never so much before you, yet be you up before him; call the golden sluggard from the silver arms of his lady, to light you into yours; when your old father January here in one of his last days, thrusts his forehead into the depth of May's fragrant bosom, what may you Aprils perform then? Oh, what may you do? Well, yet will I say thus much for myself, where-soever the affections of youth are, there must needs be the instruments, and where the instruments are,

* Mr. Strutt has an extract from Hall relating to Henry VIII. and his queen Katherine going a maying, which will give the reader some idea of what was considered a "fit observance for a May morning." It is something too long for a note. The curious reader may derive some information on this head from the speech of Ralph at the conclusion of Act IV. of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," and a full account in Brand's "Pop. Ant." vol. i. p. 179.

there must of necessity be the faculties. What am I short of them then? A sound old man, ably constituted, wholesomely dieted, that took his May temperately at their ages, and continued his own; why should he not continue their ages in his own? By the mass I feel nothing that stands against it, and therefore, sweet May, I salute thee with the youngest: I have love to employ thee in, as well as the proudest young princock, and so have at you, Mistress Francischina: have at you, Mistress Frank: I'll spread my nets for you i'faith, though they be my very purse nets, wherein what heart will not willingly lie panting?

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. How now? God's my life! I wonder'd what made this May morning so cold, and now I see 'tis this January that intrudes into it; what paper is that he holds in hand, trow we?

Lor. Here have I put her face in rhyme, but I fear my old vein will not stretch to her contentment.

O hair, no hair but beams stolen from the sun.*

Ang. Out upon her, if it be she that I think, she has a fox-red cranion.

Lor. *A forehead that disdains the name of fair.*

Ang. And reason, for 'tis a foul one.

Lor. *A matchless eye.*

Ang. True, her eyes be not matches.

Lor. *A cheek vermilion red.*

* This is evidently a burlesque on a speech of Hieronymo, in the "Spanish Tragedy," which has been parodied and ridiculed by Jonson, Tomkis, and several of the dramatic writers of that age.

Ang. Painted, I warrant you.

Lor. A far commanding mouth.

Ang. It stretches to her ears indeed.

Lor. A nose made out of wax.

Ang. A red nose, in sincerity.

Lor. This could I send, but person, person does it: a good presence, to bear out a good wit; a good face, a pretty court leg, and a deft* dapper personage; no superfluous dimensions, but fluent in competence; for it is not Hector but Paris, not the full armful, but the sweet handful that ladies delight in.

Ang. Oh, notable old whyniard.

Lor. Such a size of humanity now, and brain enough in it, it is not in the strength of a woman to withstand. Well! she may hold out a parley or two, for 'tis a weak fort that obeys at the first or second summons, if she resist the third she is discharged, though she yield in future: for then it appears it was no fault of hers, but the man's that would take no denial. What rests now? means for access: true. Oh, an honest bawd were worth gold now.

Ang. A plague upon him! I had thought to have appeared to him, but now if I do, he will take me for the man he talks on: I will therefore post by his dull eye-sight, as in haste of business.

Lor. What, Signior Angelo? soft I command you.

* *Deft* is a word still in use in the northern counties, and means, in the text, "neat and well looking." It is used in Broome's "Northern Lass" in the same sense: "He said I were a *deft* lass, but there he feign'd."

Ang. God's precious ! what mean you, sir ?

Lor. I would be loath to be outrun I assure you, sir : was I able to stay you ?

Ang. Your ability stood too stiff, sir, beshrew me else.

Lor. Oh, most offenceless fault ! I would thou wouldst blaze my imperfection to one thou knowst, i'faith.

Ang. Well, sir, another time ; tell me where she is, and I'll do so much for you *gratis*. Good morrow, sir.

Lor. Nay stay, good Angelo.

Ang. My business says nay, sir ; you have made me stay to my pain, sir, I thank you.

Lor. Not a whit, man, I warrant thee.

Ang. Go to then, briefly, to whom shall I commend your imperfections ; will you tell me if I name her ?

Lor. That I will, i'faith, boy.

Ang. Is not her hair, *no hair, but beams stolen from the sun ?*

Lor. Black, black as an ouzell.

Ang. *A forehead that disdains the name of fair.*

Lor. Away, witch, away !

Ang. *A matchless eye.*

Lor. Nay, fie ! fie ! fie ! I see thou'rt a very devil, Angelo. And in earnest, I jested when I said my desire of thy friendship touch'd myself ; for it concerns a friend of mine just of my standing.

Ang. To whom then would he be remembered that I can solicit ?

Lor. To sweet Mistress Francischina : with

whom I hear thou art ready to lie down, thou art so great with her.

Ang. I am as great as a near kinsman may be with her, sir, not otherwise.

Lor. A good consanguinity: and, good Angelo, to her wilt thou deliver from my friend, in all secresy, this poor brace of bracelets?

Ang. Perhaps I will, sir, when I know what the gentleman and his intent is.

Lor. Never examine that, man; I would not trouble you with carrying too much at once to her; only tell her, such a man will resolve her, naming me: and I do not greatly care, if I take the pains to come to her, so I stay not long, and be let in privily: and so, without making many words, here they be; put them up closely, I beseech thee, and deliver them as closely.

Ang. Well, sir, I love no contention with friends, and therefore pocket many things that otherwise I would not: but I pray, sir, license me a question. Do not I know this gentleman that offers my cousin this kindness?

Lor. Never saw'st him in thy life, at least never knew'st him; but for his bounty sake to all his well willers, if this message be friendly discharged, I may chance put a dear friend of him into your bosom, sir, and make you profitably acquainted.

Ang. But I pray you, sir, is he not a well elderly gentleman?

Lor. Wide, wide; as young as day, I protest to thee.

Ang. I know he is young too, but that is in

ability of body: but is he not a *pretty squat gentleman*, as you shall see amongst a thousand?

Lor. Still from the cushion, still; tall and high, like a cedar.

Ang. I know he is tall also, but it is in his mind, sir; *and it is not Hector but Paris, not the full armful, but the sweet handful that a lady delights to dandle.*

Lor. Now the good devil take thee, if there be any such in hell, hell I beseech thee!

Ang. Well, well, Signior Lorenzo, i'faith the little squire is thought to be as peerless a piece of flesh, for a piece of flesh, as any hunts the whole pale of Venus, I protest t' thee.

Lor. I cannot contain myself, i'faith, boy; if the wenches come in my walk, I give 'em that they come for; I dally not with them.

Ang. I know you do not, sir; (*aside*) his dallying days be done.

Lor. It is my infirmity, and I cannot do withal, though I die for't*.

Ang. I believe you, sir.

Lor. There are certain envious old fellows, my neighbours, that say, I am one unwieldly and stiff: Angelo, didst ever hear any wench complain of my stiffness?

Ang. Never in my life: your old neighbours measure you by themselves.

Lor. Why, there's the matter then?

Ang. But i'faith, sir, do you ever hope to win your purpose at my losing hands; knowing her (as all the world does) a woman of that approved lowliness of life, and so generally tried?

* The quarto reads, "to die for't."

Lor. As for that take thou no care, she's a woman, is she not?

Ang. Sure I do take her to have the flesh and blood of a woman.

Lor. Then good enough, or then bad enough, this token shall be my gentleman-usher to prepare my access, and then let me alone with her.

Ang. Ay marry, sir, I think you would be alone with her: well, sir, I will do my best, but if your gentleman-usher should not get entrance for you now, it would be a grief to me.

Enter GASPARO, an old Clown.

Lor. Fear it not, man; gifts and gold, take the strongest hold: away, here comes a snudge, that must be my son-in-law: I would be loath he should suspect these tricks of youth in me, for fear he fear my daughter will trot after me.

Ang. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Gasp. Godge you good* morrow, sir; godge you good morrow.

Lor. Good morrow, neighbour Gasparo: I have talk'd with my daughter, whom I do yet find a green young plant, and therefore unapt to bear such ripe fruit. (*Aside.*) I think I might have said rotten, as yourself: but she is at my

* The quarto reads, "Godge you god morrow, sir; godge you god morrow." Some readers may think I am not justified in the alteration; as Gasparo is called an old clown, and it is not improbable that the passage was printed as intended to be spoken; others may think I have done too little, and that it is a misprint for, "God gi' you good morrow," or, "God ye good morrow," which is a common contraction in the old dramatists; and occurs in Act II.

disposition, and shall be at yours in the end; here's my hand, and with my hand take hers.

Gasp. Nay, by my faith, sir, you must give me leave to shake her portion by the hand first.

Lor. It is ready told for you, sir; come home when you will and receive it,

Enter ÆMILIA.

And see, yonder she comes; away, she cannot yet abide you, because she fears she can abide you too well.

Gasp. Well, I will come for her portion, sir, and till then, God take you to his mercy. [*Exit.*

Lor. Adieu, my good son-in-law, I'll not interrupt her, let her meditate on my late motion. [*Exit.*

Æmil. 'Tis strange to see the impiety of parents,

Both privileged by custom, and profess'd :
The holy institution of heaven,
Ordaining marriage for proportioned minds,
For our chief human comforts, and t' increase
The loved images of God in men,
Is now perverted to th' increase of wealth ;
We must bring riches forth, and like the cuckoo
Hatch other's eggs ; join house to house ; in choices
Fit timber-logs and stones, not men and women :

Enter AURELIO.

Ah me ! here's one I must shun, would embrace, [*Exit.*

Aur. Oh, stay and hear me speak, or see me die. [*Throws himself on the ground.*

Enter LODOVICO and GIACOMO.

Lod. How now? what have we here? what a loathsome creature man is being drunk: is it not pity to see a man of good hope, a toward scholar, writes a theme well, scans a verse very well, and likely in time to make a proper man, a good leg, especially in a boot, valiant, well spoken, and in a word, what not? and yet all this overthrown as you see, drown'd, quite drown'd in a quart pot.

Giac. Oh, these same wicked healths breed monstrous diseases.

Lod. Aurelio, speak, man; Aurelio!

Giac. Pray heaven all be well.

Lod. Oh speak, if any spark of speech remain. It is thy dear Æmilia that calls.

Aur. Well, well, it becomes not a friend to touch the deadly wounds of his friend with a smiling countenance.

Lod. Touch thee? s'blood! I could find in my heart to beat thee: up, in a fool's name, up: what a scene of foppery have we here?

Aur. Prithee have done.

Lod. Up cuckoo, Cupid's bird, or by this light I'll fetch thy father to thee.

Aur. Good Lodovico, if thou lov'st me, leave me; thou comest to counsel me from that which is join'd with my soul in eternity: I must and will do what I do.

Lod. Do so then, and I protest thou shalt never lick thy lips after my kinswoman, while thou liv'st: I had thought to have spoken for thee, if

thou hadst taken a manly course with her ; but to fold up thyself like an urchin *, and lie a calving to bring forth a husband ? I am ashamed to think on't : s'blood ! I have heard of wenches that have been won with singing and dancing, and some with riding ; but never heard of any that was won with tumbling, in my life.

Aur. If thou knew'st how vain thou seem'st—

Lod. I do it of purpose, to show how vain I hold thy disease. S'heart ! art thou the first that has shot at a wench's heart and mist it ? must that shot that missed her wound thee ? let her shake her ears † in a shrew's name : were she my cousin a thousand times, and if I were as thee, I would make her shake her heels too, before I would shake mine thus.

Aur. O vanity, vanity !

Lod. S'death ! if any wench should offer to keep possession of my heart against my will, I'd fire her out with sack and sugar, or smoke her out with tobacco, like a hornet ; or purge for her, for love is but a humour ; one way or other I would vent her, that's infallible.

Aur. For shame hold thy tongue : methinks thy wit should feel how stale are these love storms, and with what general privilege love pierces the worthiest. Seek to help thy friend, not mock him.

Lod. Marry, seek to help thyself then ; in a

* “ An urchin,” the common hedge-hog.

† “ Let her shake her *heels*,” is the reading of the quarto ; but from what follows, it was impossible it could be right. “ Shake her ears,” is an expression still in use, and to be found in Act II. Scene III. of “ Twelfth Night.”

halter's name, do not lie in a ditch, and say God help me! use the lawful tools he hath lent thee. Up, I say; I will bring thee to her.

Aur. She'll not endure me:

Lor. She shall endure thee, do the worst thou canst to her; ay, and endure thee till thou canst not endure her; but then thou must use thyself like a man, and a wise man; how deep soever she is in thy thoughts, carry not the prints of it in thy looks; be bold and careless, and stand not sauntering afar off, as I have seen you, like a dog in a furmety pot, that licks his chops and wags his tail, and fain would lay his lips to it, but he fears 'tis too hot for him: that's the only way to make her too hot for thee. He that holds religious and sacred thought of a woman, he that bears so reverend a respect to her, that he will not touch her but with a kist hand and a timorous heart, he that adores her like his goddess, let him be sure she will shun him like her slave. Alas, good souls, women of themselves are tractable and tractable enough, and would return *quid* for *quod* still, but we are they that spoil 'em, and we shall answer for't another day. We are they that put a kind of wanton melancholy into 'em, that makes 'em think their noses bigger than their faces; greater than the sun in brightness; and whereas Nature made 'em but half fools, we make 'em all fool: and this is our palpable flattery of them, where they had rather have plain dealing. Well, in conclusion, I'll to her instantly, and if I do not bring her to thee, or at the least some special favour from her, as a feather

from her fan,* or a string from her shoe, to wear in thy hat, and so forth, then never trust my skill in poultry whilst thou liv'st again. [*Exit.*

Enter QUINTILIANO, INNOCENTIO, FRANCIS-CHINA, ANGELO, and FANNIO †.

Fran. Thou shalt not to the wars, or if thou dost I'll bear thee company; dear Quint. do not offer to forsake me.

Quint. Hands off, wife; hang not upon me thus; how can I maintain thee but by using my valour? and how can I use that, but in action and employment? Go in, play at cards with your Cousin Angelo here, and let it suffice I love thee.

Ang. Come, sweet cousin, do not cloy your husband with your love so, especially to hinder his preferment; who shall the duke have to employ in these martial necessities if not Captain Quintiliano? he bears an honourable mind, and 'tis pity but he should have employment. Let him get a company now, and he will be able to maintain you like a dutchess hereafter.

Innoc. Well said, signior Angelo: gossave me ‡ you speak like a true cousin indeed! does he not, Quint.?

* If the learned commentators on Shakspeare had been aware of this passage, it would most probably have been adduced by them on the subject of how fans were made in our poet's time. See notes on "Merry Wives of Windsor."

† In the original here is a marginal notice—"A purse of twenty pounds in gold." This is a very conclusive evidence that this play was originally printed from the theatre copy, as this was evidently a direction to the property man to furnish Innocentio with such a purse.

‡ A contraction, I presume, of "as God shall save me;" or, "so God save me."

Quint. He does so, and I thank him; yet see how the fool puts finger i' th' eye still.

Ang. I'll cheer her up, I warrant you, captain; come, coz, let's in to tables.

Innoc. Farewell, sweet mistress.

Fran. Farewell, my good servant.

Ang. (*Aside.*) Now take away thy hand, and show thou didst laugh all this while: good Lord who would not marry to have so kind a wife make much on him? [*Exeunt Ang. and Fran.*

Quint. After, boy! give your attendance.

Fan. Could you not spare me money for mine hostess, where you put me to board? You're a whole fortnight in arrearages.

Quint. Attend, I say, the hostess of the Lion has a leg like a giant; want for nothing, boy, so she score truly.

Fan. Faith, sir, she has chalk'd up twenty shillings already, and swears she will chalk no more.

Quint. Then let her choak, and choak thou with her: s'blood! hobby horse, an she had chalk'd up twenty pounds, I hope the world knows I am able to pay it with a wet finger.

Fan. Alas, sir, I think you're able, but the world does not know it.

Quint. Then the world's an ignorant sir, and you are an innocent: vanish, boy! away!

Fan. (*Aside.*) I hope he will foist some money for my score, out of this gull here. [*Exit.*

Innoc. 'Tis a plaguy good wag, Quint, is't not?

Quint. I'll make him a good one ere I ha' done with him; but this same loving fool my wife now, will never leave weeping, till I make her

believe I will not have a company. Who would be cumbered with these soft-hearted creatures, that are ever in extremes, either too kind, or too unkind?

Innoc. Save me, 'tis true; 'tis a hard thing must please 'em in sadness.

Quint. Damn me, if I do not pity her with my heart: plague on her kindness! she has half persuaded me to take no company.

Innoc. Nay, sweet Quint., then how shall I be a lieutenant?

Quint. Well, an my promise were not past to thee, I am a villain if all the world should part Franke and me; think I love thee therefore, and will do thee credit: It will cost me a great deal o' this same foolish money to buy me drum and ensign, and furnish me thoroughly, but the best is, I know my credit.

Innoc. S'foot! Quint, we'll want no money, man; I'll make my row of houses fly first.

Quint. Let 'em walk, let 'em walk; candle rents*! if the wars hold, or a plague come to the town, they'll be worth nothing.

Innoc. True; or while I am beyond sea, some sleepy wench may set fire i' th' bed-straw.

Quint. Right; or there may come an earthquake, and overturn 'em.

Innoc. Just; or there may be conjuring, and the wind may down with 'em.

* I conceive Quintiliano intends (for the purpose of getting Innocentio to dispose of them with the greater facility) to express a contempt for the source of Innocentio's revenue, by calling them "candle rents," or rents only sufficient to purchase candles and such trifles: but I offer this, as all other conjectures, with hesitation, and leave the passage to the reader's judgment.

Quint. Or some crafty pettifogger may find a hole in the title; a thousand casualties belongs to 'em.

Innoc. Nay, they shall walk, that's certain; I'll turn 'em into money.

Quint. That's thy most husbandly course i'faith, boy; thou mayst have twenty i' th' hundred for thy life; I'll be thy man for two hundred.

Innoc. Wilt, i'faith, Quint? gossave me 'tis done.

Quint. For your life, not otherwise.

Innoc. Well, I desire no more, so you'll remember me for my lieutenantship.

Quint. Remember thee? 'tis thine own already, boy; a hundred pounds shall not buy it from thee; give me thy hand, I do here create thee Lieutenant Innocentio.

Innoc. If you have a company, captain?

Quint. *If I have?* damn me, if such another word do not make me put thee out o' th' place again: *if I have a company?* S'foot! let the duke deny me one; I would 'twere come to that once, that employment should go with the undeserver, while men of service sit at home, and feed their anger with the blood of red lattices*. Let the duke deny me to-day, I'll renounce him to-morrow. I'll to the enemy point blank, I'm a villain else.

Innoc. And I, by heaven I swear.

Quint. Well if that day come, it will prove a hot day with somebody.

Innoc. But, captain, did not you say that you

* Ale-houses were formerly known by red lattices at the doors and windows. See notes on a passage in Act II. of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

would enter me at an ordinary, that I might learn to converse?

Quint. When thou wilt, lieutenant; no better time than now, for now thou'rt in good clothes, which is the most material point for thy entrance there.

Innoc. Ay, but how should I behave myself?

Quint. Marry, sir, when you come first in, you shall see a crew of gallants of all sorts——

Innoc. Nay, captain, if I come first in, I shall see nobody.

Quint. Tush, man, you must not do so; if you have good clothes and will be noted, let 'em all come in before you; and then, as I said, shall you see a lusty crew of gallants, some gentlemen, some none; but that's all one; he that bears himself like a gentleman, is worthy to have been born a gentleman; some aged have beards, and some have none; some have money, and some have none; yet all must have meat: now will all these, I say, at your first entrance, wonder at you, as at some strange owl; examine your person, and observe your bearing for a time; do you then o' th' t'other side seem to neglect their observance as fast: let your countenance be proof against all eyes, not yielding or confessing in it any inward defect; in a word, be impudent enough, for that's your chief virtue of society.

Innoc. Is that? faith and I need not learn that; I have that by nature, I thank God.

Quint. So much the better, for nature is far above art, or judgment. Now for your behaviour; let it be free and negligent, not clogged with ceremony or observance; give no man ho-

nour, but upon equal terms; for look how much thou giv'st any man above that, so much thou tak'st from thyself: he that will once give the wall, shall quickly be thrust into the kennel: measure not thy carriage by any man's eye, thy speech by no man's ear, but be resolute and confident in doing and saying, and this is the grace of a right gentleman as thou art.

Innoc. S'foot, that I am I hope! I am sure my father has been twice warden on's company.

Quint. That's not a pear* matter, man; there's no prescription for gentility, but good clothes and impudence: for your place, take it as it falls, but so as you think no place too good for you: fall to without ceremony whatsoever the company be; and as near as you can, when they are in their mutton, be thou in thy woodcock; it shows resolution: talk any thing, thou carest not what, so it be without offence, and as near as thou canst without sense.

Innoc. Let me alone for that, captain, I warrant you.

Quint. If you chance to tell a lie, you must bind it with some oath; as by this bread, for bread's a binder you know.

Innoc. True.

Quint. And yet take heed you swear by no man's bread but your own, for that may breed a

* It is perhaps needless to say a pun is here intended. The *warden* was a species of *pear* well known in our author's time. A *warden tree* is mentioned in the Second Part of Dekker's "Honest Whore;" and *warden pies* in the "Winter's Tale" of Shakspeare; they are also spoken of by Beaumont and Fletcher in "Cupid's Revenge;" and Ben Jonson makes the same use of them as our poet, and talks of "a deputy tart, a church-warden pye, in his "Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed."

quarrel: above all things you must carry no coals*.

Innoc. By heaven not I, I'll freeze to death first.

Quint. Well, sir, one point more I must remember you of. After dinner there will be play, and if you would be counted complete, you must venture amongst them; for otherwise, they'll take you for a scholar or a poet, and so fall into contempt of you; for there is no virtue can 'scape the account of baseness if it get money, but gaming and law; yet must you not lose much money at once, for that argues little wit at all times.

Innoc. As gossave me, and that's my fault! for if I be in once, I shall lose all I have about me.

Quint. Is't true, lieutenant? by'r lady, sir, I'll be your moderator, therefore let me see how much money have you about you?

Innoc. Not much, some twenty mark, or twenty pound in gold.

Quint. 'Tis too much to lose, by my faith, lieutenant; give me your purse, sir; hold ye, here's two brace of angels, you shall venture that for fashion sake, I'll keep the rest for you till you have done play.

Innoc. That will be all one, for when that's lost I shall never leave till I get the rest from you: for I know thou wilt let me have it if I ask it.

Quint. Not a penny, by this gold.

Innoc. Prithce do not then; as gossave me an you do——

Quint. An I do, hang me: come, let's to the duke. [Exeunt.

* *i. e.* Not suffer yourself to be insulted. See notes on Scene I. of "Romeo and Juliet."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LUCRETIA *and* TEMPERANCE, *several ways.*

Tem. Nay, mistress, pray e'en go in again, for I have some inward news for you.

Luc. What are those pray?

Tem. 'Tis no matter, mistress, till you come in, but make much o' time in the mean-time; good Fortune thrusts herself upon you in the likeness of a fine young gentleman; hold up your apron, and receive him while you may, in God's name.

Luc. How say you by that*? you're a very wise counsellor.

Tem. Well, mistress, when I was a maid, and that's a good while ago I can tell you——

Luc. I think very well.

Tem. You were but a little one then I wis.

Luc. Nor you neither I believe.

Tem. Faith it's one of the furthest things I can remember.

Luc. But what when you were a maid?

Tem. Marry, mistress, I took my time, I warrant you. And there's Signior Leonoro now, the very flower of Venice, and one that loves you dearly I ensure you——

Luc. God forgive him if he do, for I'll be

* The quarto reads, "How say by that?"

sworn I never deserved his love, nor never will while I live.

Tem. Why then, what say to Signior Collatine? there's a dainty piece of venison for you, and a fervent lover indeed.

Luc. He? I dare say, he knows not what wood love's shafts are made of; his signiory would think it the deepest disparagement could be done to him, to say that ever he spent sigh for any dame in Italy.

Tem. Well, you have a whole brown dozen * o' suitors at least, I am sure; take your choice amongst 'em all; if you love not all, yet you may love three or four on 'em to be doing withall.

Luc. To be doing withall? love three or four?

Tem. Why not, so you love 'em moderately. What must that strange-made piece, Theagines, that you cry out upon so often, have all from other, and yet you † know not where he is?

Luc. (*Aside.*) Oh, my Theagine, not Theagines, thy love hath turn'd me woman like thyself, shall thy sight never turn me man again. Come, let's to the minster, God hear my prayers, as I intend to stop mine ears against all my suitors.

Tem. Well, mistress, yet peradventure, they may make you open afore the priest have a penny for you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LODOVICO *and* ÆMILIA.

Lod. Here's a coil to make wit and women friends: come hither, wench, let me have thee

* Thirteen is called a baker's dozen, and to this I suppose Temperance alludes.

† *You* is not in the quarto.

single; now sit thee down, and hear good counsel next thy heart, and God give thee grace to lay it to thy heart.

Æmil. Fie, cousin, will this wild tongue of yours never receive the bridle?

Lod. Yes, thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speak sententiously: thou tell'st me thy little father is in hand with a great rich marriage for thee, and would have thee commit matrimony with old Gasparo; art thou willing with it?

Æmil. I rather wish myself married to a thousand deaths.

Lod. Then I perceive thou know'st him not: did he never woo thee?

Æmil. I protest I never chang'd three words with him in my life; he hath once or twice woo'd my father for me, but never me.

Lod. Why that's the reason thou lov'st him not, because thou tak'st in none of his valiant breath to inflame thee, nor vouchsafest his knowledge: I'll tell thee what he is; an old sapless trunk, fit to make touchwood of; hollow, and bald like a blasted oak, on whose top ravens sit and croak the portents of funerals; one that 'noints his nose with clouted cream and pomatum: his breath smells like the butt end of a shoe-maker's horn*: a leprous scaly hide like an elephant: the son of a sow-gelder, that came to town (as I have heard thy father himself say) in a tattered russet coat, high shoes, and yet his hose torn

* In allusion to the rancid grease kept by shoemakers in a horn.

above 'em; a long pike-staff in his neck (and a tord in his teeth), and a wallet on his right shoulder, and now the cullion hath with *noverint universi* * eaten up some hundred gentlemen: he must needs rise a gentleman as 'twere out of their ashes, or disparage a gentlewoman, to make himself a gentleman, at least by the wife's side.

Æmil. The worse my fortune to be entangled with such a winding bramble.

Lod. Entangled? Nay, if I thought 'twould ever come to that, I'd hire some shag-rag or other for half a chicken † to cut's throat, only to save thy hands from doing it; for I know thou would'st poison him within one month: love thee he will never, and that must be thy happiness; for if he do, look to be coop'd up like a prisoner condemned to execution: scarce suffered to take the air, so much as at a window; or waited on continually by an old beldame, not to keep thee company, but to keep thee from company: thy pocket search'd, thy cabinets ransack'd for letters; ever in opposition, unless (like the moon) once a month in conjunction: wealth thou mayst have indeed, but enjoy it as in a dream; for when thou wak'st thou shalt find nothing in thy hand: (*Gasparo crosses the stage.*) and (to keep my tale in goodness) see how all the ill that can be spoken of him is expressed in his presence.

Æmil. O ugly and monstrous spectacle!

Lod. Now tell me whether thou wouldst make

* See note, vol. i. p. 285.

† i. e. Chequin.

choice of him, or a young gallant in prime of his choiceness ; one that for birth, person, and good parts, might meritoriously marry a countess ; and one to whom his soul is not so dear as thyself.

Enter AURELIO.

For all the world such another as he that comes here now : mark him well, see whether Gasparo and he be not a little different. [*Exit Æmilia.*

How now ! zounds, Aurelio ? stay, beast, wilt thou make such a blest opportunity curse thee ? I'll fetch her out to thee. [*Exit Lod.*

Aur. Wretch that I am, how she loaths me ! if I abide her, I shall consume in the lightnings of her anger. [*Exit Aur.*

Enter LODOVICO with ÆMILIA.

Lod. (Aside.) Here's a life indeed ! what's he gone ? passion of death, what a babe 'tis ! I could find in my heart to jerk him ; but, temper me friendship ! no remedy now ; now wit turn his defects to perfection. Why, coz, he's quite out of sight : by my life I commend him : why this is done like thyself, Aurelio ; were she the queen of love and would run from thee, fly thou from her ; why now I love thee, for I see thou'rt worthy of my love ; thou carriest a respect to thine own worth, and wilt express it with spirit ; I dare say, thou look'st to have had him fall on his knees and adore thee, or beg his life at thy hands ; or else turn'd Queen Dido, *and pierce his*

*tender heart with sword full sharp**; no faith, wench, the case is altered; love made Hercules spin, but it made him rage after: there must go time to the bridling of every passion: I hope my friend will not love a wench against her will; if she would have met his kindness half way, so; if she skit and recoil, he shoots her off warily, and away he goes: ay, marry, sir, this was a gentlemanly part indeed. Farewell, coz, be thou free in thy choice too, and take a better an thou canst o' God's name. [*Is going.*]

Æmil. Nay, dear coz, a word.

Lod. A word? what's the matter? I must needs after him, and clap him o' th' back; this spirit must be cherish'd.

Æmil. Alas, what would you wish me to do?

Lod. Why, nothing.

Æmil. Would you counsel me to marry him against my father's will?

Lod. Not for the world: leave him! leave him! leave him! you see he's resolv'd; he'll take no harm, an you never fear to embrue your hands with his liver I warrant you.

Æmil. Come you are such another.

Lod. This same riches with a husband, is the only thing in the world, I protest: good Gasparo, I am sorry I have abused thee i'faith, for my cousin's sake: how prettily the wretch came crawling by with his crooked knees even now:

* "*And pierce his tender heart with sword full sharp.*" This line has every appearance of a quotation; and I have printed it in Italic accordingly: it is probably from the very scarce play of "*Dido, Queen of Carthage,*" by Nash and Marlowe; but I have not that play to refer to.

I have seen a young gentlewoman live as merry a life with an old man, as with the proudest young upstart on 'em all: farewell, coz, I am glad thou'rt so wise i'faith.

Æmil. If you go, I die: fie on this affection! it rageth with suppression. Good coz, I am no longer able to continue it, I love Aurelio better than it is possible for him to love me.

Lod. Away, away! and could not this have been done at first, without all these superfluous disgracings? Oh, this same unhearty niceness of women, is good for nothing but to keep their huswife hands still occupied in this warp of dissembling. Well, wench, redeem thy fault, and write a kind letter to him presently, before this resolution of his take too deep root in him.

Æmil. Nay, sweet coz, make me not so immodest to write so suddenly; let me have a little time to think upon't.

Lod. Think me on nothing till you write: think as you write, and then you shall be sure to write as you think. Women do best when they least think on't.

Æmil. But rather than write, I will meet him at your pleasure.

Lod. Meet him? dost thou think that I shall ever draw him again to meet thee, that rush'd from thee even now with so just a displeasure?

Æmil. Nay, good coz, urge not my offence so bitterly, our next meeting shall pay the forfeit of all faults.

Lod. Well thou art my pretty coz, and I'll do my best to bring him to thee again; if I cannot,

I shall be sorry i'faith, thou wert so injuriously strange to him. But where shall this interview be now?

Æmil. There is the mischief; and we shall hardly avoid it, my father plies my haunts so closely; and uses means by our maid to entrap us, so that this terrace at our back gate is the only place we may safely meet at; from whence I can stand and talk to you. But, sweet coz, you shall swear to keep this my kindness from Aurelio, and not intimate by any means that I am any thing acquainted with his coming.

Lod. S'life, dost think I am an ass? to what end should I tell him? he and I'll come wandering that way to take the air or so, and I'll discover thee.

Æmil. By mere chance as 'twere.

Lod. By chance, by chance; and you shall at no hand see him at first, when I bring him, for all this kindness you bear him.

Æmil. By no means, coz.

Lod. Very good: and if you endure any conference with him, let it be very little; and as near as you can, turn to your former strangeness in any case.

Æmil. If I do not, coz, trust me not.

Lod. Or if you think good, you may flirt away again as soon as you see him, and never let your late fault be any warning t' thee.

Æmil. I will do all this, I warrant thee, coz.

Lod. Will you so cousin fool? canst thou be brought to that silly humour again by any persuasions? by God's Lord, an you be strange

coming to you in the morning when your young

again (more than needs must for a temperate modesty), I'll break's neck down from thee, but he shall do as he did to thee!

Æmil. Now, fie upon you, coz, what a fool do you make me?

Lod. Well, dame, leave your superfluous nicety in earnest, and within this hour I will bring him to this terrace.

Æmil. But, good coz, if you chance to see my chamber-window open, that is upon the terrace, do not let him come in at it in any case.

Lod. S'blood! how can he? can he come over the wall think'st?

Æmil. Oh, sir, you men have not devices with ladders of ropes to scale such walls at your pleasure, and abuse us poor wenches?

Lod. Now a plague of your simplicity! would you discourage him with prompting him? Well, dame, I'll provide for you.

Æmil. As you love me, coz, no words of my kindness from me to him.

Lod. Go to, no more ado. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONORO, LIONELL, and TEMPERANCE.

Tem. God ye good morrow, sir, truly I have not heard a sweeter breath than your page has.

Leo. I am glad you like him, Mistress Temperance.

Tem. And how d'ye, sir?

Leo. That I must know of you, lady; my welfare depends wholly upon your good speed.

Tem. How say you, sir? and by my soul I was coming to you in the morning when your young

man came to me ; I pray let him put on *, unless it be for your pleasure.

Leo. He is young, and can endure the cold well enough bare headed.

Tem. A pretty sweet child 'tis I promise you.

Leo. But what good news, Mistress Temperance? will your mistress be won to our kind meeting?

Tem. Faith, I'll tell you, sir, I took her in a good mood this morning, and broke with her again about you, and she was very pleasant as she will be many times.

Leo. Very well, and is there any hope of speed?

Tem. No, by my troth, gentleman, none in the world ; an obstacle young thing it is, as ever I broke withall in my life : I have broke with a hundred in my days, though I say it, yet never met her comparison.

Leo. Are all my hopes come to this, Mistress Temperance?

Tem. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir ; this is the first time that ever I spake to any in these matters, and it shall be the last, God willing.

Leo. (Aside.) And even now she had broke with a hundred and a hundred.

Tem. But do you love her, sir, indeed?

Leo. Dost thou make a question of that?

Tem. Pardon me I pray, sir ; I mean d'ye love her as a gentleman ought to do ; that is, to consummate matrimony with her as they say?

Leo. That's no matter to you, Mistress Tem-

* *i.e.* Put his hat on.

perance, do you procure our meeting, and let my favour be at her hands as I can enforce it.

Tem. You say like an honest gentleman; a woman can have no more: and faith, sir, I wish you well, and every day after dinner my mistress uses to go to her chair, or else lie down upon her bed, to take a nap or so, to avoid idleness, (as many good huswives do, you know,) and then do I sit by her and sew, or so; and when I see her fast asleep, Lord, do I think to myself, (as you know we waiting women have many light thoughts in our heads) now if I were a man, and should bear my mistress an ill will, what might I do to her now.

Leo. Indeed then you have very good opportunity.

Tem. The best that may be, for she sleeps like a sucking pig; you may jog her a hundred times, and she'll stir no more than one of your stones, here.

Leo. And could you put a friend in your place think you?

Tem. Nay, by'r lady, sir; back with that leg, for if any thing come on't but well, all the burthen will lie upon me.

Leo. Why what can come of it? only that by this means, I may solicit her love myself.

Tem. Ay, but who knows if the devil (God bless us!) should be great wi' ye, how you would use her?

Leo. What dost thou take me for a beast, to force her that I would make my wife?

Tem. Beast, sir? Nay, there's no beastliness in it neither, for a man will show like a man in

those cases: and besides, you may mar the bed, which every body will see that comes in; and that I would not for the best gown I shall wear this twelvemonth.

Leo. Well, to put thee out of that fear, it shall be worth such a gown to thee.

Tem. I thank you for that, sir, but that's all one: and thus, sir, my old master Honorio, at two o'clock will be at tilting, and then will his son Signior Aurelio, and his man Angelo, be abroad; at which hour if you will be at the back gate, and muffle yourself handsomely, you may linger there till I call you.

Leo. Ay, marry, sir, so I may be there long enough.

Tem. Nay, but two o'clock; now, now is my hour, sir.

Leo. Very well, and till then—farewell.

Tem. Boy to you heartily.

Leo. Boy to him indeed if he knew all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LODOVICO and AURELIO.

Lod. I have provided thee a ladder of ropes, therefore resolve to meet her; go wash thy face, and prepare thyself to die, I'll go make ready the ladder.

Aur. But when is the happy hour of our meeting?

Lod. Marry, sir, that's something uncertain, for it depends wholly upon her father's absence, and when that will be God knows: but I doubt not it will happen once within this twelvemonth.

Aur. Zounds! a twelvemonth?

Lod. Nay, hark you, you are all upon the spur now; but how many lovers have serv'd seven twelvemonths 'prenticeships, for the freedom of their mistress' favours? Notwithstanding, to shorten your torments, your man Angelo must be the mean to draw the lapwing her father from his nest, by this device that I tell you.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. (*Not observing them.*) I did ever dream that once in my life good fortune would warm her cold hand in my naked bosom, and that once is now come; I'll lay hold upon't, i'faith: I have you my little squire, I have you upon mine anvil, upon which I will mallet you and work you; coining crowns, chequins, bracelets, and what not out of you; for procuring you the dear gullage of my sweetheart mistress Francischina.

Aur. I am glad it rests in my kind servant Angelo. Angelo, well met; it lies in thee now to make me no more thy master, but thy friend, and for ever happy in thy friendship.

Ang. In what part of me does that lie, sir, that I may pull it out for you presently?

Aur. My friend Lodovico here hath told me what thou revealedst to him to-day, touching his uncle Lorenzo, and his love-suit to Francischina.

Ang. S'light! I told it him in secret, sir.

Lod. And so did I tell it him, Angelo, I am a Jew else.

Ang. It may well be, sir; but what of that?

Lod. This, Angelo: he would have thee procure my old uncle's absence from home this afternoon, by making him meet or pretending

his meeting with his mistress, and thy sweetheart Francischina.

Aur. Which if thou dost, Angelo, be sure of reward to thy wishes.

Ang. What talk you of reward, sir? to the loving and dutiful servant, 'tis a greater encouragement to his service to hear his master say, *God a mercy, Angelo! spy out Angelo, I'll think of thy pains one day, Angelo;* than all your base rewards and preferments: yet not to hinder your hand, sir, I will extend mine to his service presently, and get your old uncle, Signior Lorenzo, out of the way long enough, I warrant you.

Lod. 'Tis honestly said, which when thou hast performed, enforce us. [*Exeunt.*]

Ang. I will not fail, sir: I was resolved to make him a way afore they spake to me, in procuring his access to Francischina; for what is his presence at her house, but his absence at his own? and thus shall I with one trowel daub two walls.

Enter FRANCISCHINA.

See how fitly she meets me. I will stand close here as if it were in my shop of good fortune; and in respect of all ornaments I can help her to, I will out of the fulness of my joy, put her out of her study and encounter her thus: * *D'ye*

* Angelo here imitates the language and manners of a shop-keeper, with whom "what d'ye lack" was so common an expression that the citizens in a body are characterized by it in the "Philaster" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and with allusions to which the old dramatists abound. See Quadratus's speech in "What You Will," vol. ii. p. 250.

lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack? very fair new gowns, kirtles, petticoats, wrought smocks, bracelets, d'ye lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack?

[Holds up the bracelets.]

Fran. What means my love by these strange salutations?

Ang. Prithee ask me no questions; hold, take these bracelets, put up this purse of gold quickly, and if thou wilt have any of these things, I have cried to thee, speak and 'tis performed.

Fran. From whose treasury comes all this, I prithee?

Ang. Lorenzo's, Lorenzo's; a gentleman of much antiquity, and one that for his love hath burned hundreds of hearts to powder; yet now it falls out, that his tree of life is scorch'd and blasted with the flames of thy beauty; ready to wither eternally, unless it be speedily comforted with the sweet drops of thy nose.

Fran. God's my life! is that old squire so amorous?

Ang. You wrong him to term him old; he can draw his bow, ride his horse, use his sword, and trail his pike under love's colours, as well as ever he did.

Fran. I believe that easily.

Ang. Well, go thy ways in and prepare to entertain him (now thy husband is from home), only with good words and best kindnesses; making him put all into deeds till his treasury be deedless.

Fran. You speak as if I had nothing to respect but his entertainment; when you know how close and timely it must be put in execu-

tion, considering with what envious eyes my neighbours survey me.

Ang. Think'st thou I consider not all this? he shall come in disguised, wench; and do thou devise for our mirth, what ridiculous disguise he shall come in, and he shall assume it.

Fran. What a magnifico of the city, and one of the senate! thinkest thou he will not see into that inconvenience?

Ang. No more than no senator; for in this case, my assurance is that Cupid will take the scarf from his own eyes, and hoodwink the old buzzard, while two other true turtles enjoy their happiness: get thee in I beseech thee, love, tell thy gold, and say thy prayers.

Enter LORENZO.

(*Aside.*) Now for a far-fetch'd device to fetch over my love-squire. (*Exit Fran.*) I see him within ear-shot. Well beauty may enflame others, riches may tempt others; but for me, mine ears and mine eyes are proof against all the Syrens and Venusses in all the seas of the world; beauty is a whore, riches a bawd, and I'll trust none on you.

Lor. What ails poor Angelo?

Ang. Nay, Mistress Frank, if you prove disloyal once, farewell all constancy in women.

Lor. How now, man? what's the matter?

Ang. Oh, sir, are you so near? I shall trust your experience in women the better while I live.

Lor. I prithee, why so?

Ang. Say true, sir, did you never solicit your love-suit to fair Mistress Francischina?

Lor. Never I protest, Angelo.

Ang. Upon my life 'tis a strange thing! I would have sworn, all Italy could not so suddenly have fastened a favour upon her; I look'd for a siege of Troy at least, to surprise the turrets of her continence; but to yield at the first sight of her assailant's colours, and before any cannon was mounted afore her, 'tis one of the loosest parts of a modest woman that ever I heard of.

Lor. How say'st thou? did not I tell thee as much? beware of an old cock* while you live, he can tell when to strike, I warrant you.

Ang. Women and feathers? now fie on that affinity.

Lor. Alas, Angelo, a feeble generation; soon overcome, God knows; the honestest mind, the sooner overcome.

Ang. God's my life! what light huswife would yield at first to a stranger? and yet does this whirligig stand upon terms of honour forsooth; tenders her reputation as the apple of her eye; she has a jealous and a cutting husband, envious neighbours, and will die many deaths rather than by any friend's open access to her; be whipp'd naked with the tongues of scandal and slander, and a whole sanctuary of such ceremonies.

Lor. Oh, she does worthily in that, Angelo,

* The quarto reads, "beware of an old *colt*." This is a contradiction in terms, and, from the next speech, I have no doubt of the propriety of the alteration.

and like a woman of honour ; thou hast painted her perfection in her faults thou find'st, and tickl'st me with her appetite.

Ang. And to avoid all sight of your entrance, you must needs come in some disguise she says ; so much she tenders your high credit in the city, and her own reputation, forsooth.

Lor. How ! come in some disguise ?

Ang. A toy, a very toy which runs in her head with such curious feet, sir ; because if there be any resemblances of your person seen to enter her house, your whole substantial self will be called in question ; any other man, she says, might better adventure with the least thing changed about 'em than you with all ; as if you were the only noted mutton-monger in all the city.

Lor. Well, Angelo, heaven forgive us the sins of our youth.

Ang. That's true, sir ; but for a paltry disguise, being a magnifico, she shall go snick up*.

Lor. Soft, good Angelo, soft, let's think on't a little. What disguise would serve the turn, says she ?

Ang. Faith, I know not what disguise she would have for you : she would have you come like a calf with a white face I think ; she talks of tinkers, pedlars, porters, chimney-sweepers, fools, and physicians, such as have free egress and regress into mens' houses without suspicion.

Lor. Out upon 'em ! would she have me un-

* " Hang herself before you shall do it." See notes on " Twelfth Night," Act II. Scene III.

dergo the shame and hazard of one of those abjects?

Ang. I'faith I told her so: a squire of that worship, one of the senate, a grave justicer, a man of wealth, a magnifico?

Lor. And yet by my troth, for the safeguard of her honour, I would do much; methinks a friar's weed were nothing.

Ang. Out upon't! that disguise is worn thread-bare upon every stage; and so much villainy's committed under that habit, that 'tis grown as suspicious as the vilest. If you will hearken to any, take such a transformance as you may be sure will keep you from discovery; for though it be the stale refuge of miserable poets, by change of a hat or a cloak, to alter the whole state of a comedy, so as the father must not know his own child forsooth, nor the wife her husband, yet you must not think they do in earnest carry it away so*: for say you were stuffed into a motley coat†, crowded in the case of a bass-viol, or buttoned up in a cloak-bag, even to your chin; yet if I see your face, I am able to say, this is Signior Lorenzo; and therefore unless your disguise be such that your face may bear as great a part in it as the rest, the rest is nothing.

Lor. Good reason, in faith, Angelo; and what, shall I then smurch my face like a chimney-sweeper, and wear the rest of his smokiness?

Ang. I'll tell you, sir; if you be so mad to condescend to the humour of a foolish woman,

* The quarto reads, "yet you must not think they do it earnest to carry it away so."

† Dressed like a professed buffoon or jester.

by consideration that Jove for his love took on him the shape of a bull, which is far worse than a chimney-sweeper, I can fit you rarely.

Lor. As how, I prithee?

Ang. There is one little Snail you know, an old chimney-sweeper——

Lor. What, he that sings, *Maids in your smocks, Hold open your locks; fluds**!

Ang. The very same, sir; whose person (I borrowing his words †) you will so lively resemble, that himself in person cannot detect you.

Lor. But is that a fit resemblance to please a lover, Angelo?

Ang. For that, sir, she is provided: for you shall no sooner enter, but off goes your rusty scabbard, sweet water is ready to scour your filthy face; milk, and a bath of fernbrakes for your fusty body; a chamber perfum'd, a wrought shirt, nightcap, and her husband's gown; a banquet of oyster-pies, potatoes, skirret roots, eringes, and divers other whetstones of venery.

Lor. Oh, let me hug thee, Angelo!

Ang. A bed as soft as her hair, sheets as delicate as her skin, and as sweet as her breath; pillows imitating her breasts, and her breasts to boot; hypocras in her cups, and nectar in her lips; ah, the gods have been beasts for less felicity!

* I have marked this word as an exclamation; otherwise I cannot understand it.

† The reader may prefer reading, "*by* borrowing his words," or, "I borrowing his *weeds*,"—his *dress*: but the passage as it stands is too clear to admit of conjectural emendations being substituted.

Lor. No more! good Angelo, no more! how shall I requite the happiness thou wilt bring me too? hast any mind of marriage?

Ang. Not much, sir; but an extraordinary wife might tempt me.

Lor. By my troth an she were not promis'd, thou shouldest have my daughter: but come, let's to our disguise, in which I long to be singing.

Ang. I'll follow you presently.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GIOVENELLE.

Lod. How now, Angelo?

Ang. Why, sir, I am providing means to lead your old uncle out o' th' way, as you will'd me, by drawing him into the way of Quintiliano's wife, my sweetheart; and so make room for him by Quintiliano's room; you that lead him any way, must needs seek him out and employ him to some tavern.

Lod. He will be with me presently, Angelo; and here's a freshman* come from Padua, whom I will powder† with his acquaintance, and so make him an excellent morsel to relish his carouses.

Ang. Go to, sir; by this light you'll be complained on; there cannot be a fool within twenty miles of your head, but you engross him for your

* This is a term by which the students in the two universities are known on their first going to reside there.

† "Powder," i. e. salt.

own mirth; noblemens' tables cannot be serv'd for you.

Lod. S'foot! I'll complain of *them*, man; they hunt me out and hang upon me, so that I cannot be rid on 'em; but they shall get somebody else to laugh at, or I'll turn 'em over to our poets, and make all the world laugh at 'em.

Ang. Well, sir, here comes your man, make him sure from his wife, and I'll make the t'other sure with her. [*Exit.*]

Enter QUINTILIANO, INNOCENTIO, FANNIO, TAILOR, TAILOR'S SON: QUINTILIANO *is reading a Bill.*

Lod. See, Signior Giovenelle, here comes the famous captain you would so fain be acquainted withall; be acquainted with him at your peril: I'll defend you from his swaggering humour, but take heed of his cheating.

Gio. I warrant you, sir, I have not been matriculated at the university, to be meretriculated by him: salted there, to be colted here*.

Lod. Very well, sir, let's hear him.

Quint. I have examined the particulars of your bill, Master Tailor, and I find them true orthography, thy payment shall be correspondent:

* "Colted," cheated, tricked; it is very common. So Bellamore, in the "Wit without Money" of Beaumont and Fletcher, says,

"Come, let's go seek him.

He shall be hang'd before he *colt* us basely."

And Falstaff, in the "First Part of Henry IV."

"What a plague mean ye, to *colt* me thus."

marry, I will set no day, because I am loath to break.

Tail. Alas, sir, pray let this be the day: consider my charge, I have many children, and this my poor child here whom I have brought up at school, must lose all I have bestowed on him hitherto, if I pay not his master presently the quarterage I owe him.

Quint. Fool, dost thou delight to hear thy son beg in Latin? pose him, lieutenant.

Innoc. How make you this in Latin, boy?
My father is an honest tailor.

Boy. That will hardly be done in true Latin, sir.

Innoc. No! why so, sir?

Boy. Because it is false English, sir.

Quint. An excellent boy.

Innoc. Why is it false English?

Boy. Marry, sir, as *bona mulier* is said to be false Latin, because though *bona* be good, *mulier* is naught; so to say, *My father is an honest tailor*, is false English; for though my father be honest, yet the tailor is a thief.

Quint. Believe it a rare shred! not of homespun cloth upon my life: tailor, go, send the schoolmaster to me at night and I'll pay him.

Tail. Thank you, good captain, and if you do not pay him, at night my wife will come to you herself, that's certain, and you know what a tongue she has.

Quint. Like the sting of a scorpion; she nails mine ears to the pillory with it, in the shame and torment she does me. Go, I will void this bill and avoid her.

Tail. I thank you, sir.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Son.*

Quint. Lieutenant, is not this a brave gullery? The slave has a pretty wife, and she will never have me pay him, because she may ever come to my chamber, as she says, to rail at me, and then she goes home and tells her husband she has tickled me, i'faith.

Innoc. By my life, a rare jest.

Quint. Thou mayst see this boy is no shred of a tailor: is he not right of my look and spirit?

Innoc. Right as a line, i'faith.

Lod. (*Aside.*) And will agree in the halter.— Save you, Captain Quintiliano.

Quint. And dost thou live, my noble Lodovico? Boy, take my cloak:—when shall's have a rouse, ha? my lieutenant and I were drunk last night, with drinking healths on our knees to thee.

Gio. Why, would not your legs bear you, sir?

Quint. How many miles to midsummer*? S'blood! whose fool are you? are not you the tassel of a gander†?

* *i. e.* How far are you distant from madness." It has been observed by Stevens, in a note on "Twelfth Night," that, "'Tis midsummer moon with you," is a proverb in Ray's Collection, signifying you are mad.

† The tassel or tiercel, is said by Stevens, in a note on "Romeo and Juliet," to be the male of the gosshawk. By the tassel of a *gander*, therefore, I conceive he means a goose: Quintiliano expresses his astonishment at the simplicity of Giovenelle, who, fresh from Padua, presumed they could only drink healths on their knees, because their legs would not bear them. It was, however, very common among the swaggerers of our poet's age, and is frequently, with other of their ceremonies, alluded to by the dramatic writers. So in the "Coxcomb" of Beaumont

Gio. No indeed, not I, sir: I am your poor friend, sir, glad to see you in health.

Quint. Health? S'foot! how mean you that? d'ye think I came lately out o' th' powdering tub?

Gio. Gossave me, sir, 'twas the furthest part of my thought.

Quint. Why you're not angry, are you?

Lod. No, nor you shall not be.

Quint. S'blood! I hope I may, and I will.

Lod. Be an you dare, sir.

Quint. Dare?

Lod. Ay, dare.

Quint. Plague on thee, thou'rt the maddest Lodovico in the world! s'foot, do thou stab me an thou'st a mind to't, or bid me stab myself: is this thy friend? dost thou love Lodovico?

Gio. With my heart, I protest, sir.

Quint. S'heart, a lies in's throat that does not! and whence com'st thou, wag, ha?

Gio. Even new arrived from Padua, sir, to see fashions.

Quint. Give me thy hand, thou'rt welcome; and for thy fashions, thou shalt first drink and wench it: to which end we will carouse a little, some

and Fletcher, Act I. Scene V., when the drawer brings in the wine, Uberto says,

“ ——— every man on's knees,
And betake himself to his saint: *Here's to your wench, signior.*”

And in “Westward Hoe,” by Dekker and Webster (as adduced by Mr. Weber): “My master and Sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep. The knight has drank so much healths to the gentleman yonder, *on his knees*, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.”

six or seven miles hence, and every man carry his wench.

Innoc. But where shall we have them, captain?

Quint. Have 'em, lieutenant? If we have 'em not, my valentine shall be one, and she shall take a neighbour or two with her to see their nurst children or so; we'll want for no wenches, I warrant thee.

Enter CUTHBERT, a Barber.

Lod. But who comes here?

Quint. Oh, 'tis my barber.

Lod. S'blood! how thy tradesmen haunt thee.

Quint. Alas, they that live by men, must haunt 'em.

Cut. God save you, sir.

Quint. How now, Cutbeard, what news out of Barbary?

Cut. Sir, I would borrow a word with you in private.

Quint. Be brief then, Cutbeard; thou look'st lean methinks, I think thou'rt newly married.

Cut. I am indeed, sir.

Quint. I thought so; keep on thy hat, man, 'twill be the less perceiv'd*; what, is not my tailor and you friends yet? I will have you friends, that's certain, I'll maintain you both else.

Cut. I know no enmity betwixt us, sir; you know, captain, I come about another matter.

* "Twill be the less perceiv'd,"—his horns, which Quintiliano presumes are the necessary consequence of marriage.

Quint. Why but, Cutbeard, are not you neighbours? your trades cousin german, the tailor and the barber? does not the tailor sow? dost not thou, barber, reap? and do ye not both band yourselves* against the common enemy of mankind, the louse? are not you both honest men alike? is not he an arrant knave? you next door to a knave, because next door to him?

Cut. Alas, sir, all this is to no purpose: there are certain odd crowns betwixt us you know.

Quint. True Cutbeard, wilt thou lend me as many more to make 'em even, boy?

Cut. Faith, sir, they have hung long enough o' conscience.

Quint. Cut 'em down then, Cutbeard, it belongs to thy profession if they hang too long.

Cut. Well, sir, if this be all, I'll come by 'em as I can; an you had any honesty——

Gio. S'blood! honesty, you knave? do you tax any gentleman in this company for his honesty?

Cut. Blame me not, sir, I am undone by him; and yet I am still of as good credit in my parish as he too.

Quint. S'blood! rascal! of as good credit as I?

Lod. Nay prithee, captain, forbear.

Innoc. Good captain, be gone.

Quint. Let me alone; I'll not strike him by this hand: why hark, ye rogue: put your credit in balance with mine? dost thou keep this company? here's Signior Lodovico, one of the Clarissimi, a man of worship: here's a gentleman of

* The quarto reads, "and do *they* not both band *themselves*."

Padua, a man of rare parts, an excellent scholar, a fine Ciceronian.

Cut. Well, sir.

Quint. And here's my lieutenant; I hope thou know'st the worshipful man, his father, with the blue beard; and all these are my companions; and dare you, a barbarous slave, a squirting companion, compare with me? But here's the point; now behold and see: Signior Giovenelle, lend me four or five pounds, let it be five pounds, if you have so much about you.

Gio. Here's my purse, sir, I think there be just so much in't.

Quint. Very good; now, Cutbeard, are you a slanderous cut-throat or no? will thy credit do this now? without scrip or scrawl*. But thou wilt think this is done for a colour now; do you not lend it me simply?

Gio. What a question's that?

Quint. For how long?

Gio. At your pleasure, captain.

Quint. Why so, here you polling rascal, here's two crowns out of this money: now I hope thou wilt believe 'tis mine, now the property is altered.

Cut. Why you might ha' done this before then.

Quint. No, Cutbeard, I have been burn'd i' th' hand for that, I'll pay ne'er a knave of ye all money, but in the presence of such honest gentleman that can witness it; of my conscience I have paid it thee half a dozen times: go to, sir! begone!

Cut. Fare ye well, sir.

* Without written acknowledgment.

Quint. Thank you, Signior Giovenelle; (*aside to him.*) Though you're sure of this money again at my hands, yet take heed how this same Lodovico get it from you; he's a great shark: but thou'st no more money about thee, hast thou?

Gio. Not a doit, by this candle.

Quint. All the better, for he'd cheat thee on't, if thou hadst ever so much; therefore when thou com'st to Padua, ply thy book and take good courses; and 'tis not this again shall serve thy turn at my hands, I swear to thee.

Gio. Thank you, good captain.

Quint. Signior Lodovico, adieu.

Lod. Not so, sir, we will not part yet; a carouse or two methinks is very necessary betwixt us.

Quint. With all my heart, boy; into the Emperor's Head here.

Lod. Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

LODOVICO and ANGELO.

Ang. Say, sir, have you play'd the man and hous'd the captain?

Lod. I have hous'd and lodg'd him in the Emperor's Head tavern, and there I have left him glorified with his two gulls; so that presume of what thou wilt at his house, for he is out of the way by this time both ways*.

Ang. 'Tis very well handled, sir; and presume you and your friend, my master Aurelio, of what may satisfy you at your uncle's, for he is now going out of the way, and out of himself also: I have so besmear'd him with a chimney-sweeper's resemblance, as never was poor Snail, whose counterfeit he triumphs in; never thinking I have daub'd his face sufficient, but is at his glass as curiously busied to beautify his face (for as of Moors so of chimney-sweepers, the blackest is most beautiful) as any lady to paint her lips.

Lod. Thou art a notable villain!

Ang. I am the fitter for your employment, sir: stand close I beseech you, and when I bring him into the streets, encounter and bait him instead of Snail, but in any case let none else know it.

* *i. e.* Drunk, as well as absent.

Lod. Not for the world.

Ang. If you should tell it to one, so you charge him to say nothing, 'twere nothing; and so if one by one to it play holy water frog with twenty, you know any secret is kept sufficiently*; and in this, we shall have the better sport at a bear-baiting: fare ye well, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter HONORIO and GASPARO.

Hon. Signior Lodovico, good even to you.

Lod. The like to Signior Honorio; and hark you, sir, I must be bound with my uncle Lorenzo, but will tell † you a pleasant secret of him, so in no sort you will utter it.

Hor. In no sort, as I am a gentleman.

Lod. Why, sir, he is to walk the streets presently in the likeness of Snail the chimney-sweeper, and with his cry.

Hon. What is he, sir? to what end, I beseech you, sir, will he disfigure himself so?

Lod. I'faith, sir, I take it for some matter of policy, that concerns town government.

Hon. Town-bull government; do you not mean so, sir?

Lod. Oh no, sir; but for the general business of the city I take it.

* The allusion seems to be to the sport now called leap-frog, which may be practised by any number, the players standing in a line at some distance, and the jumper *running from one to the other*; but I am by no means satisfied with this, and if the reader thinks it forced, he will probably satisfy himself with a conjecture of his own.

† The quarto reads, "*I must be bound with my uncle Lorenzo, and tell you a secret.*"

Hon. Well, sir, well, we will not examine it too far, but guess at it.

Lod. So, sir, when he comes forth do you take one corner to encounter him, as I will do another; and taking him for Snail, imagine he went about stealing of city venison (though he do not), and make what sport you think good with him, always provided it be cleanly, and that he may still think he goes invisible.

Hon. I warrant ye, Signior Lodovico, and thank you heartily for this good cause of our honest recreation.

Lod. Scarce honest neither, sir; but much good do it you, as it is.

Hon. Oh, that my son, your friend Aurelio, were here to help to candy this jest a little.

Lod. Alas, sir, his sick stomach can abide no sweet meats; he's all for *ah me!* We'll make the jest relish well enough I warrant you: Lorenzo, my uncle, an old senator, one that has read *Marcus Aurelius, Gesta Romanorum*, the *Mirror of Magistrates*, &c. to be led by the nose like a blind bear, that has read nothing: let any man read how he deserves to be baited.

Hon. 'Tis a pretty wonder i'faith, Signior Lodovico.

Lod. S'life! 'twere a good deed to get boys to pin cards at his back, hang squibs at his tail, ring him through the towns with basons, besnowball him with rotten eggs, and make him ashamed of the commission before he seal it *. [*Exit.*

Gasp. What says Signior Lodovico, I beseech

* Ashamed of his guilty purpose before it be effected.

you, sir? methinks his pleasant disposition should intend some waggery.

Hon. I will tell you, Signior Gasparo, but in any case you must say nothing.

Gasp. In no case will I say any thing, sir.

Hon. Then this is the case: Signior Lorenzo (your probable father-in-law), in the case* of Snail the chimney-sweeper, will straight tread the streets for his pleasure.

Gasp. For his pleasure?

Hon. For his pleasure, sir; say it be so, wonder not, but jest at it; consider what pleasure the world says he is most given to, and help bait him hereafter, but in any case cleanly, and say nothing.

Gasp. Oh monstrous! I conceive you: my father-in-law? will his daughter have his tricks, think you?

Hon. Faith, for that you must even take fortune *de la paix*, kiss the pax †, and be patient like your other neighbours. So, here stand I, choose you another place.

Gasp. Oh me, what if a man should call him to sweep a chimney in earnest, what would he do? I'll put him to't on my credit, and here will I stand.

Enter LORENZO with his Glass in his Hand, and ANGELO with a Pot of Painting.

Ang. How now, sir, are you well yet, think you?

* "In the case," in the *dress*.

† The pax or pix was a box in which the consecrated wafers were kept.

Lor. A little more here, good Angelo.

Ang. Very well, sir, you shall have enough.

Lor. It will be the most perfect disguise that ever was imitated,

Ang. I'll warrant you that i'faith, sir; you're fitted beyond the forehead for a right counterfeit; it is well now, sir?

Lor. Yet a little more here, Angelo; and then master painter, let Michael Angelo himself amend thee.

Ang. For a perfect natural face, I care not if all the world explain it.

Lor. So now take this glass, and give me my furniture, and have at your smoky chimney.

Ang. Have at your smoky chimney, Mistress Frank: here, sir, take up your occupation, and down with Snail for a chimney-sweeper.

Lor. Away, see if the coast be clear.

Ang. I will, sir.

Lor. Take good view; look about to the doors and windows.

Ang. Not a dog at the door, not a cat at a window. Appear in your likeness, and not with your quality.

Lor. Chimney-sweep! work for chimney-sweep! Will't do, sirrah?

Ang. Admirably.

Lor. Does my suit become me?

Ang. Become you, sir? would to heaven Mistress Frank could bring you to the wearing of it always.

Lor. I'll forth i'faith then.

Maids in your smocks,
Set open your locks ;
Down, down, down :
Let chimney-sweeper in,
And he will sweep your chimneys clean,
Hey derry, derry, down.

How dost like my cry, ha ?

Ang. Out of all cry ! I forbid Snail himself to creep beyond you.

Lor. As God help, I begin to be 'proud on't. Chimney-sweep !

Ang. God's pity, who comes yonder ?

Lor. My nephew Lodowick ; God's me, I'll start back again.

Ang. Nay, there's no starting now, he'll see you go into your house then ; fall into your note ; stand to Snail's person, and I warrant you.

[*Exit Ang.*]

Enter LODOVICO.

Lor. Chimney-sweep !

Lod. How now, Snail, how dost thou ?

Lor. Thank your good worship.

Lod. Methinks thy song is more hearty than 'twas wont to be, and thou look'st much better.

Lor. Thank God and good friends, sir ; and a merry heart that prolongs long life. Chimney-sweep !

Lod. Nay, good Snail, let's talk a little : you know Rose, mine uncle Lorenzo's maid, Snail ?

Lor. That I do well, sir.

Lod. She complains of you, Snail, and says you're the bawdiest old knave in Venice *.

Lor. Alas, sir, she wrongs me: I am not fed thereafter; let her look for that commendation in her richer customers.

Lod. Who are they, Snail? I hope you do not mean mine uncle, her master; he's mine uncle, and I love him well, and I know the old lick-spiggot will be nibbling a little when he can come to't, but I must needs say he will do no hurt; he's as gentle as an adder that has his teeth taken out.

Lor. You're a merry gentleman, sir; and I have hasty labour in hand, I must crave pardon.

Enter HONORIO.

Chimney-sweep!

Hon. What, old Snail! how dost thou and thy chimnies?

Lod. Marry, sir, I was asking him questions about one of them.

Hon. What, Signior Lodovico? what one is that I pray?

Lod. Mine uncle Lorenzo's maid Rose, sir; and he will needs persuade me, her old master keeps her for his own saddle.

Hon. Her old master? I dare swear they wrong him that say so; his very age would make him ashamed to be overtaken with those goatish licences.

* "In *venery*," is the reading of the quarto. The scene of the play is laid in Venice, and I think the reader must agree in the propriety of the alteration.

Lod. True, sir; and his great authority in the city, that should whip such unseasonable letchers about the walls of it.

Hon. Why, you're i' th' right, sir; and now you talk of your uncle, I heard say Captain Quintiliano cheated him yesterday of five pounds, as he did a young gentleman of Padua this morning of as much more.

Lod. Faith, sir, he drew such a kind of tooth from him indeed.

Hon. Is it possible he should be so wrought upon by him? Now certain I have ever held him a most wise gentleman.

Lod. An arrant rook by this light; a capable cheating stock; a man may carry him up and down by the ears like a pipkin.

Hon. But do you think he will let the captain pass so?

Lod. Why, alas, what should he do to him, sir? the pasture is so bare with him, that a goose cannot graze upon't.

Hon. Marry, sir, then would I watch him a time when he were abroad, and take out my pennyworths of his wife; if he drew a tooth from me, I would draw another from her.

Lor. * Well, God be with your worships. Chimney-sweep!—(*Aside.*) I thought I should never have been rid of them.

Enter GASPARO.

Chimney-sweep!

Gasp. What, old Snail, dost thou cry chimney-

* In the quarto this speech is given to Lodovico.

sweep still? why they say thou art turn'd mighty rich of late.

Lor. I would they said true, sir.

Gasp. Yes, by the mass, by the same token, that those riches make thy old name for venery increase upon thee.

Lor. Foolish tales, sir, foolish tales.

Gasp. Yes, by the mass, Snail, but they be told for such certain tales, that if thou hast a daughter to marry with ten thousand crowns, I would see her pithole afore I would deal with her, for fear she should trot through her father's trumperies.

Lor. Alas, sir, your worship knows I have neither daughter nor riches; idle talk, sir, idle talk. Chimney-sweep!

Gasp. Nay stay, Snail, and come into my house; thou shalt earn some money of me; I have a chimney to sweep for thee.

Lor. I thank your worship, I will wait upon you next morning early, sir; but now I have promis'd to sweep another man's chimney in truth.

Gasp. But, good Snail, take mine in the way.

Lod. What does he cry chimney-sweep, and refuse to sweep 'em?

Lor. No, master; alas, you know I live by it, and now I cry as I go to work that I have promis'd, that I may get more against other times: what would ye have me do tro?

Hon. Alas, poor Snail! farewell, good Snail, farewell!

Lor. Lord keep your good worship.—(*Aside.*)

And a very vengeance; I beseech the black father of vengeance! *[Exit Lorenzo.]*

Lod. Poor uncle, he begins to be melancholy; 'has lost his song among's.

Gasp. Was ever such man touch'd with such oversight?

Hon. Bear with age, Signior Gasparo, bear with age, and let us all tender his credit as we have vowed, and be silent; he little thought to have been thus betrayed as he is; and where secresy is assured, it bears with many bad actions in the very best I can tell you; and so, good Signior Lodovico, adieu, and I heartily thank you.

Lod. Adieu, good Signior Honorio.

Gasp. Adieu to you likewise, sir.

[Exeunt Gasp. and Hon.]

Lod. Likewise to you, sir. Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him; and yet marvellous worthy, for he disparageth the whole blood of us; and I wish all such old sheep-biters might always dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton: but thus will he presently be safe; for by this he is near his sweetheart's house, where he is like to be entertained with worse cheer than we made him. Quintiliano is now carousing in the Emperor's Head, while his own head buds horns to carouse in; and in the meantime will my amorous friend and I, make both their absences shoeing-horns* to draw on the presence of Æmilia. *[Exit.]*

* See note, vol. iii. p. 423.

Enter LORENZO and ANGELO. FRANCISCHINA
above.

Ang. What says your worship now? Do you not walk invisible? all your ancient acquaintance, your own nephew to talk with you and never discover you.

Lor. But, Angelo, a villanous fear shook me the while I swear, for still I was afraid my tongue would have lick'd away the soot off my face, and betrayed me: but, Snail, hitherto thy rusty shell has protected me; persevere till I have yonder house a my head; hold in thy horns, till they look out of Quintiliano's forehead: for an old man to make a young man cuckold, is one of Hercules' labours.

Ang. That was the cleansing of other mens' stables.

Lor. To make youth rampant in age, and age passant in youth; to take a man down at his own weapon; to call back time in one, and thrust him headlong upon another.

Ang. Now your worship is oracle to your own miracles: how you shine in this smoky cloud! which you make the golden net to embrace Venus: you've past the pikes i'faith, and all the jails of the love-god swarm in yonder house, to salute your recovery*.

Lor. Well, Angelo, I tell thee, now we are

* The metaphor of *jails swarming* is so harsh, that I cannot but conceive the passage corrupt: if *joys* be substituted for *jails* the passage is somewhat better.

past the danger, I would not for forty crowns but have heard what I have heard.

Ang. True, sir, now you know what the world thinks on you: 'tis not possible for a great man, that shines always in his greatness, to know himself: but, O twice young Leander! see where your Hero stands with the torch of her beauty to direct you to her tower; advance your sweet note, and upon her.

Lor. Chimney-sweep! work for chimney-sweep?

Fran. Come in, chimney-sweeper.

Lor. O Angelo!

Ang. Why now, sir, thine Angelo is your good angel; enter and prosper, and when you are in midst of your happiness, think of him that prefer'd you. *[Exit Lorenzo.]*

Fran. Angelo, give him not too much time with me, for fear of the worst; but go presently to the back gate, and use my husband's knock; then will I presently thrust him into my coal-house: and there shall the old flesh-monger fast for his iniquity. *[Exit.]*

Ang. Well said, mine own Frank; i'faith we shall trim him betwixt us; I for the most slovenly case in the town, she for the most sluttish place in the house: never was old horseman so notoriously ridden: well, I will presently knock him into the coal-house, and then haste to Lodovico, to know when he shall be released.

[Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and AURELIO; the former with a Ladder of Ropes. (Æmilia above.)

Lod. Here's thy ladder, and there's thy gallows; thy mistress is thy hangman, and must take thee down. This is the terrace where thy sweetheart tarries; what wouldst thou call it in rhyme?

Aur. *Celestial sphere, wherein more beauty shines——*

Lod. Room for a passion!

Aur. *Than on Dardanian Ida, where the pride Of heaven's selected beauties striv'd for prize.*

Lod. Nay you shall know we have watered our horses* in Helicon. I cannot abide this talking and undoing poetry: leave your mellifluous numbers; yonder's a sight will steal all reason from your rhyme I can tell you: down of your knees, slave! adore! Now let's hear you invoke: Oh, the supple hams of a lover! go to, do not: stand up close, for she must not see you yet, though she know you are here.

Æmil. Cousin Lodowick?

Lod. Who calls Lodowick?

Æmil. What tempest hath cast you on this solitary shore? Is the party come?

Lod. The party? now a plague of your modesty! are your lips too nice to name Aurelio?

Æmil. Well, is he come then?

Lod. He, which he? S'foot! name your man with a mischief to you: I understand you not.

* The quarto reads, "houses."

Æmil. Was there ever such a wild brain?
Aurelio.

Lod. Aurelio? Lord how loath you are to let any sound of him come out on you, you hold him so dear within! (*aside.*) I'll present her with a sight, will startle her nicety a little better: hold you, fasten the end of this ladder, I pray.

Æmil. Now Jesus bless us! why, cousin, are you mad?

Lod. Go to, you spirit of a feather! be not so soft-hearted: leave your nicety, or by this hemp I'll so hamper thy affections in the halter of thy lover's absence, making it up in a gordian-knot of forgetfulness, that no Alexander of thy allurements, with all the swords of thy sweet words, shall ever cut in pieces!

Æmil. Lord, how you roll in your rope-ripe terms.

Lod. Go to, tell me, will you fasten the ladder or no?

Æmil. I know not what I should say t'ye: I will fasten it, so only yourself will come up.

Lod. Only myself will come up then.

Æmil. Nay, sweet coz, swear it.

Lod. If I should swear thou wouldst curse me: take my word in a halter's name, and make the ladder as fast to the terrace, as thou wouldst be to Aurelio.

Æmil. Nay see if he do not make me give over again.

Lod. Was there ever such a blue kitling*?

* Kitling is yet a provincial word for kitten; what a *blue* kitling means, unless it be such a being as does not exist in nature, I do not know.

Fasten it now, or by heaven thou dost lose me for ever!

Æmil. Well, sir, remember your word ; I will fasten it ; but i'faith, coz, is not the gentleman and his parting choler parted yet?

Lod. I'faith with much ado.

Æmil. Nay, nay, choose him * ; I shall live, if they be not : and if I live till his choler kill me, I shall live till he leave loving me, and that will be a good while first.

Lod. Lord, Lord, who has inform'd you of such amorous fervency in him ? are you so confident in his kindness ?

Æmil. Nay by my troth, 'tis but a careless confidency neither, which always last longer than that which is timorous : well, coz, here I have fastened it for your pleasure ; but, alas, the fear of my father's coming does so distract me, that I scarce know what I do or say.

Lod. Your father ? dost think he would venture all this preparation, and not make him safe ?

Æmil. But are you sure he is safe ?

AURELIO comes forward.

Lod. Am I sure this is Aurelio ? look upon him, wench, is it not thy love ? thy life ? Come, sir, mount.

Æmil. O cousin Lodowick, do you thus cozen and betray me ?

Lod. Coz, coz, thou hast acted thy dissembling part long enough, in the most modest judgment, and passing naturally ; give over with

* *i. e.* Let him choose or please himself.

thy credit then, unmask thy love, let her appear in her native simplicity, strive to conceal her no longer from thy love, for I must needs tell thee he knows all.

Æmil. What does he know?

Lod. Why all that thou told'st me: that thou lov'st him more than he can love thee; that thou hast set up thy resolution, in despite of friends or foes, weals or woes, to let him possess thee wholly; and that thou didst woo me to bring him hither to thee; all this he knows; that it was thy device to prepare this ladder; and, in a word, all the speech that past betwixt thee and me he knows; I told him every word truly and faithfully, God's my judge!

Æmil. Now was there ever such an immodest creature?

Lod. Via, with all vain modesty! leave this colouring, and strip thy love stark naked; this time is too precious to spend vainly; mount, I say.

Aur. Model of heavenly beauty!—

Lod. Zounds! wilt thou melt into rhyme o' the t'other side? shall we have lines? change thy stile for a ladder; this will bring thee to Parnassus: up, I say!

Aur. Unworthy I t' approach the furthest step To that felicity that shines in her.

Lod. O purblind affection! I have seen a fellow, to a worse end, ascend a ladder with a better will; and yet this is in the way of marriage; and they say marriage and hanging have both one constellation: to approve the which old saying, see if a new ladder make 'em not agree.

Æmil. Peace, somebody comes.

Lod. That you heard was but a mouse. (*Aurelio goes up.*) So, boy, I warrant thee.

Aur. O sacred goddess ! whatsoe'er thou art,
That in mere pity to preserve a soul
From undeserv'd destruction, hast vouchsaf'd
To take *Æmilia's* shape——

Lod. What a poetical sheep is this : s'life !
will you stand rhyming there upon a stage, to be
an eyemark to all that pass ? Is there not a
chamber by ? Withdraw, I say, for shame ! have
you no shame in you ? Here will come some-
body presently, I lay my life on't.

Aur. Dear mistress, to avoid that likely danger,
Vouchsafe me only private conference,
And 'tis the fulness of my present hopes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lod. Aurelio, occasion is bald, take her by
the forelock ; so, so. In Hymen's name get you
together, here will I stand sentinel. This is the
back gate to Honorio's house, which shall be
Aurelio's, if God give him grace to weep for his
father's death in time ; and in this garden, if I
could see the chaste Lucesse, or the affable
Mistress Temperance, I might (thus wrap'd in
my cloak) steal a little courtship through the
chink of a pale : but indeed I think it safer to
sit closer, and so to cloud the sun of my physiog-
nomy *, that no eye discern it. (*He sits down
and muffles himself in his cloak.*) So be it, that's
my resolution. Now to my contemplation. This
is no pandarism, is it ? No, for there is neither

* The quarto reads, " the summe of my visnomy."

money nor credit proposed or expected; and besides there is no unlawful act intended; no, not this same *lasciva actio animi*, I think for his part, much less hers: go to, let me do my kinswoman and her sex right! sit at rest with me then reputation, and conscience fall asleep with the world: but this same idle attendance is the spite of it: idleness is accounted with other men a sin, to me 'tis a penance; I was begot in a stirring season, for now hath my soul a thousand fancies in an instant; as what a wench dreams on when she lies on her back? when one hen lays an egg and another sits it, whether that hen shall mother that chicken? If my bull leap your cow, is not the calf yours? Yes, no doubt, for *Ædificium cedit solo*, says the lawyer; and then to close all comes in a sentence, *Non omnia possumus omnes*; for some are born to riches, others to verses; some to be bachelors, others to be cuckolds; some to get crowns, and others to spend 'em; some to get children, and others to keep 'em; and all this is but idleness: would to God I had some scurvy poem about me to laugh at!

Enter TEMPERANCE.

But mark, yonder's a motion to be seen.

Tem. Yonder he sits i'faith! well done, true love; good Signior Leonoro, he keeps promise the best: he does not see me yet.

[Makes signs.]

Lod. 'Tis the staid Madam Temperance: a pretty pinnace she has been in her days, and in her nights too, for her burthen, and reasonable

good under sail; and see she hath discovered a sail; see, see, she hails him in. (*Exit Tem.*) Ha! 'tis this way to the rewards; s'light! 'tis this way: I hope the bawd knows not me; and yet I know not, she may be a witch; for a whore she was before I knew her, a bawd I have known her any time this dozen years; the next step to honour then is a witch, because of nature; for where the whore ends, the bawd begins, and the corruption of a bawd, is the generation of a witch: and Pythagoras holds opinion, that a witch turns to a wild cat, as an old ostler turns to an ambling nag.

Enter LEONORO, muffled in his Cloak, with LIONELL.

Leo. This is the back gate, where Temperance should meet me at this hour.

Lion. I wonder she fails, for I see her not.

Leo. Why sits that fellow there tro? Come, let's hover hereabouts, 'twill not be long ere we encounter. [*Exeunt.*

Lod. So, now this riddle is expounded; this bawd took me for this adventurer whom (twenty to one) she attended, to waft him into Lucretia's chamber: what a beast was I not to apprehend this advantage! thus muffled as I am, she could not have perceived me till I had been in, and I might safely have stay'd awhile without endangering my lovers.

Enter TEMPERANCE stealing along the Stage.
S'light! she takes me still for her first man.

Tem. Come, come! gingerly for God's sake,
gingerly! * *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LEONORO and LIONELL.

Leo. See, Lionell, yet she is not come, and the
privy attendant is gone.

Lio. I wonder who it was.

Leo. I fear me some other client of hers, whom
she prefers before me: come, we must not linger
here too long together; we'll enter on this back-
side, to the Emperor's Head, where we will stay
a little, and then make the last trial of this bawd's
honesty.

*Enter QUINTILIANO, GIOVENELLI, and FANNIO,
in their Doublet and Hose.*

Quint. Come, ancient, let's leave our com-
pany a little, and air ourselves in this backside.
Who goes there?

Leo. A friend.

Quint. The word?

Leo. God save you, Captain Quintiliano.

Quint. Shoot him, ancient! a spy; the word's
the Emperor's Head, and thither you shall go,
sir.

Leo. Pardon me, good captain.

Gio. Come, be not retrograde to our desires.

Leo. I attend a friend of mine.

Quint. Thou'st attended him already, I am

* "*Gingerly*," cautiously. So Julia to Lucetta, in the "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," Act I. Scene II.

"What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?"

witness to't; deny't and he dare, whatsoe'er he be, and he shall attend thee another while, an he will; thou'rt as good a man as he, an he be the duke himself: for a Clarissimo, entertain him ancient; bid the Clarissimo welcome; I'll call a drawer, and we'll have some wine in this harbour. [*Exit.*

Gio. You're very welcome, Signior Clarissimo, I desire your * more acquaintance, sir.

Leo. My name is Leonoro, sir, and indeed I scarce know yon.

Gio. No, sir, an you know me, you must know as much as I know, for *Scientia* and *Scientificus* is all one; but that's all one: in truth, sir, you shall not spend a penny here; I had money, I thank God even now, and peradventure shall have again ere we part; I have sent to a friend of mine.

Enter QUINTILIANO *and a Drawer with a Cup of Wine and a Towel.*

Quint. Here, honourable Clarissimo, I drink to thee.

Leo. Thank you, good captain.

Quint. S'foot! winesucker, what have you fill'd us here? balderdash †? taste, Leonoro.

Leo. Methinks 'tis sack.

* The quarto reads, "Signior Clarissimo, desire your more acquaintance, sir."

† Balderdash means a strange mixture of liquors. So Petruccio, in (Act IV. Scene V.) of the "Woman's Prize" of Fletcher, describing his wife, says,

"—— mine is such a *drench of balderdash*,
Such a strange carded (mixed) cunningness."

Geo. Let us taste, sir: (*tastes it*) 'tis claret; but it has been fetch'd again with *aqua vitæ*.

Quint. S'light! methinks 't has taken salt water: who drew this wine, you rogue?

Draw. My fellow, Sam, drew it, sir; the wine's a good neat wine, but you love a pleasanter grape; I'll fit your palate, sir.

[*Retires behind the scene.*]

Quint. Is this thy boy, Leonoro?

Leo. For fault of a better, sir.

Quint. Afore heaven 'tis a sweet-fac'd child, methinks he should show well in woman's attire: and (*sings*)

He took her by the lily white hand,

And he laid her upon a bed.*

I'll help thee to three crowns a week for him, an he† can act well. Hast ever practis'd, my pretty Ganymede?

Lio. No, nor never mean, sir.

Gio. Mean, sir? No marry, captain, there will never be mean in his practice I warrant him.

Quint. O finely taken! Sirrah, Clarissimo, this fellow was an arrant ass this forenoon, afore he came to be an ancient.

Leo. But where's your lieutenant, captain?

Quint. Zounds, man, he's turn'd swaggerer!

Leo. I'st possible?

Quint. Swaggerer by this light he! and he is in the next room writing a challenge to this tall gentleman my ancient here.

* This is printed in the quarto as part of Quintiliano's speech. It is evidently a fragment of an old ballad, and I have printed it as such.

† The quarto reads, "*and she* can act well;" but Quintiliano was ignorant of the real name of Lionell.

Leo. What, mutinous in your own company?

Quint. S'foot, man, who can bridle the ass's valour?

Gio. S'blood! an any man think to bridle me——

Leo. But what was the quarrel?

Quint. Why, sir, because I entertained this gentleman for my ancient, (being my dear friend and an excellent scholar) he takes pepper i' th' nose and sneezes it out upon my ancient; now, sir, (he being of an uncoal-carrying spirit) falls foul of him; calls him gull openly; and ever since I am fain to drink with 'em in two rooms; dare not let 'em come together for my life, but with pen and ink-horns; and so my lieutenant is in the next chamber casting cold ink upon the

(*Enter INNOCENTIO.*)

flame of his courage, to keep him from the blot of cowardice: see where he comes with his challenge: good Clarissimo, hold my ancient.

Leo. Good ancient, forbear in a tavern.

Quint. Revenge, noble lieutenant! hast thou done it?

Innoc. S'light! I think I have peppered him; but 'twas his own seeking you know.

Quint. That's certain.

Gio. Zounds! my seeking, sir?

Quint. Hold him, Leonoro; and if it be possible, persuade him to hear the challenge from the enemy's own mouth.

Leo. I'll undertake he shall, captain; good ancient let me entreat you.

Gio. Well, sir, because you're a stranger to me, you shall do more with me.

Leo. Thank you, good ancient.

Quint. Read, fiery lieutenant; read, boy, legibly.

Innoc. Here it is, sir: *Signior Giovenelli*, it is not ignorant unto you, that even now you crost me over the coxcomb,——

Gio. I did so, sir: I will not deny it, I warrant you.

Leo. Good ancient, peace.

Innoc. And that openly, or else it would never have grieved me;——

Quint. That openly was all indeed.

Innoc. And moreover, very unreverently did* call me gull, and ass to my face: and therefore, though I held it good discretion in me to wink at the blow, not seeing to take notice of it,——

Leo. Good discretion indeed.

Innoc. Yet know that I will have satisfaction from you;——

Gio. Well, sir, and you shall.

Quint. Nay, good ancient, hear him.

Innoc. And desire you to send me word, whether you will maintain it or no, hoping that you will not offer that discourtesy to do me wrong, and stand to it when you have done.——

Leo. That were foul indeed.

Innoc. And as for the words, in that you called me gull and ass to my face, resolve me by letter (for I do not think fit we should meet); first, whether you spake any such words or no; and secondly by whom you meant 'em. And if by me (as I think you durst not), confess you are sorry

* The quarto reads, "to call me."

for 'em: and if I have offended you, I heartily ask you forgiveness. And so farewell.

Quint. Afore heaven, ancient, this would have tickled you; but good Leonoro, and thou be'st a right Clarissimo, let's make 'em friends, and drink to one another: s'foot! we have no wine here methinks; where's this aperner*?

Draw. Here, sir.

Quint. Have you mended your hand, sir?

Draw. Ay, captain, and if this please not your taste, either you or I cannot taste a cup of wine.

Quint. Zounds, you're very saucy, sir: here, lieutenant, drink to thy ancient, and avoid mutinies with your officer; marshal law is dangerous.

Innoc. Is he content I should drink to him?

Leo. He is I warrant thee.

Innoc. Why then, ancient, good luck t'ye.

Gio. Let come, lieutenant, I pledge you.

Quint. Why so, now my company is cur'd again, afore 'twas wounded. Come, honourable Clarissimo, let's retire to our strength, taste a fresh carouse or two, and then march home with music. Tapster, call us in some music.

Draw. I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

* "Aperner," apron-man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter QUINTILIANO, LEONORO, INNOCENTIO,
LIONELL, and FANNIO, *with Music.*

Quint. Strike up, scrapers. Honourable Clarissimo, and thy sweet Adonis, adieu ; remember our device at the show soon.

Leo. I will not fail, captain ; farewell t'ye both. Come, Lionell, now let us try the truth of Madam Temperance, and see if she attend us.

Lio. * I hope by this time she remembers her promise, sir. [*Exeunt Leo. and Lio.*

Quint. How now, lieutenant, where's my ancient ?

Innoc. Marry, captain, you've left him casting the reckoning i' th' chimney.

Quint. Why then his purse and his stomach will be empty together, and so I cashier him ; let the scholar report at Padua, that Venice has other manner of learning belongs to it : what does his *Continuum et Contiguum* here ? let 'em go to the ink pot and beware of the wine pot.

*Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let the Bordeaux grape
Skip like la voltos in their swelling veins †.*

Te dan, dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle diddle, &c.

[*Dances.*

* The quarto, beyond question erroneously, gives this speech to Innocentio.

† This is composed from a bombastic passage in the "Second Part of Antonio and Mellida," Act V. Scene IV.

"Why then Iö to Hymen, mount a loftie note :

Innoc. O God, captain, that I could dance so !

Quint. (Sings.) *He took her by (strike up fiddlers !)* *the lily white hand*

And he laid her upon the bed.

Oh, what a spirit have I now ! I long to meet a sergeant in this humour ; I would but have one whiff at one of these same pewter-buttoned shoulder-clappers, to try whether this chopping knife or their pestels* were the better weapons. Here's a blade, boy, it was the old duke's first predecessors ; I'll tell thee what, lieutenant, this sword has dubb'd more knights than thy knife has opened oysters.

Innoc. Is't possible, captain, and methinks it stands a little †.

Quint. No matter for that, your best metall'd blades will stand soonest : so, now we have attain'd our mansion-house. At which I'll sing a verse shall break the doors. [*Sings.*

O noble Hercules, let no Stygian lake.

Te dan dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle didle, &c.

Farewell, scrapers, your reward now shall be

Fill red-cheekt Bacchus, let Lyeus flote

In burnisht gobblets. Force the plumpe-lipt god,

Skip light lavoltaes in your full sapt veines.

'Tis well brim-full. Even I have glut of blood :

Let quaffe carouse ; I drink this *Burdeaus* wine

Unto the health," &c. &c.

* "Pestels," the short bludgeons with which sheriffs' officers were armed.

† "It *stands* a little." I cannot understand this, unless it be presumed that Quintiliano bends the sword to show it is highly tempered : "it *stands*" will then mean it retains the position ; which shows it is not of pure steel. Perhaps the reader will prefer reading "it *bends* a little."

that I will not cut your strings nor break your fiddles: via! away!

Innoc. Come, captain, let's enter, I long to see my mistress; I warrant she's a heavy gentlewoman for your absence.

Quint. S'foot, she's an ass! honour woos me, preferment calls me, and I must lie pamper'd in a wench's lap, because she doats on me. Honour says no, lieutenant. *Pugna pro patria*, we must to't i'faith and seek our portion amongst the scratch'd faces.

Lor. (*Within.*) Mistress, mistress, is he gone?

Quint. Who's that calls there?

Innoc. I heard nobody.

Quint. No? there was one call'd mistress: I say who call'd mistress? S'blood, I hope I am not drunk!

Fan. In truth, sir, I heard nobody.

Quint. I tell thee I smelt a voice here in my entry; s'foot! I'll make it smell worse an I hear it again*. [*Exit.*

Innoc. Oh me, he'll draw upon his own shadow in this humour, if it take the wall of him! Follow him, Fannio, look he do no harm, for God's sake.

Lor. Help! help! help!

Innoc. Name of God, what's there to do?

QUINTILIANO enters dragging in LORENZO.

Lor. Good captain, do not hurt me.

Quint. Zounds! is hell broke loose? Why,

* The reading of the quarto, "*and' chear it again*," I cannot understand; and believe the reader will agree with me in the propriety of the alteration.

Snail, though you can sing songs and do things, Snail, I must not allow ye to creep into my wife's coal-house ; what, Snail, into my withdrawing chamber?

Lor. I beseech your worship hear me speak.

Quint. Oh, Snail, this is a hard case ; no room serve your turn but my wife's coal-house, and her other house of office annex'd to it? a privy place for herself, and me sometimes, and will you use it being a stranger? S'light ! how comes this about? Up, sirrah, and call your mistress.

Lor. (*Aside.*) A plague of all disguises !

[*Exit Fannio.*

Innoc. Alas, poor Snail, what didst thou make here?

Lor. I protest, sir, for no harm ; my mistress call'd me in to sweep her chimney, and because I did it not to her mind, she made me do penance in her coal-house.

Innoc. Search him, captain, and see if he have stolen nothing.

Lor. Kill me, hang me, if I have !

Quint. Yes, Snail, and besides I hear complaints of you ; you're an old luxurious humourer about wenches, Snail ; does this become your gravity, sir? Lieutenant, fetch me a coal-sack, I'll put him in it and hang him up for a sign.

Lor. I beseech your worship be good to me.

Innoc. Good captain, pardon him ; since he has done nothing but swept your chimney worse than my mistress would have it swept ; he will do it better another time.

Quint. Well, Snail, at this gentleman's request, (to whom I can deny nothing) I release you for

this once, but let me take you no more thus I advise you.

Lor. Not while I live, good captain.

Quint. Hence! trudge, you drudge! go away!

Lor. (Aside.) A plague of all disguises!

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Enter FANNIO.

Fan. I have look'd about all the house for my mistress, sir, but I cannot find her.

Quint. Go then, look all about the town for her too: come in, lieutenant, let's repose a little after our liquor.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURELIO and ÆMILIA, above.

Aur. Dear life, be resolute, that no respect
Heighten'd above the compass of your love,
Depress the equal comforts it retains;
For since it finds a firm consent in both,
And both our births and years agree so well,
If both our aged parents should refuse,
For any common object of the world,
To give their hands to ours, let us resolve
To live together like our lives and souls.

Æmil. I am resolv'd, my love; and yet, alas,
So much affection to my father's will
Consorts the true desire I bear to you,
That I would have no spark of our love seen,
Till his consent be ask'd, and so your father's.

Aur. So runs the mutual current of my wish;
And with such staid and circumspect respects,
We may so serve and govern our desires,
That till fit observation of our fathers,

Prefer the motion to them, we may love
Without their knowledge and the skill of any,
Save only of my true friend Lodowick.

Æmil. I wonder where he is.

Aur. Not far I know,
For in some place he watcheth to prevent
The fear'd danger of your father's presence.

*Enter LORENZO hastily, and ANGELO running
after him.*

Ang. Zounds! stay for the love of your honour, sir.

Lor. A plague of all disguises, Angelo!

Ang. What reason have you to curse them? has not one of them kept you safe from the shame of the world, as much as a poor disguise might do? but when your ridiculous fears will cast it off, even while it is on, so running through the streets, that they rise all in an uproar after you: alas, what is the poor disguise to blame, sir?

Lor. Well then fortune is to blame, or something: come, as thou didst help to daub me, help to cleanse me, I prithee.

Ang. Let alone awhile, sir, for God's sake; I'll go see whether the captain be gone from home or no.

Lor. Out upon that course, Angelo! I am frightened out of it: come, enter my house; enter.

Ang. What, will you enter your house, sir, afore you know who is in it? keep yourself close, and let me first enter and discover.

Lor. I know there is nobody.

Ang. You cannot know it, sir; I heard even now that divers of the senate were determined to come and sit in counsel there.

Lor. A tale, a very tale, Angelo! enter for the love of heaven! enter and unsmother me!

[*Exit.*

Ang. What shall I do? my poor master is betray'd *: O that same faithless Lodowick, that could drown the swaggering captain no better in his drunkenness; alas, how should I salve this?

Enter LORENZO, and after him ANGELO †.

Lor. How now? whom do I see? my daughter and a yonker together? passion of death! hell and damnation! what lecherous capricorn reigns this unhappy day? old and young in a predicament! Oh fie of filthy sin and concupiscence! I will conceal my rage a while that it may break forth in fury; I'll shift me presently, Angelo, and go fetch the provost.

Ang. O unspeakable madness! will you for ever dishonour your daughter, and in her yourself, sir?

Lor. Talk not to me; out upon this abominable concupiscence, the pride of the flesh, this

* *Berai'd* in the quarto; and *betrayed* is found so written in the "Blirt, Mr. Constable" of Middleton: but I presume it was unnecessary to retain it.

† This is the stage direction in the original, and there is some little difficulty in saying precisely where the scene passes.

witchcraft of the devil! talk not to me, justice cries out on't in the streets, and I will see it punish'd : come, good Angelo, to help to shift me.

[*Exit.*

Ang. I'll follow you, sir, instantly ; master! master!

Aur. Angelo ! what news ?

Ang. Miserable master, cast down your ladder, and come down instantly.

Æmil. Alas, why, Angelo ? is my father coming?

Ang. Let us not talk, but come down, I say.

Aur. Dear life, farewell, we'll shortly meet again ;

So parts the dying body from the soul,
As I depart from my *Æmilia*.

Æmil. So enter frightened souls to the low world,
As my poor spirit upon this sudden doubt,
What may succeed this danger.

Ang. Come away ! you'll be whipp'd anon for your amorosity ; haste, for shame ! haste !

Æmil. Once more and ever, fare my dear life well. [*Exit Æmil.*

Ang. Leave your amorous congees, and get you in, dame : sir, you and I will talk as 'twere betwixt the pales ; now get you and shift this suit presently.

Aur. Shift me, Angelo ? why, man ?

Ang. Ask me no questions, but go home and shift you presently, and when I have done a little business here within, I'll come and tell you my device : there hath more chanc'd than you are aware of, and than I can stand to tell you ;

away therefore presently; go home and shift you.

Aur. Very good, sir; I will be rul'd by you, and after learn the mysteries. [*Exit Aur.*]

Ang. Now will I let the little squire shift and cleanse himself without me, that he may be longer about fetching the provost; and in the meantime will I take my master's suit (of which the little squire took note) and put it on my sweetheart Francischina, who shall presently come and supply my master's place, with his mistress; for the little squire, amazed with his late affrights, and this sudden offenceful spectacle of his daughter, took no certain note who it was that accosted her; for if he had, he would have blamed me for my master; only the colour of his garment sticks in his fancy, which, when he shall still see where he left it, he will still imagine the same person wears it, and thus shall his daughter's honour and my master's be preserved with the finest sugar of invention: and when the little squire discovers my sweetheart, she shall swear she so disguised herself to follow him, for her love to him: ha, ha, ha! Oh the wit of a man when it has the wind of a woman!

[*Exit.*]

Enter LODOVICO *and* LUCRETIA, *with Rapiers fighting.*

Lod. Hold! hold! I prithee hold! I yield my rapier,

Let my submission, my presumption salve.

Luc. Ignoble Lodowick, should I take thy life, It were amends too little for the wrong.

Lod. O the precious heavens,
How was I gull'd ! hand * hide thyself for shame,
And henceforth have an eye before thy fingers.

Luc. Well, do not jest it out ; for I protest
If this disguise, which my inhuman fate
Puts on my proper sex, be by thy means
Seen through, by any other than thyself,
The quarrel 'twixt us shall be more than mortal,
And thy dishonour to a friendless stranger
(Exil'd his native country, to remain †
Thrall to the mercy of such unknown minds
As fortune makes the rulers of my life)
Shall spread itself beyond my misery.

Lod. Nay, mix not cause of mirth with passion ;
Do me the grace t' unfold thy name and state,
And tell me what my whole estate may do,
To salve this wrong unwittingly I did thee,
And set the plaintiff thoughts of thy hard fate
In such peace, as my friendship may procure,
And if I fail thee, let Jove fail my soul,
When most this earth makes it need help of
heaven !

Luc. In this you more ‡ than temper my late
rage,
And show your virtues perfectly deriv'd
From the Venetian nobless : for my name

* "*Haud*, hide thyself," is the reading of the quarto ; the passage might be otherwise altered.

† The quarto, from a typographical error, reads, "remnine," and in the next line, "miads."

‡ "*In the more* than temper my late rage," is the reading of the quarto : this was beyond question corrupt ; I have tried to restore sense to the passage, *with as trifling a variation as possible from the original.*

It is Lucretio, which to fit his habit
 I turn'd Lucretia; the rest that rests
 To be related of my true estate,
 I'll tell some other time, lest now your presence
 Might dumbly tell it (if it should be seen)
 To all the world, or else make it suspect
 My female life of lightness: then with thanks,
 And vow of all true friendship for th' amends
 Your kindness makes me, take your sword again,
 And with it while I live the power of mine
 In any honour'd use you * shall command.
 Then till we meet, and may laugh at this error,
 I'll once more try the free peace of my chamber.

[*Exit.*

Lod. Do so, sweet friend: a plague of *Gingerly*!
 Where is that stale and fulsome *Gingerly*?
 She brought me to a fury, I'll be sworn
 Rather than man or woman: a flat beating:
 I found her suppos'd mistress fast asleep,
 Put her to the touchstone, and she prov'd a man;
 He wak'd, and with a more than manly spirit
 Flew in my face, and gave me such a dash,
 Instead of kissing, of these liquorish lips,
 That still my teeth within them bleed I swear.

[*He spits.*

Gingerly, Gingerly, a plague a you!

[*He spits again.*

But now how do my lovers on the terrace?

Enter AURELIO, with ANGELO shifting his Apparel.

Aur. Hold, take my doublet too; my hat and
 all; and quickly hie thee to thy sweet.

* For "*you*" I am responsible: it is not in the quarto.

Ang. Zounds, see, sir, see! your proper sentinel, that when you needed him gave you a slip.

Aur. Friend, Lodovico, by my life! well, welcome to this my father's backside.

Lod. Well, sir, well; I would I had kissed almost your father's backside, so I had never known it.

Ang. Oh, my life, he faints extremely; he left you even now to purchase him the amorous interview of your fair coz Lucretia, that lies here.

Aur. God's me, sweet friend, wouldst thou use such a slight to any one that lay within my walk? who was thy mean to her?

Ang. I lay my life, tame Madam Temperance, the notorious pander.

Aur. S'foot, friend, what a notorious oversight was that! and what a violent injury to thy friend.

Lod. A plague upon you both! you scurvy hind, have you no gull but me to whet your wit upon?

Aur. My friend a privy lover? I'd have sworn Love might spend all his shafts as butterflies As well as at his bosom.

Ang. 'Twas your fault then;
For I have noted a most faithful league
Betwixt him and his barber now of late,
And all the world may see, he does not leave
One hair on his smooth chin, as who should say,
His hapless love was gone against the hair.

Lod. S'blood! an these rogues knew how I
was deceiv'd,
They'd flout me into motly, by this light!

Ang. Well, sir, I ever thought you'd the best wit

Of any man in Venice, next mine own,
But now I lay the bucklers at thy feet *.

Lod. A pox upon thee! tame your bald hewed tongue,

Or, by the Lord of heaven, I'll pull it out!

Aur. Oh, my sweet friend, come, I'll know more of this,

And tell thee all our fortune; hence, good Angelo.

Ang. Oh, if this man had patience to his brain,
A man might lead him till he smart again.

[*Exit.*

Lod. Patience, worthy friend; he knows you love him

For his knavish wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONORO, TEMPERANCE, and LIONEL.

Leo. Thou shalt not stay, sweet Temperance; tell us the manner of our war, and we'll leave thee presently.

Tem. Why that perl'sman Lodowick, according to your appointment, was jump † at three with me, just e'en at your hour; muffled as I will'd you; e'er your fashion and your very leg for all the earth, and followed me in so gingerly, that by my troth I must needs say, he was wor-

* "Now I acknowledge your superiority." Mr. Stevens has adduced many parallel passages in a note in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act V.

† "Jump at three," exactly at three. It occurs commonly in the writers of the time. So in "The Prophetess" of Fletcher, (Act I. Scene III.)

"They are a jump and squared out to his nature."

thy the pleasuring: but in what a taking was I when I perceived his voice! and when I saw my mistress and he together by the ears!

Leo. What did thy mistress fight with him?

Tem. O king o' heaven! she ran upon his naked weapon the most finely that ever liv'd, and I ran away in a swoon for fear.

Leo. Has she a good courage?

Lio. It seems she is too honest for our companies: a little more, good Temperance.

Tem. And when he saw me, he call'd me punk, and pander, and doxy, and the vilest nicknames, as if I had been an arrant naughty-pack*.

Leo. 'Tis no matter, Temperance, he's known, and thou art known.

Tem. I thank heaven for it, and there's all indeed; I can stay no longer. [*Exit.*

Leo. Farewell, honest Temperance: how was it possible Lodovico should fit all these circumstances without the confederacy and treachery of this beldam? Well, Lodovico must satisfy this doubt when I see him.

Lio. That will be at the May-night show at Signior Honorio's.

Leo. I would not meet him there, I shall offend him; but there I must needs be, and have thee disguis'd like a woman.

Lio. Me, sir?

Leo. No remedy; the Captain Quintiliano and I have devis'd it to gull his lieutenant: for thou shalt dance with him, we will thrust him upon

* *Naughty-pack* is yet in use in our northern counties. It is found in the "Roaring Girl" of Middleton and Dekker, and applied to that character who gives name to the piece.

thee, and then for his courting and gifts, which we will tell him he must win thee withal, I hope thou wilt have wit enough to receive the one, and pay him again with the t'other: come, Lionel, let me see how naturally thou canst play the woman. *[Exit.]*

Lio. Better than you think for.

Enter QUINTILIANO *and* INNOCENTIO.

Quint. Come, lieutenant, this nap has set a nap of sobriety upon our brains; now let's sit here and consult, what course were best for us to take in this dangerous mansion of man's life.

Innoc. I am for you, i'faith, captain, an you go to consult once.

Quint. I know it, lieutenant; say then what think'st thou? we talk'd of employment, of action, of honour, of a company, and so forth.

Innoc. Did we so, captain?

Quint. Did we so, ass! S'foot, wert thou drunk afore thou went'st to the tavern, that thou hast now forgotten it?

Innoc. Cry you mercy, good captain, I remember I am your lieutenant.

Quint. Well, sir, and so thou shalt be called still; and I captain, though we never lead other company than a sort of quart pots.

Innoc. Shall we, captain? by the mass, then, let's never have other company indeed.

Quint. Why now thou'rt wise, and hast a mind transformed with main right; and to confirm thee, I will compare the noble service of a feast with the honourable service of the field, and then put on thy hand to which thou wilt.

Innoc. Thank you, good captain; but do you think that war is naught, sir?

Quint. Exceeding naught.

Innoc. Why then, sir, take heed what you say, for 'tis dangerous speaking against any thing that is naught, I can tell you.

Quint. Thou say'st wisely, lieutenant; I will not then use the word naught, nor speak ill of either, but compare them both, and choose the better.

Innoc. Take heed then, good captain, there be some prick-ear'd intelligencers conveyed into some wall or other about us.

Quint. If there were I care not; for to say true, the first model of a battle was taken from a banquet. And first touching the offices of both: for the general of the field, there is the master of the feast; for the lieutenant-general, the mistress; for the sergeant-major, the steward; for the gentleman-usher, the marshall; for master o' th' ordinance, the sewer; and all other officers.

Innoc. Yet you're reasonable well, captain.

Quint. Then for the preparation; as in a field is all kind of artillery, your cannon, your demi-cannon, culverings, falcons, sakres, minions, and such goodly ornaments of a field, (I speak no hurt of 'em thou seest, I'll have nothing to do with 'em,)—

Innoc. Hold you still there, captain.

Quint. Besides other munition of powder and shot; so for the feast, you have your court cupboards planted with flagons, cans, cups, beakers, bowls, goblets, basons, and ewers: a more glo-

rious show I wis than the t'other, (and yet I speak no hurt of the other;)——

Innoc. No, I'll be sworn, captain.

Quint. Besides your munition of manchet, nappery, plates, spoons, glasses, and so forth; then for your kitchen artillery, there shall you see all your brass pieces mounted in order, as your beef-pots, your caldrons, your kettles, your chafingdishes, ladles, spits; a more edifying spectacle than your cannon and culvering, (and yet I speak no hurt of them neither.)——

Innoc. No, captain, thus far I go w'ye.

Quint. Then, sir, as in the field the drum, so to the feast the dresser gives the alarm; Ran tan tara, tan tan tantara tan*.

Innoc. Oh, how it stirs my stomach!

Quint. First then sets forward a wing of light horse, as salads, broths, sauces, stew'd meats, and other kickshaws, and they give a charge; then do the battle join; Captain Capon in white-broth, Lieutenant Calve's Head——

Innoc. That's my place.

* Innumerable passages in the old dramas show, that formerly when dinner was ready, the servants were summoned by the cook's knocking on the dresser to attend and carry it to table. So in the "Unnatural Combat" of Massinger, (Act III. Scene I.)

"When the *dresser*, the *cook's drum*, thunders, come on!"

And thus Suckling, (as quoted by Mr. Gifford in "The Guardian:")

"Just in the nick *the cook knock'd thrice*,

And all the waiters in a trice

His summons did obey;

Each serving man, with dish in hand,

March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,

Presented, and away."

Quint. Ancient Sirloin, a man of a goodly presence, and full of expectation, as your ancient ought to be; then have you Sergeant Piemeat, Corporal Conny, Lanceprizado Lark, Gentlemen Pancakes, and all the species of a company.

Innoc. Would we might fall to the fight once.

Quint. Why now grows the fight hot, man; now shall you see many a tall piece of beef, many a tough capon go down; and here's the trial of a man's stomach; all the while the artillery plays on both hands, the cannons lay about them, the flagons go off, thick and threefold, and many a tall man goes halting off, some quite overthrown both horse and foot.

Innoc. Oh, my heart bleeds!

Quint. That is, thy teeth-water. In conclusion, as the remnant of the feast, (I mean such dishes as 'scap'd the fury of the fight) if they be serviceable, are reserv'd to furnish out another day, if they be maim'd or spoil'd, they are sent abroad to relieve prisons and hospitals*, so the remainder of the fight, if they be serviceable, they are reserv'd to supply a second field, for the fragments of the fight, *viz.* the maim'd soldiers,

* Sending broken victuals to the prisons was common in our author's time, and is frequently alluded to. So in the "City Madam" of Massinger, Lady Frugal says to Luke,

"Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged, and lousy,
When the *sheriff's* basket, and his broken meat,
Were your festival-exceedings!"

And in the "Fatal Dowry," "Eastward Hoe," "The Bird in a Cage," &c. &c.

they are sent likewise to furnish prisons and hospitals : how sayest thou now, lieutenant, shall we to the feast, or to the fight?

Innoc. No fighting, good captain ; to the feast for God's sake.

Quint. Thou'rt a mind right, and so will we presently march on to the sack of the Emperor's Head ; then to the May-night feast, and show at Signior Honorio's ; and there will be a wench there, boy ; a delicate young morsel, a kinswoman of Signior Honorio's, and her father's only child ; he a mighty rich Clarissimo ; and her shalt thou court, win her, and wear her : thou hast wit at will.

Innoc. But shall that wench be her father's son and heir, captain?

Quint. She shall be his heir, o' mine honesty.

Innoc. But shall not my mistress, your wife, be at that show ?

Quint. She shall, an we could find her ; Fannio has been abroad this hour to seek her : the ass is stept into some corner or other mourning for my absence.

Enter ANGELO and FRANCISCHINA in Boy's Clothes.

See, who comes here?

Ang. Come, coz, march fair ; methinks thou becom'st a page excellent naturally ; cheer up thy heart, wench. [*Kisses her.*]

Fran. Fie, for shame ! kiss in the streets ?

Ang. Why not ? truth seeks no corners, and 'twas a true love's kiss, and so is this.

Quint. Ware riot! dost thou mark, lieutenant?

Fran. (Aside.) God's pity, my husband!

[*Exeunt Fran. and Ang.*

Innoc. What were these, captain?

Quint. Upon my life the hindermost of them is a wench in man's attire: didst thou not mark besides his slabbering about her, her big thighs, and her splay-feet?

Innoc. By the maskin methought they were so indeed.

Quint. S'life! the hungry knave, her squire, could not hold in the open street!

Innoc. What should she be?

Quint. The doxy was muffled in her cloak, I had but a glimpse of her; but, s'light, I will know her; she passes not so: come, we'll follow. I'll beat the rogue and take away 's whore from him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELO and FRANCISCHINA.

Ang. Come, courage, coz, we have sail'd the man of war out of sight, and here we must put into harbour. Hist! ha! Æmilia!

Æmil. Oh, welcome, good Angelo!

Ang. Here take in; go, get up lightly; away! take heed you slip not, coz; remember you're short-heel'd.

Franc. Hold fast, for God's sake!

[*Goes up the ladder.*

Ang. Nay, hold you fast, you'll shame us all else: so Jove receive thy soul! I take away the

ladder*: now till you have deceived the provost, farewell: remember your lesson, coz.

[*Exit.*

Fran. I warrant you.

Enter QUINTILIANO *and* INNOCENTIO.

Quint. How unhappily did we miss 'em; they slipt into some vaulting-house †, I hold my life.

Innoc. Faith it's good we miss'd 'em, she was some stale punk I warrant her.

Quint. Twenty to one she is some honest man's wife of the parish that steals abroad for a trimming ‡, while he sits secure at home, little

* Angelo alludes here to the words of the executioner when a criminal was hanged.

† See note, vol. iii. p. 408.

‡ "*Trimmed.*" The indelicate sense in which this word is used by our poet is too plain to want a comment, and would not have been noticed had not the present annotator been induced to offer *his* explanation of the following passage in the "*King John*" of Shakspeare, about which the commentators are not agreed.

" ——— the devil tempts thee here

In likeness of a new and *untrimmed* bride."

This speech of Constance, it is to be observed, is uttered as Lewis and Blanch are returning from the marriage ceremony, and when (from the rank of the parties) Blanch was probably dressed in *all her trim*. The ablest commentator on Shakspeare explains the word "*untrimmed*," by *undrest*; and says that Constance represents the devil *as raising to the imagination of the bridegroom his bride disencumbered of the forms of dress*: this interpretation seems to be rather forced, and as Constance describes Blanch *as she then stood before him*, I believe her meaning to be,

" In likeness of a new and *virgin* bride."

The following passage, in which the word *trimmed* is used in precisely the same sense with that in the text, are submitted to

knowing, God knows, what hangs over his head ; the poor cuckold esteeming her the most virtuous wife in the world ; and should one tell him he had seen her dress'd like a page following a knave thus, I'll lay my life he would not believe it.

Innoc. Why no, captain, wives take all the faith from their husbands ; and that makes 'em do so many good works as they do.

Quint. Mercy for that i'faith ! lieutenant, stand close.

Enter FANNIO and GIACOMO.

Fan. My mistressin man's apparel, say'st thou?

the consideration of the reader. In Act V. of " Titus Andronicus," Aaron says,

" They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off ; and *trimm'd* her as thou saw'st.

Lav. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that *trimming*?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and *trimmed* ; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing it."

In the " False One" of Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act II. Scene III.) Sceva says to Cæsar, (speaking of Cleopatria),

" She is sent to dispossess you of your honour ;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
And she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers *trim her* ;
They'll give her what she came for."

And in the " Loyal Subject" of the same poets, Theodore, describing the ravages of the Tartars, says to Boroskie, (Act II. Scene I.)

" They would not only have abused your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloined your lordship's plate, the duke bestowed on you,
For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and *trimm'd your virgins*,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,
'Tis ten to one, *your wife too*."

Gia. Thy mistress in man's apparel, I assure thee, and attended by Angelo.

Fan. Would to heaven I had seen her! canst tell whither she went?

Gia. Full butt into Lorenzo's house; and if thou know'st him, thou know'st wherefore; an ill-favour'd trimming is her errand.

Fan. 'Tis very well, she trims my captain prettily; in the meantime his head pays for all; and yet, alas, poor hornstock, he thinks her to have no fault, but her too much dotage upon him: well, my conscience will not let me keep her counsel, he shall know on't.

Gia. Why, man, if both of us should tell him her fault, he will not believe us.

Fan. No, nor if he had seen it with his own eyes I think: I shall never forget how the profound cockatrice hung on his sleeve to-day, and *he shou'd not from her sight—she'd follow him into the wars—one day should make an end of both their loves and lives*—and then to see him the witall; my captain began to strut, and battle the pride of his merits that so heightened her affection.

Gia. True; and how the foppasty, his lieutenant, stept in to persuade with her, *to take it patiently, for friends must part—we came not altogether, and we must not go altogether*.

Fan. Well, 'twill not be for any man to follow him, if this were known once.

Gia. Lord, how all the boys in the town would flock about him as he walks the streets, as 'twere about a bagpipe, and hoot the poor cuckold out of his horncase!

Fan. Well, an I were worthy to give him counsel, he should e'en fair and well hang himself.

Gia. No, no, keep it from him, and say thou found'st her at a woman's labour.

Fan. A plague of her labour! the captain's brows sweat while she labours.

Gia. If I were in thy case, I should laugh outright when I saw him.

Fan. That dare not I do: but as often as he turns his back to me, I shall be here (*makes horns*) with him * that's certain: or when I follow him and his cheating stock, Innocentio, in the streets, I shall imagine still I am driving an ox and an asse before me, and cry phtroh, ho, pthrough.

Innoc. (*Aside.*) S'light, captain, take this and take all.

Quint. (*Aside.*) Not a word for the world, for if we should take notice of his words the slave would deny all; leave it to me to sift it in private. Now, sir, what news with you? where's your mistress, that you range thus at your pleasure?

Fan. In health, sir, I trust.

Quint. Come forward, you rogue, you; come forward: whither creep you behind so? where's where's your mistress, sir?

Fan. At a poor woman's labour, sir.

* The quarto reads, "I shall be here V with him." I can no other way understand this than as I have expressed it in the stage direction.

Quint. Very well, sir; come, lieutenant, go you afore, and do you follow him, sir.

Fan. What, afore my captain, sir? you shall pardon me.

Quint. Afore, you rogue! afore! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter HONORIO, LORENZO, GASPARO, *and*
ANGELO.

Hon. Signior Lorenzo and Gasparo, you're very welcome, we shall have good company and sport to entertain you ere long, I hope: shall we not, Angelo?

Ang. Yes, sir, I have invited all you commanded me.

Lor. This is the honest man indeed, that took the pains to come for me.

Gasp. And for me also.

Ang. No pains but pleasure, sir; I was glad I had such good means to be known to your worship.

Lor. Nay, I have known you before, to be the servant of Signior Honorio here, I take it.

Hon. Not my servant, Signior Lorenzo, but my son's.

Lor. Oh, your son Aurelio's servant? believe me, you or your son (in mine opinion, though I say it before him) made good choice of him: for he hath a good honest face, and to a man of judgment (I tell you) that's as good as a good surety for him. I will be better acquainted with you, sir; pray you give me your hand.

Ang. Both my hand and heart, sir, shall be ever at your service.

Lor. Thanks, my good friend, I'll make thee laugh anon, Angelo.

Ang. I thank your worship, you have done so often.

Hon. A notable wag, Signior Gasparo.

Gasp. How curiously Lorenzo thinks he carries the matter.

Lor. How now, gentlemen, is't a merry secret, that you smile so?

Hon. No secret, Signior Lorenzo, but a merry conceit we were thinking on, to furnish our show anon, if it had been thought on in time.

Lor. What was that, I pray?

Hon. Marry, sir, we had good sport to-day with Snail the chimney-sweeper.

Lor. Had you so, sir?

Gasp. That ever was.

Lor. Lord, that I had been amongst you; but what more of him, sir?

Hon. Marry, sir, we were thinking how we might merrily deceive our company that is to come, if we could have gotten him some Magnifico's suit of the city, whom for his little stature and lean face he might resemble, that in that habit he might have stolen some kind favours from the ladies to make him amends and please him for the anger we put him in.

Lor. It would have made excellent merri-ment.

Ang. You are his best master, sir, and if it please you to send me for him by some token, I'll go for him; otherwise he will not come to these gentlemen.

Lor. Shall he come, gentlemen?

Both. If you please, sir.

Lor. Why then hark thee, Angelo; (*whispers*) not for the world.

Ang. (*Aside.*) Think you me such an ass, sir?

Lor. Shall he have one of my little brother's suits, and come in amongst the dames for him?

Hon. If you could, it would fit him exceedingly.

Lor. Much: now laugh, Angelo; (*aside*) what gentleman was that I spy'd aloft with my daughter think'st thou?

Ang. (*Aside.*) I know not, sir; I beseech your worship who was it?

Lor. (*Aside.*) Frank, in man's apparel, Angelo.

Ang. (*Aside.*) O wonderful!

Lor. (*Aside.*) We cannot invent a token; for my love Angelo.

Ang. (*Aside.*) O excellent!

Lor. We will hit it anon, gentlemen.

Both. At your leisure, sir.

Lor. (*Aside.*) The swaggerer, her husband, had note of it by his page, and yet the same page hath persuaded him since, that 'twas but a gullery.

Ang. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a notable crack*; and his master hath such a pure belief in his wife, that he's apt to believe any good of her.

Lor. (*Aside.*) True, Angelo; enough for this time; thou shalt make as if thou went'st for Snail, and return without him, saying thou canst not find him.

Ang. (*Aside.*) Agreed, sir.

* An ingenious and witty boy.

Lor. Now, gentlemen, we have devised a wile to bring Snail amongst us, and I have given Angelo order for a suit for him, that is my little brother's, and him he shall counterfeit: go, Angelo, seek him out.

Ang. I will, sir. [*Exit Ang.*]

Hon. Thank you for this, good Signior Lorenzo.

Gasp. It will quicken the company well.

Enter ÆMILIA, LIONEL dressed in Woman's Clothes, FRANCISCHINA, and another Woman.

Lor. For their sakes and yours, I have done it, gentlemen; and see the fair flock come upon us.

Hon. Welcome, fair ladies; but especially you, lady, that are so mere a stranger: Signior Lorenzo, you know young Leonoro?

Lor. Very well, sir, a gallant spark.

Gasp. And I think you know his father.

Lor. Know him? I'faith, sir, there was a reveller; I shall never see man do his lofty tricks like him while I live.

Hon. This gentlewoman is his niece, sir.

Lor. His niece? she shall do herself wrong not to be acquainted with her dear uncle's companion. [*Kisses her.*]

Gasp. You know not this gentlewoman, sir?

Lor. Not very well, sir, indeed; but entertainment must be given; (*aside*) mercy, Frank, for thy man's apparel; a plague of all swaggering husbands! Nay, I must forth i'faith, Signior Honorio, this is for your sake; am I not a kind help to your entertainment?

Hon. An exceeding kind one, sir, and I exceedingly thank you.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. The maskers are come, sir.

Hon. Do you and your fellows attend them in.

Mess. We will, sir. [*Exit Mess.*]

Hon. Sit, gentle ladies, till the maskers raise you to dance.

Enter AURELIO, LEONORO, QUINTILIANO, and INNOCENTIO, in masks, dancing.

Hon. Welcome, gallants! Oh, the room's too scant; a hall*, gentlemen!

Leo. (Aside.) See how womanly my boy looks, Quintiliano.

Quint. (Aside.) 'Twill be rare sport: lieutenant, that sweet wench in the branch'd gown† is the heir I told thee of.

Innoc. God's me, I'll to her and kiss her!

Quint. Oh no, you must not unmask.

Innoc. No, no, I'll kiss her with my mask and all.

Leo. No, lieutenant, take her and court her first, and then kiss her.

Omnes ‡. To her slave!

Aur. There's thy wife too, Quintiliano.

* "A hall, gentlemen!" This is an expression sufficiently common in the old dramas. It means here, "make room for the dancers."

† In the gown adorned with flowers or sprigs in needlework.

‡ "Omnes;" so in the original: but I presume only his friends Aurelio, Leonoro, and Quintiliano are meant.

Quint. True; little knows she I am so near her; I'll single her out, and try what entertainment a stranger may find with her.

Aur. Do so, and we'll take up the t'other.

[*They dance.*]

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. I can by no means find Snail, sir.

Hon. The worse luck; but what remedy?

Lor. Gramercy Angelo: but, Signior Lorenzo, methinks I miss one flower in this female garland.

Hon. Who's that?

Lor. Your niece Lucretia.

Hon. By my soul 'tis true: what's the reason, Angelo, Lucretia is not here?

Ang. I know no reason but her own will, sir.

Gasp. There's somewhat in it certain.

[*They dance again.*]

Innoc. Did you see the play to-day, I pray?

Lio. No, but I see the fool in it here.

Innoc. Do you so forsooth? where is he pray?

Lio. Not far from you, sir; but we must not point at anybody here.

Innoc. That's true indeed, cry mercy forsooth: do you know me through my mask?

Lio. Not I, sir; she must have better skill in bak'd meats than I, that can discern a woodcock through the crust.

Innoc. That's true indeed, but yet I thought I'd try you.

[*They dance.*]

Enter LODOVICO.

Lor. What, nephew Lodovick, I thought you had been one of the maskers.

Lod. I use no masking, sir, with my friends.

Hon. No, Signior Lodowick, but you're a very truant in your school of friendship, that come so late to your friends.

Gasp. Somewhat has crost him sure.

Leo. Somewhat shall cross him : Lodovico, let me speak with you.

Lod. With me, sir ?

Leo. You are the man, sir, I can scarce say the gentleman ; for you have done a wrong the credit of a gentleman cannot answer.

Lod. Would I might see his face that durst say so much.

Leo. (*Unmasking.*) Observe him well, he shows his face, that will prove it when thou dar'st.

Aur. How now, Leonoro, you forget yourself too much to grow outrageous in this company.

Leo. Aurelio, do not wrong me and yourself ; I undertake your quarrel ; this man hath dishonoured your kinswoman Lucretia, whom (if I might) I intended to marry.

Aur. Some error makes you mistake, Leonoro, I assure myself.

Hon. What interruption of our sport is this, gentlemen ?

Lor. Are not my nephew and Leonoro friends ?

Lod. He charges me with dishonouring his mistress Lucretia.

Hon. By'r lady, Lodovico, the charge touches you deeply ! you must answer it.

Lod. I only desire I may, sir, and then will refer me to your censures.

Lor. Well, nephew, well ; will you never leave this your haunt of fornication ? (*To the*

others.) I school him, and do all I can, but all is lost.

Lod. Good uncle, give me leave to answer my other accuser, and then I'll descend, and speak of your fornication, as the last branch of my division.

Lor. Very well, be brief.

Lod. I will, sir: the ground upon which this man builds his false imagination, is his sight of me at Honorio's back gate, since dinner, where, muffled in my cloak, kind Madam Temperance, the attendant of Lucretia, from the terrace, wafted me to her with her hand, taking me (as now I understand) for this honest gentleman; I not knowing what use she had to put me to, obey'd the attraction of her signal as gingerly as she bad me, (a plague upon her gingerly!) till she lock'd me into Lucretia's chamber; where Lucretia lying asleep on her bed, I thought it rudeness to wake her; and (imagining when she wak'd she had something to say to me) attended her leisure at my ease, and lay down softly by her; when (having chaster and simpler thoughts than Leonoro imagines, because he measures my waist by his own), in the very coldness and dullness of my spirit, I fell suddenly asleep; in which my fancy presented me with the strangest dream that ever yet possess'd me.

Lor. Pray God you did but dream, nephew!

Lod. You shall know that by knowing the event of it.

Hon. Go to, pray let us hear it.

Lod. Methought Lucretia and I were at

mawe*, a game, uncle, that you can well skill of.

Lor. Well, sir, I can so.

Lod. You will the more muse at my fortune, or my oversights. For the game stood, methought, upon my last two tricks, when I made sure of the set, and yet lost it, having the varlet† and the five finger to make two tricks.

Lor. How had that been possible?

Hon. That had been no misfortune sure, but plain oversight.

Gasp. But what was the reason you thought you lost it, sir?

Lod. You shall hear; she had in her hand the ace of hearts, methought, and a coat-card ‡, she led the board with her coat, I play'd the varlet, and took up her coat, and meaning to lay my five finger upon her ace of hearts, up start a quite contrary card; up she rises withal, takes me a dash o' the mouth, drew a rapier he had lay by him, and out of doors we went together by the ears.

Hon. A rapier *he* had lay by him?

Lor. What, a *she* turned to a *he*? dost thou not dream all this while, nephew?

Lod. No, nor that time neither, though I pretended it: let him be fetch'd, I warrant you he will show as good cards as the best of you, to

* Mawe was a game at cards; it is mentioned in Brewer's "Lingue," and in some Dekker's Pamphlets.

† "The *varlet*," the knave.

‡ A *coat-card* is what we now call a *court-card*. See Stevens's note on Act II. of "Taming the Shrew."

prove him an heir male, if he be the eldest child of his father.

Hon. This is exceeding strange: go, Angelo, fetch her and her handmaid.

Ang. I will, sir, if her valour be not too hot for my fingers. *Exit.*

Hon. Could such a disguise be made good all this while without my knowledge? To say truth, she was a stranger to me; her father being a Sicilian, fled thence for a disastrous act, and coming hither grew kindly acquainted with me, and called me brother; at his death committing his supposed daughter to my care and protection, till she were restored to her estate in her native country.

Lor. Was he in hope of it?

Hon. He was, and in near possibility of it himself, had he lived but little longer.

Enter ANGELO and LUCRETIO in his Male Dress.

Ang. Here's the gentlewoman you talk'd of, sir: nay, you must come forward too, grave Mistress Temperance.

Lod. (To Leo.) How now, sir? who wants gentility now, I beseech you?

Leo. Who have we here?

Luc. Stand not amaz'd, nor disparage him. *(To Leo.)* You see, sir, this habit truly doth suit my sex, howsoever my hard fortunes have made me awhile reject it.

Hon. What hard fortunes?

Luc. Those you know of my father, sir; who fear'd my following of him in my native likeness to the haven, where be by stealth embark'd us,

would have discover'd him*, his offence being the slaughter of a gentleman, that would have slain him.

Hon. But did you not tell me you were betroth'd before this misfortune happen'd, to a young gentleman of Sicily, called Theagines?

Luc. I told you I was betroth'd to one Theagine, not Theagines, who indeed was a woman.

Lio. And yet whosoever had seen that Theagine since, might have taken him for a man.

Luc. Do you know her, gentlewoman?

Lio. It seems you will not know her.

Leo. Hark how my boy plays the knave with her.

Quint. A noble rogue! S'foot, lieutenant, wilt thou suffer thy nose to be wip'd † of this great heir?

Innoc. (*To Lucretio.*) S'light, sir, you are no handkerchief, are you?

Luc. Prithee forbear: more happy than unlook'd for is this dear accident ‡: adopted and noble father, this is the gentlewoman to whom I

* The quarto reads, "*and* would have discovered him."

† *i. e.* Suffer thyself *to be cheated*. So in the "*Spanish Curate*" of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to Bartolus, a covetous lawyer,

"*Ars.* You are fool'd.

Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;

Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir,

And have their *worships' noses wip'd*; 'tis healthful.

We are but quit; you fool us of our monies,

In every cause, in every quiddit *wipe* us."

And in "*A Trick to Catch the Old One*," by Middleton.

‡ As Lucretio was altogether ignorant of the presence of Theagine until this disclosure, I think we should read, "*not* more happy than unlook'd for."

told you I was betroth'd; the happy news she had to relate to me, made her a traveller, the more search of her passage made her a page, and her good fortune obtain'd her (*to Leonoro*) this honest gentleman to her master, who, I thank him, being (as he supposed me) lov'd me; accept us both for your children.

Hon. Most gladly, and with no less care than mine own protect you.

Quint. S'foot! how now, *Leonoro*? new fire-works?

Lod. Now, sir, who wants gentility? this is a gentlemanly part of you to keep a wench in a page's furniture?

Leo. It was more than I knew, sir; but this shall be a warning to me while I live, how I judge of the instrument by the case again.

Luc. Nay, it is you, friend *Lodovico*, that are most to blame; that, holding the whole feminine sex in such contempt, would yet play the pick-purse, and steal a poor maid's maidenhead out of her pocket sleeping.

Leo. 'Twas but to cozen me.

Aur. And to be before me in love.

Lor. And to laugh at me.

Lod. Nay, jest not at me, sweet gentles, I us'd plain and mannerly dealing; I neither us'd the brokage of any (as you know who did, *Leonoro*) nor the help of a ladder to creep in at a wench's chamber-window (as you know who did, *Aurelio*). Nor did I case myself in buckram, and cry chimney-sweep, (where are you, uncle?) but I was train'd to it by this honest matron here.

Tem. Meddle not with me, sir.

Luc. I am beholding to her, she was loath to have me lead apes in hell.

Quint. (*Aside.*) Look that you keep promise with me, lady: when will thy husband be from home?

Fran. (*Aside.*) Not so soon as I would wish him, but whensoever you shall be welcome.

Quint. (*Unmasks.*) I very kindly thank you, lady.

Fran. God's me, I took you for Signior Placentio!

Quint. S'foot, thou liest in thy throat! thou knew'st me as well as myself.

Hon. What, Signior Quintiliano, and friend Innocentio? I look'd not for you here, and you're much the better welcome.

Quint. Thanks, dad Honorio: and lives my little squire? when shall I see thee at my house, lad?

Lor. (*Aside.*) A plague o' your house, I was there too lately!

Lod. See, lordings, here's two will not let go till they have your consents to be made surer.

Lor. By my soul, and because old Gasparo here has been so cold in his love-suit, if she be better pleas'd with Aurelio, and his father with her, heaven give abundance of good with him!

Hon. So you stand not too much upon goods, I say, amen.

Lor. Faith, use him as your son and heir, and I desire no more.

Hon. So will I of mine honour: are you agreed, youths?

Both. And most humbly gratulate your high favours.

Gasp. Faith and Jove give 'em joy together for my part.

Lod. Yet is here another nail to be driven: here's a virtuous matron, Madam Temperance, that is able to do much good in a commonwealth, a woman of good parts, sells complexions, helps maids to services, restores maidenheads, brings women to bed, and men to their bedsides ;—

Tem. By my faith, but save votre grace, sir.

Lod. Hath drinks for love, and gives the diet.

Tem. By'r lady, and that's not amiss for you, sir.

Lod. For me, with a plague t'ye?

Tem. No, nor for any man that's not sound, I mean, sir.

Quint. * S'foot, masters, these be good parts in the old wench ! wilt thou have her, lieutenant ? she'll be a good stay to the rest of thy living ; the gallants will all honour thee at thy house, I warrant thee.

Innoc. 'Fore God, captain, I care not if I have !

Tem. Well, young gentleman, perhaps it should not be the worst for you.

Quint. Why law, thy virtues have won her at first sight, she shall not come to thee empty, for I'll promise thee that I'll make her able to bid any gentleman welcome to a piece of mutton and a rabbit at all times.

Lor. By'r lady, a good ordinary.

Quint. Thou'lt visit sometimes, dad.

* This speech is in the quarto given to Lodovico ; but Innocentio replies to the captain ; to whom I have transferred it.

Lor. That I will, i'faith, boy, in authority wise.

Quint. Why then strike hands, and if the rest
be pleas'd,
Let all hands strike as these have struck afore,
And with round echoes make the welkin roar.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

For that I will, I tell you, in authority, who
Quint. Why then strike hands, and if the rest
be pleased.
Let all hands strike as these have struck, alone,
And with toll all make the well-known sound.

SPANISH COPY

THE MIDDLETON AND THE ROMANCE

There are two editions of this play, one of 1653, the other of 1654.

THE
SPANISH GIPSY:

of which the plot was suggested to our writers by the "Lycar's Rush" of Fletcher, and the play scene by the similar one in the "Hamlet" of **COMEDY.**

It has been usual to attribute the greater share in the drama to Middleton; how much, or what part was really written by him, I have no means of ascertaining, and to decide by internal evidence is equally fallacious and unjust.

BY
T. MIDDLETON AND W. ROWLEY.

I must confess myself inclined to believe, in opposition to the received opinion, that he had the greater hand in it.

There are two editions in quarto of this play, one of 1653, the other of 1661. The first, as far as respects the story of Robinson and Clara, was the original. It is not in the second edition, but is in a version, which is a new translation of a novel of the same name, called "The Love of Blood," and I think it not improbable that the other plot was suggested to our writer by the "Lovers of Blood" of Fletcher, and the plot of the second act in the "Humble" of Fletcher. It has been usual to attribute the greater share in this drama to Middleton; but much, or what part was really written by him, I believe we have no means of ascertaining, and to decide by internal evidence is equally fallacious and unjust. The characters of Clara and Constantine are drawn with extreme delicacy and beauty, and are in every respect as perfect as any in the English drama. In opposition to the received opinion, that he had the greater hand in it,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SPANISH GIPSY

THERE are two editions in quarto of this play, one of 1653, the other of 1661. “The plot, as far as respects the story of Roderigo and Clara,” says the Biograp. Dram. “if not borrowed from, has at least a very near resemblance to, a novel of Cervantes, called ‘The Force of Blood;’” and I think it not improbable that the other plot was suggested to our writers by the “Beggar’s Bush” of Fletcher, and the play scene by the similar one in the “Hamlet” of Shakspeare. It has been usual to attribute the greater share in this drama to Middleton: how much, or what part was really written by him, I believe we have no means of ascertaining, and to decide by internal evidence is equally fallacious and unjust. The characters of Clara and Constanza are drawn with extreme delicacy; perhaps they are above Rowley’s powers; yet I must confess myself inclined to believe, in opposition to the received opinion, that he had the greater hand in it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fernando de Azeutda, Corregidor of Madrid.
Pedro de Cortes, }
Francisco de Carcomo, } two old dons.
Roderigo, son of Fernando.
Lewis de Castro, son to De Castro slain by Alvarez.
Diego, friend to Don Lewis.
Don John, son to Francisco de Carcomo, and lover of Constanza.
Sancho, a foolish gentleman, and ward to Don Pedro.
Soto, a merry fellow, his man.
Alvarez de Castilla, an old lord disguised like the father of the
gipsies.
Carlo, }
Antonio, } two gentlemen, disguised like gipsies.
Maria, wife of Don Pedro.
Clara, their daughter.
Guyamara, wife to Count Alvarez, and sister to Fernando, dis-
guised like the mother of the gipsies, and called by the
name of Eugenia*.
Constanza, daughter to Fernando, disguised like a young Spa-
nish gipsy, and called by the name of Pretiosa.
Christiana, a gentlewoman, disguised like a gipsy.
Cardochia, a young hostess to the gipsies.
Servants.

* The practice of the quartos, as in "May Day," has been ob-
served, and their fictitious names prefixed to their speeches.

THE
SPANISH GIPSY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter RODERIGO, LEWIS, and DIEGO.

Lew. RODERIGO.

Die. Art mad?

Rod. Yes, not so much with wine; it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard, as a German sober; an Italian no whoremonger; an Englishman to pay his debts. I am no borachio*; sack, maligo, nor canary breeds the calenture in my brains; mine eye mads me, not my cups.

Lew. What would'st have us do?

Rod. Do?

Die. So far as 'tis fit for a gentleman we'll venture.

Rod. I ask no more: I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me; a delicate body, but this in the waist; foot and leg tempting; the face I had a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful.

Lew. Prithee to the point.

* A *borachio* is a vessel made of skins, in which wine is kept in Spain.

Rod. Here 'tis: an old gentleman (no matter who he is), an old gentlewoman (I ha' nothing to do with her), but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have; they are coming this way; shall I have her? I must have her.

Die. How, how?

Lew. Thou speak'st impossibilities.

Rod. Easy! easy! easy! I'll seize the young girl, stop you the old man, stay you the old woman.

Lew. How then?

Rod. I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all; many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night; they are weak and old, we young and sprightly: will you assist me?

Lew. Troth, Roderigo, any thing in the way of honour.

Rod. For a wench, man, any course is honourable.

Lew. Nay, not any; her father, if he be her father, may be noble.

Rod. I am as noble.

Lew. Would the adventure were so.

Rod. Stand close, they come.

Enter PEDRO, MARIA, and CLARA.

Ped. 'Tis late, would we were in Madrid.

Mar. Go faster, my lord.

Ped. Clara, keep close.

[*Lewis and Diego seize Pedro and Maria, while Roderigo bears off Clara.*]

Cla. Help, help, help!

Rod. Are you crying out? I'll be your mid-wife.

Ped. What mean you, gentlemen?

Mar. Villains! thieves! murderers!

Ped. Do you know me? I am De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes!

Lew. De Cortes? (*Aside.*) Diego, come away.

[*Exeunt Lewis and Diego.*]

Ped. Clara! where is my daughter?

Mar. Clara! these villains
Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,
Her of her honour.

Ped. This had not wont
To be our Spanish fashion; but now our gallants,
Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,
(A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at)
Commit these outrages: Clara!—Maria,
Let's homeward, I will raise Madrid to find
These traitors to all goodness. Clara!

Mar. Clara! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LEWIS and DIEGO,

Lew. Oh, Diego, I am lost, I am mad!

Die. So we are all.

Lew. 'Tis not with wine; I'm drunk with too
much horror;

Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds
To Roderigo's lust: did not the old man
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?

Die. Sure he did.

Lew. Oh, Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay on the
forfeit

Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay;

Roderigo has, into his father's house,
A passage through a garden :—

Die. Yes, my lord.

Lew. Thither; I must find Roderigo out,
And check him, check him home; if he but dare—
No more! Diego, along! my soul does fight
A thousand battles blacker than this night.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RODERIGO and CLARA.

Cla. Though the black veil of night hath over-
clouded

The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
The sun will rise again, and then this act
Of my dishonour will appear before you,
More black than is the canopy that shrowds it:
What are you, pray what are you?

Rod. Hush! a friend, a friend.

Cla. A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,
An honourable villain; as you have
Disrob'd my youth of Nature's goodliest portion,
My virgin purity, so with your sword
Let out that blood which is infected now,
By your soul-staining lust.

Rod. Pish!

Cla. Are you noble?

I know you then will marry me; say?

Rod. Umh.

Cla. Not speak to me? are wanton devils
dumb?

How are so many harmless virgins wrought
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield
Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,

If every orator of folly plead
In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence?
You shall not from me!

Rod. Phew! no more!

Cla. You shall not!
Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,
Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
Heaven's wrath and mankind's burthen, I will
hold you!

I will! be rough and therein merciful,
I will not loose my hold else.

Rod. There; (*offering money*) 'tis gold.

Cla. Gold! why? alas, for what? the hire of
pleasure

Perhaps is payment, mine is misery;
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,
More than a bleeding heart.

Rod. Nay then you're troublesome;
I'll lock you safe enough. [*Exit.*

Cla. They cannot fear
Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of
life.

Revenge, I kneel to thee—alas, 'gainst whom?
By what name shall I pull confusion down
From justice on his head that hath betray'd me?
I know not where I am; up, I beseech thee,
Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,
And lead me by thy light to some brave ven-
geance!

It is a chamber sure, the guilty bed,
Sad evidence against my loss of honour,
Assures so much; what's here, a window-curtain?
Oh heaven! the stars appear too; ha! a chamber,
A goodly one! dwells rape in such a paradise?

Help me, my quickened senses, 'tis a garden
To which this window guides the covetous prospect,

A large one and a fair one; in the midst
A curious alabaster fountain stands,
Fram'd like—like what? no matter, swift remembrance;

Rich furniture within too! and what's this?
A precious crucifix? I have enough;
Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent!

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. Now!

Cla. Welcome, if you come arm'd in destruction:
I am prepar'd to die.

Rod. Tell me your name,
And what you are?

Cla. You urge me to a sin
As cruel as your lust; I dare not grant it;
Think on the violence of my defame,
And if you mean to write upon my grave
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question,
Or whence, or who I am; I know the heat
Of your desires are, after the performance
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd
In cooler streams of penance; and for my part
I have wash'd off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame, in true and honest tears;
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory;
Let it lie buried with me in the dust,
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live:

Be resolute, and do not stagger, do not,
For I am nothing.

Rod. Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance.

Cla. Ha, enjoy me!
Insufferable villain!

Rod. Peace! speak low,
I mean no second force; and since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily, that could you be yourself
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,
Trust me you'd pity me.

Cla. Sir, you can speak now.

Rod. So much I am the executioner
Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart,
Nor reason, to disclose my name or quality;
You must excuse me that; but trust me (fair one)
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him,
* Whom my first birth presented to the world;
This for your satisfaction: what remains,
That you can challenge as a service from me?
I both expect and beg it.

Cla. First, that you swear
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion

* What follows is thus carelessly divided in both the quartos.
“Whom my first birth presented to the world: this for your satisfaction,
What remains, that you can challenge as a service from me?
I both expect and beg it.

Cla. First, that you swear neither
In riot of your mirth, in passion”—

Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.

Rod. As I love truth I swear!

Cla. Next that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes ere the morning rise.

Rod. Say more.

Cla. Lay a new man, if e'er you marry
(Oh me! my heart's a breaking), but if e'er
You marry in a constant love to her
That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
Of my undoing: I am lost for ever!
Pray use no more words.

Rod. You must give me leave
To veil you close.

Cla. Do what you will; no time
Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours.
Shall we now go?

Rod. My shame may live without me,
But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.
Lend me your hand; now follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEWIS, DIEGO, and a SERVANT.

Lew. Not yet come in? not yet?

Ser. No, I'll assure your lordship; I have seldom known

Him keep out so long; my lord usually observes
More seasonable hours.

Lew. What time of night is't?

Ser. On the stroke of three.

Lew. The stroke of three? 'tis wondrous strange!
Dost hear—

Ser. My lord.

Lew. Ere six I will be here again,
Tell thy lord so ; ere six. He must not sleep,
Or if he do, I shall be bold to wake him :
Be sure thou tell'st him,—do.

Ser. My lord, I shall. [Exit.

Lew. Diego,
Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado,
I'll round the west part of the city ; meet me
At the Inquisition Chapel ; if we miss him,
We'll both back to his lodgings.

Die. At the chapel?

Lew. Ay, there we'll meet.

Die. Agreed, I this way. [Exit Lewis.

Enter DON JOHN, reading.

John. She is not noble ; true, wise nature meant
Affection should ennoble * her descent,
For love and beauty keep as rich a seat
Of sweetness in the mean born, as the great.
I am resolv'd. [Exit.

Die. 'Tis Roderigo certainly,
Yet his voice makes me doubt, but I'll o'erhear
him. [Exit.

Enter LEWIS.

Lew. That if only I should be the man
Made accessory, and a party both
To mine own torment, at a time so near
The birth of all those comforts I have travell'd with,
So many, many hours of hopes and fears ;

* "Enable" in the quarto.

Now at the instant——ha! stand! thy name,
Truly and speedily.

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. Don Lewis?

Lew. The same; but who art thou? speak.

Rod. Roderigo.

Lew. Tell me,

As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous,
As you love goodness, as you wish to inherit
The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
As you are my friend, as you are Roderigo,
As you are any thing that would deserve
A worthy name, where have you been to-night?
Oh! how have you dispos'd of that fair creature
Whom you led captive from me? speak, oh speak!
Where, how, when, in what usage have you left
her?

Truth, I require all truth.

Rod. Though I might question
The strangeness of your importunity;
Yet 'cause I note distraction in the height
Of curiosity, I will be plain and brief.

Lew. I thank you, sir.

Rod. Instead of feeding
Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
Such a commanding majesty of chaste
And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
The float of those desires, which in an instant

Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly.

Lew. Now all increase of honours
Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,
The best man living!

Rod. You are much transported
With this discourse, methinks.

Lew. Yes, I am.
She told ye her name too.

Rod. I could not urge it
By any importunity.

Lew. Better still;
Where did you leave her?

Rod. Where I found her, farther
She would by no means grant me to wait on her:
Oh, Lewis, I am lost!

Lew. This self-same lady
Was she to whom I have been long a suiter,
And shortly hope to marry.

Rod. She's your mistress then: Lewis, since
friendship,
And noble honesty, conjures our loves
To a continued league, here I unclasp
The secrets of my heart. Oh, I have had
A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves
A temple! if thou lov'st her,—and I blame thee
not;

For who can look on her, and not give up
His life unto her service?—If thou lov'st her,
For pity's sake conceal her; let me not
As much as know her name, there's a tempta-
tion in't*;

* The quartos read, "there's a temptation in't."

Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
 Or any thing that she calls hers, but thee ;
 In thee, my friend, I'll see her; and to avoid
 The surfeits and those rarities that tempt me,
 So much I prize the happiness of friendship,
 That I will leave the city.

Lew. Leave it?

Rod. Speed me

For Salamanca; court my studies now
 For physic 'gainst infection of the mind.

Lew. You do amaze me!

Rod. Here to live, and live
 Without her, is impossible and wretched.
 For heaven's sake never tell her what I was,
 Or that you know me! and when I find that ab-
 sence

Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
 To see ye again; meantime the cause that draws me
 From hence, shall be to all the world untold;
 No friend, but thou alone, for whose sake only
 I undertake this voluntary exile,
 Shall be partaker of my griefs: thy hand,
 Farewell; and all the pleasures, joys, contents,
 That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
 A happy bridegroom!

Lew. You have conquer'd friendship
 Beyond example.

Enter DIEGO.

Die. Ha, ha, ha! some one
 That hath slept well to-night, should he but see me
 Thus merry by myself, might justly think
 I were not well in my wits.

Lew. Diego?

Die. Yes, 'tis I, and I have had a fine fegary;
The rarest wild goose chase.

Lew. 'T has made thee melancholy.

Die. Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met
him;

For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident
Has almost made me burst with laughter.

Lew. How so?

Die. I'll tell you: as we parted, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures; him I dogg'd,
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage [that]* he stole to-night.

Rod. You're pleasant.

Lew. Prithee who was't?

Rod. Not I.

Die. You're i' the right, [it was] not you in-
deed;

For 'twas that noble gentleman Don John,
Son to the Count Francisco de Carcomo.

Lew. In love, it seems.

Die. Yes, pepper'd on my life;
Much good may't do him; I'd not be so lin'd
For my cap full of double pistolets.

Lew. What should his mistress be?

Die. That's yet a riddle
Beyond my resolution; but of late

* The word between brackets is not in either of the quartos;
I have introduced it to complete the measure; and shall in fu-
ture pursue this method in preference to the more tedious one
of marking the alteration in a note.

I have * observed him often to frequent
The sports the gipsies newly come present.

Lew. 'Tis said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute
beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports her not without admiration.

Die. Have you seen her?

Lew. Never.

Die. Nor you, my lord?

Rod. I not remember.

Die. Why then you never saw the prettiest toy
That ever sung or danc'd.

Lew. Is she a gipsy?

Die. In her condition, not in her complexion:
I tell you once more 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze; the sweetest,
The wittiest rogue! Shall's see 'em? they have
fine gambols;
Are mightily frequented; court and city
Flock to 'em; but the country does 'em worship.
This little ape gets money by the sack full,
It trouls upon her.

Lew. Will ye with us, friend?

Rod. You know my other projects; sights to me
Are but vexations.

Lew. Oh, you must be merry;
Diego, we'll to th' gipsies.

* In the quartos these lines are given,

"I have observ'd him oft to frequent
The sports the gipsies newly come to th' city present."
as the alteration improves the measure without affecting the sense
I have ventured on it.

Die. Best take heed
You be not snapp'd.

Lew. How snapp'd?

Die. By that little fairy ;
'T has a shrew'd tempting face and a notable tongue.

Lew. I fear not either.

Die. Go then.

Lew. Will you with us?

Rod. I'll come after.

Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us,
To taste new follies; tasted, they undo us.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, *and* ANTONIO.

Alv. Come, my brave boys, the tailor's sheers have cut us into shapes fitting our trades.

Carlo. A trade free as a mason's.

Ant. A trade brave as a courtier's ; for some of them do but shark, and so do we.

Alv. Gipsies, but no tann'd ones ; no red-ochre rascals umber'd with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pul-len, lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters ; no, our stile has higher steps to climb over ; Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies.

Carlo. I never knew nobility in baseness.

Alv. Baseness ! the arts of *Cocoquismo*, and *Germania* used by our Spanish pickeroes * (I mean filching, foisting, niming †, jilting) we defy ; none in our college shall study 'em, such graduates we degrade.

Ant. I am glad Spain has an honest company.

Alv. We'll entertain no mounty-banking stroll,
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,

* "*Pickaroos*," i. e. cheats and plunderers. *Pickaroon* is the proper word.

† "*Foisting* and *niming*," picking pockets, and privately stealing.

No ape carrier, baboon bearer;
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base:
Am I your *Major domo*, your *Teniente*,
Your captain, your commander?

Ant. Who but you?

Alv. So then: now being enter'd Madrid, the
enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your
new lessons.

Both. We listen.

Alv. Plow deep furrows, to catch deep root
in th' opinion of the best grandees, dukes, mar-
quesses, condes, and other titulados; shew your
sports to none but them; what can you do with
three or four fools in a dish, and a blockhead
cut into sippets?

Ant. Scurvy meat.

Alv. The Lacedemonians threw their beards
over their shoulders, to observe what men did
behind them as well as before; you must so.

Both. We shall never do't, our muzzles are
too short.

Alv. Be not English gipsies, in whose com-
pany a man's not sure of the ears of his head
they so pilfer; no such angling; what you pull
to land catch fair: there is no iron so foul but
may be gilded, and our gipsy profession, how
base soever in show, may acquire commenda-
tions.

Carlo. Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

Alv. Infamous and roguish; so handle you webs,
that they never come to be woven in the loom of
justice; take any thing that's given you, purses,
knives, handkerchiefs, rosaries, tweezers, any toy,

any money; refuse not a marvedie*; a blank; feather by feather birds build nests, grain peck'd up after grain, makes pullen fat.

Ant. The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders.

Alv. If one city cannot maintain us, away to another; our horses must have wings; does Madrid yield no money? Seville shall; Is Seville close fisted? Valladolid is open; so Cordova; so Toledo: Do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can then, French can; preferment's bow is hard to draw, set all your strengths to it; what you get, keep; all the world is a second Rochelle†; make all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner serv'd in with trumpets.

Carlo. No, no, sackbuts shall serve us ‡.

Alv. When you have money, hide it; sell all our horses but one.

Ant. Why one?

Alv. 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the better; none be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy; all bees, no drones, and our hives shall yield us honey.

* A maravedie is an extremely small Spanish coin.

† Rochelle, in the time of our poets, seems to have been a general asylum for those persecuted protestants who knew not where to go; and Alvarez intimates that the whole world was equally open to people of their description, who had no settled home.

‡ Perhaps the speaker means a pun between the meaning of *sackbut*, a species of trumpet calculated to play the bass, and a *butt of sack*.

Enter EUGENIA, PRETIOSA, CHRISTIANA, and
CARDOCIA.

Pret. See, father, how I am fitted. How do
you like

This our new stock of clothes?

Alv. My sweet girl, excellent.

See their old robes be safe.

Car. That, sir, I'll look to;
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me
I'll make thee satisfaction.

Alv. Thanks, good hostess.

Car. People already throng into the inn,
And call for you into their private rooms.

Alv. No chamber comedies: hostess, ply you
your tide; flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll
show no pastime till after dinner, and that in a
full ring of good people, the best, the noblest;
no closet sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so.

Car. I shall. *[Exit.]*

Alv. How old is Pretiosa?

Eug. Twelve and upwards.

Pret. I am in my teens *[I]* assure you, mother; as little as I am, I have been taken for an elephant; castles and lordships offer'd to be set upon me, if I would bear 'em: why your smallest clocks are the prettiest things to carry about gentlemen.

Eug. Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted.

Pret. Tempted! though I am no mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bubbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrows,

but I myself give aim, thus: wide, four bows; short, three and a half*; they that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of Galicia; a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wanton's almond.

Alv. Thou art my noble girl! a many dons Will not believe but that thou art a boy In woman's clothes, and to try that conclusion To see if thou beest Alcumy, or no, They'll throw down gold in musses †; but, Pretiosa,

Let these proud sakers ‡ and jer-falcons fly, Do not thou move a wing; be to thyself, And not a changeling.

Pret. How! not a changeling? Yes, father, I will play the changeling; I'll change myself into a thousand shapes To court our brave spectators; I'll change my postures Into a thousand different variations, To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine; I'll change my voice into a thousand tones To chain attention; not a changeling, father? None but myself shall play the changeling §.

* The metaphor is taken from archery.

† "In *Musses*," i. e. to make a scramble of.

‡ A *saker* is, properly speaking, a species of hawk, though perhaps more generally used to denote a small cannon.

§ This seems to have been a complimentary address to the audience, without any particular relation to the play. Perhaps, however, the performer who personated Pretiosa had before met with applause in Antonio, the character in "The Changeling," that gives name to the piece.

Alv. Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa.
What noise is this? [*A knocking within.*]

Enter CARDOCIA.

Car. Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and will see you.

Alv. To drown this noise let 'em enter.

Enter SANCHE and SOTO.

San. Is your playhouse an inn? a gentleman cannot see you without crumpling his taffaty cloak.

Soto. Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a diminutive don too.

San. Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?

Pret. Come aloft, Jack ittle ape!

San. Would my jack might come aloft; please you to set the watermill, with the ivory cogs in't, a grinding my handful of purging comfits.

Soto. (*To Pret.*) My master desires to have you loose from your company.

Pret. Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds*? a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, and so be ta'en?

San. When do your gambols begin?

Alv. Not till we ha' din'd.

San. S'foot! then your bellies will be so full you'll be able to do nothing: Soto, prithee set a good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter.

* So in "The Fair Maid of the Inn" of Fletcher, the clown says, (Act II. Scene II.) "When a *dove-house* is empty, there is *cumin-seed* used to purloin from the rest of the neighbours."

Soto. Walk off and hum to yourself: I dedicate (sweet destiny, in whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff) these lines of love.

Eug. What love? what's the matter?

Soto. Grave Mother Bumby, the marks out o' your mouth.

Alv. What's the paper? from whom comes it?

Soto. The commodities wrap'd up in the paper, are verses; the warming pan that puts heat into 'em, yon * fire-brain'd bastard of Helicon.

Alv. What's your master's name?

Soto. His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle to young Don Hortado de Mendonzo, cousin german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural bother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing.

Pret. Verses! I love good ones, let me see 'em.

San. (*Advancing.*) Good ones! if they were not good ones, they should not come from me; at the name of verses I can stand on no ground.

Pret. Here's gold too! whose is this?

San. Whose but yours? If there be any fault in the verses, I can mend it *extempore*; for a stitch in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravel out all the rest.

Soto. Botcherly poetry! botcherly!

Pret. Verses and gold! these then are golden verses.

San. Had every verse a pearl in the eye it should be thine.

* The quartos read, "*you* fire-brain'd," &c. but Soto must be supposed to point at his master as he speaks.

Pret. A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind*?

San. Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's crime but mine†.

Pret. I should be blind indeed.

Alv. Pray, sir, read your verses.

San. Shall I sing 'em, or say 'em?

Alv. Which you can best.

Soto. Both scurvily.

San. I'll set out a throat then. [Sings.

Oh that I were a bee to sing

Hum, buz, buz, hum, I first would bring

Home honey to your hive, and there leave

my sting.

Soto. He maunders‡.

San. *Oh that I were a goose to feed*

At your barn door, such corn I need,

Nor would I bite, but gozlings breed.

Soto. And ganders.

San. *Oh that I were your needle's eye,*

How through your linen would I fly,

And never leave one stitch awry.

Soto. He'll touse ye.

San. *Oh would I were one of your hairs,*

That you might comb out all my cares,

And kill the nits of my despairs.

Soto. Oh lousy!

* The whitish spots in the eye, arising from the small pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls.

† "Nobody's *crime* but mine;" a forced construction will make sense of this passage; but I think we should read "nobody's *rhyme* but mine."

‡ "He *maunders*," i. e. speaks obscurely as beggars do; it is their common cant name.

San. How ! lousy ! can rhymes be lousy ?

Omnes. No, no, they're excellent.

Alv. But are these all your own ?

San. Mine own ! would I might never see ink drop out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if velvet cloaks have not clap'd me for 'em ! Do you like 'em ?

Pret. Past all compare ;
They shall be writ out when you've as good or better.

For these and those, pray book me down your debtor.

Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,
Verses and gold.

San. Would both those were in thy pretty little body, sweet gipsy.

Pret. A pistolet and this paper ? 'twould choke me.

Soto. No more than a bribe does a constable ; the verses will easy into your head, then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly. I hope I ha' chaw'd a good reason for you.

San. Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir ?

Soto. And eat him down if you say the word.

[*Exit.*

San. Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because you're but a country company of strolls, I think your stock is threadbare ; here mend it with this cloak. [*Takes it off.*

Alv. What do you mean, sir ?

San. This scarf, this feather, and this hat.

[*Takes them off.*

Omnes. Dear signior !

San. If they be never so dear: pox o' this hot ruff! (*takes it off*), little gipsy wear thou that.

Alv. Your meaning, sir?

San. My meaning is not to be an ass, to carry a burthen when I need not; if you show your gambols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em: farewell, old greybeard; adieu, mother mumblecrust; morrow, my little wart of beauty. [*Exit.*

Enter DON JOHN, muffled.

Alv. So harvest will come in; such sunshine days
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise;
Away to your task.

[*Exeunt. Don John pulls Pretiosa back.*

Pret. Mother! Grandmother!

John. Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

Eug. Be not uncivil, sir; thus have you us'd her thrice.

John. Thrice! three thousand more: may I not use mine own?

Pret. Your own! by what tenure?

John. Cupid entails this land upon me; I have wooed thee, thou art coy; by this air I am a bull of Tarifa, wild, mad for thee! you told I was some copper coin; I am a knight of Spain; Don Francisco de Carcomo my father, I Don John his son; this paper tells you more; grumble not, old granam, here's gold; for I must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipp'd, sweet mouth'd villain.

Pret. There's a thing call'd *quando*.

John. Instantly.

Eug. Art thou so willing?

John. Peace, threescore and five !

Pret. Marry me ! eat a chicken ere it be out o' th' shell ? I'll wear no shackles ; liberty is sweet ; that I have, that I'll hold ; marry me ! can gold and lead mix together ? a diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring ? You are too high for me, I am too low ; you too great, I too little.

Eug. I pray leave her, sir, and take your gold again.

Pret. Or if you dote, as you say, let me try you do this.

John. Any thing ! kill the great Turk ; pluck out the Mogul's eye-teeth ; in earnest, Pretiosa, any thing !

Pret. Your task is soon set down ; turn gipsy for two years, be one of us ; if in that time you mislike not me, nor I you, here's my hand : farewell *.

[*Exit.*

Eug. There's enough for your gold : witty child !

[*Exit.*

John. Turn gipsy ! for two years ! a capering trade,

And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,
Having serv'd for't ; gipsy, I must turn ;
Oh beauty ! the sun's fires cannot so burn.

[*Exit.*

Enter CLARA.

Cla. I have offended ; yet, oh Heaven ! thou know'st

How much I have abhor'd, even from my birth,

* Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in the " Jovial Crew" of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection.

A thought that tended to immodest folly;
Yet I have fallen; thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive.

Enter PEDRO and MARIA.

Ped. Fie, Clara, 'thou dost court calamity too much.

Mar. Yes, girl, thou dost.

Ped. Why should we fret our eyes out with
our tears,
Weary [heav'n with] complaints? 'tis fruitless,
childish

Impatience; for when mischief hath wound up
The full weight of the ravisher's foul life,
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul
To a much lower, much more lasting ruin,
Than our joint wrongs can challenge.

Mar. * Darkness itself
Will change night's sable brow, into a sunbeam
For a discovery; and be [thou] sure
Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,
Our vengeance shall be noble.

Ped. Royal, any thing;
Till then let's live securely: to proclaim
Our sadness were mere vanity.

Cla. It needs not,
I'll study to be merry.

Ped. We are punish'd,

* The quartos erroneously affix Pedro's name to this speech.

Maria, justly ; covetousness to match
Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,
Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us.

Mar. I fear it has.

Ped. Off with this face of grief.

Enter LEWIS and DIEGO.

Die. Here comes Don Lewis, noble sir.

Lew. My lord,
I trust I have your, and your lady's leave,
To exchange a word with your fair daughter.

Ped. Leave and welcome ; hark, Maria ! (*To Diego.*) Your ear too.

Die. Mine, my lord ?

Lew. Dear Clara, I have often su'd for love,
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd
To style me yours.

Cla. Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected,
Than I have you ; yet you must, sir, excuse me,
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
My younger days allow.

Lew. But shall I hope ?

Cla. You will do injury to better fortunes,
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
Which I beseech you not to slack.

Lew. Then hear me ;
If ever I embrace another choice,
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin !

Cla. Oh me !

Lew. Why sigh you, lady ?

Cla. 'Deed, my lord, I am not well.

Lew. Then all discourse is tedious;
I'll choose some fitter time; till then, fair Clara—

Cla. You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir;
That's all that I dare promise.

Lew. Diego!

Die. My lord!

Lew. What says Don Pedro?

Die. He'll go with you.

Lew. Leave us:

Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?

Ped. Withdraw, Maria, we'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Maria, Clara, and Diego.*]

Lew. The great corrigidor, whose politic stream
Of popularity, glides on the shore
Of every vulgar praise, hath often urged me
To be a suitor to his catholic majesty,
For a repeal from banishment for him
Who slew my father; compliments in vows,
And strange well-studied promises of friendship;
But what is new to me, still as he courts
Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
Still he protests how ignorant he is,
Whether Alvarez be alive or dead;
To-morrow is the day we have appointed
For meeting, at the Lord Francisco's house,
The Earl of Carcomo; now, my good lord,
The sum of my request is, you will please
To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
Our joint accord consists.

Ped. You shall command it.

Lew. But first, as you are noble, I beseech you
Help me with your advice, what you conceive
Of great Fernando's importunity,

Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
Survive or not?

Ped. It is a question, sir,
Beyond my resolution: I remember
The difference betwixt your noble father,
And Conde de Alvarez; how it sprung
From a mere trifle first, a cast of hawks,
Whose made the swifter flight, whose could
mount highest,
Lie longest on the wing; from change of words
Their controversy grew to blows; from blows
To parties; thence to faction; and, in short,
I well remember how our streets were frighted
With brawls, whose end was blood; till, when no
friends
Could mediate their discords, by the king
A reconciliation was enforc'd;
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner
Of breach, besides the confiscation
Of lands and honours; yet at last they met
Again; again they drew to sides, renew'd
Their ancient quarrel; in which dismal uproar
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez;
Alvarez fled; and after him the doom
Of exile was sent* out; he, as report
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes;
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd
On you, but then an infant.

Lew. Ha, an infant!

Ped. His wife, the sister to the corigidor,
With a young daughter, and some few that fol-
low'd her,

* The quartos read, "was set out."

By stealth, were ship'd for Rhodes, and by a storm
 Shipwreck'd at sea ; but for the banish'd Conde,
 'Twas never yet known what became of him :
 Here's all I can inform you.

Lew. A repeal!
 Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, any thing
 That may by possibility of friends,
 Or money, I'll attempt.

Ped. 'Tis a brave charity.

Lew. Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her !
 Her loss was usury more than I covet ;
 But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony
 For his repeal, and run about the world
 To find him out ; there is no peace can dwell
 About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd
 Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes.
 You will along with me?

Ped. You need not question it.

Lew. I have strange thoughts about me ; two
 such furies
 Revel amidst my joys, as well may move
 Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love.
 I'll follow, sir.

Ped. Pray lead the way, you know it.

[*Exit Lewis.*]

Enter SANCHO and SOTO.

Ped. * How now ! from whence come you, sir?

San. From flaying myself, sir.

Soto. From playing with fencers, sir, and they
 have beat him out of his clothes, sir.

Ped. Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice?

* This question is, in the quartos, asked by Soto.

San. Nor cards neither.

Soto. This was one of my master's dog-days, and he would not sweat too much.

San. It was mine own goose, and I laid the giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher; you are my guardian, best beg me for a fool now.

Soto. He that begs one begs t'other.

Ped. Does any gentleman give away his things thus?

San. Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too.

Soto. To gulls sometimes, and are coney-catch'd for their labour.

Ped. Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb?

San. If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

Ped. Thy father was as brave a Spaniard As ever spake the haut Castilian tongue.

San. Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave as he.

Ped. This is the ninth time thou hast play'd the ass,

Flinging away thy trappings and thy clothes To cover others, and go nak'd thyself.

San. I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you.

Ped. Once more your broken walls shall have new hangings.

Soto. To be well hung is all our desire.

Ped. And what course take you next?

San. What course? why, my man Soto and I will go make some maps.

Ped. What maps?

Soto. Not such maps as you wash houses with, but maps of countries.

San. I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him; an aunt in Siena, in Italy, I'll go see her.

Soto. A cousin of mine in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar*.

San. There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her.

Soto. Another in England, I'll go tackle her.

Ped. So, so, and where's the money to do all this?

San. If my woods † being cut down cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks.

Soto. And if his acres being sold for a marvedie a turf, for larks ‡ in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders.

Ped. You'll gallop both to the gallows, so fare you well. [Exit.

San. And be hang'd you; new clothes you'd best.

* The clown in Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," Act V. Scene II. makes use of a similar expression—"He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now *travel to Rome with a mortar on's head*, to see if he can recover his money." On this, Mason observes, "One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris, were styled *presidents à mortier*, for a cap they wore resembling in shape a mortar. This cap, as a mark of dignity and gravity, was adopted by pretended conjurors; it is the cap always worn on our stage by Doctor Faustus, and the conjurer in the 'Wives' Metamorphoses.'" It is explained in the Dictionary of the Academy to be, "*Une espèce de bonnet rond de velours noir, qui est bordé par en haut d'un large galon d'or.*" This does not very satisfactorily explain the allusion, but I have nothing better to offer.

† The quartos read, "If my *wookes* being cut down."

‡ I have again deviated from the quartos, which read, "being sold for a marvedie, a turf for *marks* in cages," this I could not understand, and the variation is trifling.

Soto. Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one.

San. We'll live as merrily as beggars; let's both turn gipsies.

Soto. By any means; if they cog we'll lie, if they toss we'll tumble.

San. Both in a belly, rather than fail.

Soto. Come then, we'll be gipsified.

San. And tipsified too.

Soto. And we will show such trick, and such rare gambols,
As shall put down the elephant and camels.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter RODERIGO disguised like an Italian.

Rod. A thousand stings are in me! oh, what
vile prisons

Make we our bodies, to our immortal souls!
Brave tenants to bad houses: 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty lodging: the soul, the
mistress,

The body, the caroach that carries her,
Sin's the swift wheels that hurry her away,
Our will the coachman rashly driving on,
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown;
My body yet 'scapes bruises; that known thief
Is not yet call'd to th' bar: there's no true sense
Of pain, but what the law of conscience
Condemns us to; I feel that! who would lose
A kingdom for a cottage? an estate
Of perpetuity, for a man's life?

For annuity of that life, pleasure? a spark
To those celestial fires that burn about us!
A painted star to that bright firmament
Of constellations, which each night are set
Lighting our way! yet thither how few get!
How many thousand in Madrid drink off
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month
Not whining as I do! Should this sad lady
Now meet me, do I know her? should this temple
(By me profan'd) lie in the ruins here,

The pieces would scarce show her me: would
they did!

She's mistress to Don Lewis; by his steps,
And this disguise, I'll find her: to Salamanca
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone; no! close here
stay,

Where'er thou travell'st scorpions stop thy way:
[But who are] these?

Enter SANCHO and SOTO as Gipsies.

San. Soto, how do I show?

Soto. Like a rusty armour new scour'd: but,
master, how show I?

San. Like an ass with a new pieball'd saddle
on his back.

Soto. If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce
know us in these gaberdines.

San. If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a
louse for him, if he should bring up this fashion
amongst gentlemen, and make it common.

Rod. The freshness of the morning be upon
you both.

San. The saltness of the evening be upon you
single.

Rod. Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours; your strange habits
Invite me with desire, to understand
Both what you are, and whence, because no
country

(And I have measur'd some) shew me your like.

Soto. Our like! no, we should be sorry we or
our clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and
stinking in three days.

San. If you ask whence we are, we are Eryp-

tian Spaniards ; if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol*, jugglers, tumblers, any thing, any where, every where.

Rod. A good fate hither leads me by the hand ;
Your quality I love ; the scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy,
(For that's my country) ; there have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,
And now and then some other.

San. A player ! a brother of the tiring house !

Soto. A bird of the same feather !

San. Welcome ! wilt turn gipsy ?

Rod. I can nor dance, nor sing ; but if my pen
From my invention can strike music tunes,
My head and brains are yours.

Soto. A calf's head and brains were better for
my stomach.

San. A rib of poetry !

Soto. A modicum of the muses ! a horseshoe
of Helicon !

San. A magpie of Parnassus ! welcome again !
I am a firebrand of Phœbus myself ; we'll invoke
together, so you will not steal my plot.

Rod. 'Tis not my fashion.

San. But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion.

Soto. What was the last thing you writ ? a
comedy ?

Rod. No ; 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy ;
Under these eves I'll shelter me.

San. See, here comes our company ;
Do our tops spin as you would have 'em ?

Soto. If not whip us round.

Enter ALVAREZ, EUGENIA, PRETIOSA, *and all the Gipsies.*

San. I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon a march.

Alv. And you are welcome. (*Aside.*) Yet these fools will trouble us.

Eug. Rich fools shall buy our trouble.

San. Hang lands! it's nothing but trees, stones, and dirt: Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock: precious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have thus transform'd myself out of a gentleman into a gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little musk-cat, for besides myself, here's an Italian poet, on whom I pray throw your welcomes.

Omnes. He's welcome!

Pret. Sir, you're most welcome; I love a poet, So he writes chastely; if your pen can sell me Any smooth quaint romance, which I may sing, You shall have bays and silver.

Rod. Pretty heart, no selling, What comes from me is free.

San. And me too.

Alv. We shall be glad to use you, sir; our sports Must be an orchard bearing several trees, And fruits of several taste; one pleasure dulls. A time may come, when we (besides these pastimes)

May from the grandees and the dons of Spain, Have leave to try our skill even on the stage, And then your wits may help us.

San. And mine too.

Rod. They are your servants.

Pret. Trip softly through the streets, till we
arrive,
You know at whose house, father.

SONG.

San. Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers;
At threading needle we repine *,
And leaping over rapiers :
Pindy pandy rascal toys,
We scorn cutting purses,
Tho' we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Tho' we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel ;
Tho' our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them ;
Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack,
Our wenches say befriend them.

Oh that all the world were mad,
Then should we have fine dancing,
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a prancing ;
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a roaring,
And cuckolds, tho' no horns be spy'd,
Be one another goreing:

Welcome, poet, to our ging,
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason † ;

* *Thread my needle* is yet a common sport ; and to this probably the song alludes.

† It appears from a note on Act III. of "The Miseries of Inforced Marriage," that one species of sack came from the Ca-

Peter-see-me shall wash thy nowl *,
 And Malligo glasses fox thee †;
 If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
 Thou shalt not kiss a doxy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO DE CARCOMO, DON
 JOHN, PEDRO DE CORTES, MARIA, LEWIS, and
 DIEGO.

Fer. Lewis de Castro, since you circled are
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
 Pray let me question you about that business
 You and I last confer'd on.

Lew. My lord, I wish it.

Fer. Then, gentlemen, though you all know
 this man,
 Yet now look on him well, and you shall find

nary Islands:—"Your best sacke are of Seres, in Spain; your smaller, of Gallicia and Portugal: your *strong sackes are of the islands of the Canaries*," &c. &c. Further evidence could easily be produced: "*Canaries' sacke*" is enumerated, among other wines, in Taylor's work mentioned in the next note.

* "Peter-see-me;" this is the wine alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher in a song (Act V. Scene III.) in "*The Chances*;" the landlady is there invoked—

"By old claret I enlarge thee,
 By canary thus I charge thee,
 By Britain's metheglin, and *Peter*
 Appear and answer me in metre."

It is also one of the many enumerated in Taylor's "*Praise of Hempseed*:"

"Liatica, or Corsica, could not
 From their own bearing breeding bounds be got,
Peter-se-mea, or headstrong charnico,
 Sherry," &c. &c.

† "*Fox thee*," i. e. intoxicate thee.

Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom,
As but in few are treasur'd.

Lew. Oh, my good lord.

Fer. He's son to that De Castro, o'er whose
tomb

Fame stands writing a book which will take up
The age of time to fill it with the stories
Of his great acts; and that his honour'd father
Fell in the quarrel of those families
His own, and Don Alvarez de Castilla.

Fran. The volume of those quarrels* is too large,
And too wide printed in our memory.

Lew. Would it had ne'er come forth!

Omnes. So wish we all.

Fer. But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For his mind's bravery: he lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it.

Omnes. 'Tis done nobly!

Fer. For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples.

Ped. Some say in Arragon.

Lew. No matter where;
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man, and call him home;

* The quartos read—

“The volume of those *families* is too large.”

I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding
lines. In the next speech of Fernando I have more triflingly
varied the reading from—

“But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For *he* minds bravery.”

But what hope hath your lordship that these
beams

Of grace shall shine upon me?

Fer. The word royal.

Omnes. And that's enough.

Lew. Then since this sluice is drawn up to in-
crease

The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends

Let me set ope another, and that's this,

That you, my Lord Don Pedro, (and this lady

Your noble wife) would in this fair assembly

(If still you hold me tenant to your favour)

Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,

Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife.

Ped. What I possess in her, before these lords
I freely once more give you.

Mar. * And what's mine?

To you (as right heir to it) I resign.

Omnes. What would you more?

Lew. What would I more? the tree bows
down his head

Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer

To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high

To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly;

I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown.

Omnes. Oh, you must woo hard!

Fer. Woo her well, she's thine own.

John. (*Aside.*) That law holds not 'mongst
gipsies; I shoot hard,

And am wide off from the mark. [*Flourish.*

Enter SOTO with a Cornet in his hand.

Fer. Is this, my lord, your music?

Fran. None of mine.

* In the quartos this is given to *Alvarez*.

Soto. A crew of gipsies with desire
To show their sports are at your gates afire.

Fran. How, how, my gates afire, knave?

John. Art panting? I am a fire I'm sure!

Fer. What are the things they do?

Soto. They frisk, they caper, dance and sing.
Tell fortunes too (which is a very fine thing),
They tumble—how? not up and down,
As tumblers do, but from town to town:
Antics they have, and gipsy-masking,
And toys which you may have for asking;
They come to devour, nor wine, nor good cheer,
But to earn money, if any be here:
(But being ask'd, as I suppose,
Your answer will be in your t'other hose),
For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his tongue and legs:
If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in;
Now I have ended, let them begin.

Omnes. Ay, ay, by any means.

Fran. But, fellow, bring you music along
with you too.

Soto. Yes, my lord; both loud music, and
still music? the loud is that which you have
heard, and the still is that which no man can
hear*.

[*Exit.*

Fer. A fine knave!

Fran. There is a report of a fair gipsy,
A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants
In Madrid flock to look on: this she tro?
Yes, sure 'tis she—I should be sorry else.

* Soto's answer seems to imply that the cornet which the company had heard was the only musical instrument the gipsies had; but he probably intends to play on the words *still* music. See note, vol. ii. p. 187.

Enter ALVAREZ, EUGENIA, PRETIOSA, RODE-RIGO, SANCHE, SOTO, and all the Gipsies.

SONG.

1. Come, follow your leader, follow,
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo,
The van comes brave up here;

Ans. As hotly comes the rear:

CHORUS.

Our knackers are the fifes and drums,
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes.

2. Horsemen we need not fear,
There's none but footmen here;
The horse sure charge without;
Or if they wheel about,

CHORUS.

Our knackers are the shot that fly,
Pit a pat rattling in the sky.

3. If once the great ordnance play,
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But stand the push of pike,
Scorn can but basely strike;

CHORUS.

Then let our armies join and sing,
And pit a pat make our knackers ring.

4. Arm, arm, what bands are those?
They cannot be sure our foes;
We'll not draw up our force,
Nor muster any horse,

CHORUS.

For since they pleas'd to view our sight,
Let's this way, this way, give delight.

5. A council of war let's call,
Look either to stand or fall;

If our weak army stands,
Thank all these noble hands ;

CHORUS.

Whose gates of love being open thrown
We enter, and then the town's our own.

Fer. A very dainty thing !

Fran. A handsome creature !

Rod. Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin.

John. Pit ! 'tis a grave to bury lovers in *.

Rod. My father ! disguise guard me.

San. Soto, there's De Cortez my guardian,
but he smells not us.

Soto. Peace, brother gipsy ! would any one
here know his fortune ?

Omnes. Good fortunes all of us.

Ped. 'Tis I, sir, need a good one : come, sir,
what's mine ?

Mar. Mine and my husband's fortunes keep
together ;
Who is't tells mine ?

San. I, I ; hold up, madam ; fear not your
pocket, for I ha' but two hands. (*Looking in
her hands.*)

*You are sad, or mad, or glad,
For a couple of cocks that cannot be had,*

* I lately met with the same singular, though beautiful, idea, in
a poet of a different age, and very distant country. A lady
sportively replies to an elegant compliment of her lover's, on the
dimple in her chin, by telling him what use she makes of her
features :

“ My eyes as sly robbers I use,
To ensnare silly hearts passing by ;
And when bound by a smile for a noose,
In that dimple I plunge them,—to die.”

*Major Broughton's " Selections from the Popular Poetry of
the Hindoos."*

*Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain,
Doodle doo they will cry on your dunghills again.*

Mar. Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad
Nor mad for them ; would that were all the lead
Lying at my heart !

Ped. What look'st thou on so long ?

Soto. So long ! (*Looking on his hands.*) Do you
think good fortunes are fresh herrings, to come
in shoals ? Bad fortunes are like mackarel at mid-
summer. You have had a sore loss of late.

Ped. I have indeed ; what is't ?

Soto. I wonder it makes you not mad ; for

Through a gap in your ground

Thence late have been stole

A very fine ass, and a very fine foal ;

Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,

Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs.

Ped. I am now so ; go, silly fool.

Soto. I ha' given't him.

San. Oh, Soto, that ass and foal fattens me !

Fer. The mother of the gipsies, what can she do ?
I'll have a bout with her.

John. I with the gipsy daughter.

Fran. To her, boy !

Eug. (*Looking on Fernando's hand.*)

From you went a dove away,

Which ere this had been more white,

Than the silver robe of day ;

Her eyes the moon has none so bright :

Sate she now upon your hand,

Not the crown of Spain could buy it ;

But 'tis flown to such a land,

Never more shall you come nigh it ;

Ha! yes, if palmistry tell true,

This dove again may fly to you.

Fer. Thou art a lying witch, I'll hear no more.

San. If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song.

Soto. And when that song's done, we'll heat you again with a dance.

Lew. Stay, dear sir; send for Clara, let her know her fortune.

Mar. 'Tis too well known.

Lew. 'Twill make her merry to be in this brave company.

Ped. Good Diego, fetch her. [*Exit Diego.*]

Fran. What's that old man? has he cunning too?

All the Gipies. More than all we!

Lew. Has he? I'll try his spectacles.

Fer. Ha! Roderigo there! the scholar
That went to Salamanca, takes he degrees
I' th' school of gipsies? Let the fish alone,
Give him line; this is the dove, the dove, the
raven *

That bedlam mock'd we with.

Lew. What worms pick you out there now?

Alv. (*Looking on Lewis's hand.*) This:

When this line the other crosses,

Art tells me 'tis a book of losses;

Bend your hand thus; Oh! here I find

You have lost a ship in a great wind.

Lew. Lying rogue, I ne'er had any.

Alv. Hark, as I gather,

*That great ship was De Castro call'd, your
father.*

* The croak of a raven has both by the ancients and moderns, by Virgil as well as Shakspeare, been marked as ominous.

Lew. And I must hew that rock that split him.

Alv. Nay, an you threaten.

Fran. And what's, Don John, thy fortune?
Thou'rt long fumbling at it.

John. She tells me tales of the moon, sir.

Pret. And now 'tis come to the sun, sir.

(To Fran.) Your son, wou'd ride, the youth
wou'd run,

The youth wou'd sail, the youth wou'd fly ;

He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,

He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye :

You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,

And a heart too, for he has none.

Fran. Hoyday ! lend him one of mine eyes ?

San. They give us nothing, we'd best put on a
bold face and ask it.

SONG.

Now that from the hive

You gather'd have the honey,

Our bees but poorly thrive

Unless the banks be sunny ;

Then let your sun and moon,

Your gold and silver shine,

My thanks shall humming fly to you,

CHORUS.

And mine, and mine, and mine.

[Fernando and the others give the gipsies money.]

Alv. See, see, your gipsy toys,

You mad girls, you merry boys,

A boon voyage we have made,

Loud peals must then be had ;

If I a gipsy be,

A crack-rope I am for thee :

Oh here's a golden ring,
 Such clappers please a king;
 Such clappers please a king:
 You pleas'd may pass away,
 Then let your bell-ropes stay,
 Now chime 'tis holyday,
 Now chime 'tis holyday.

Pret. No more of this pray, father; fall to
 your dancing. [*Dance.*

Lew. Clara will come too late now.

Fer. 'Tis great pity,
 Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,
 You do not as our Spanish actors do,
 Make trial of the stage.

Alv. We are, sir, about it;
 So please your high authority to sign us
 Some warrant to confirm us.

Fer. My hand shall do't,
 And bring the best in Spain to see your sports.

Alv. Which to set off, this gentleman a
 scholar——

Rod. (*Aside.*) Pox on you!

Alv. Will write for us.

Fer. A Spaniard, sir?

Rod. No, my lord, an Italian.

Fer. (*Aside.*) Denies his country too! My son
 sing gipsy ballads!

Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,
 And your's for playing; time is not ill spent
 That's thus lay'd out in harmless merriment.

[*Exeunt Gipsies dancing.*

Ped. My Lord of Carcomo, for this entertain-
 ment,

You shall command our loves.

Fran. You're nobly welcome.

Ped. The evening grows upon us; lords, to all
A happy time of day.

Fer. The like to you, Don Pedro.

Lew. To my heart's sole lady,
Pray let my service humbly be remembered;
We only miss'd her presence.

Mar. I shall truly
Report your worthy love.

[*Exeunt Ped. and Mar.*]

Fer. You shall no further;
Indeed, my lords, you shall not.

Fran. With your favour
We will attend you home.

Enter DIEGO.

Die. Where's Don Pedro? Oh, sir!

Lew. Why what's the matter?

Die. The Lady Clara,
Passing near to my Lord Corigidor's house,
Met with a strange mischance.

Fer. How, what mischance?

Die. The jester that so late arrived at court,
And there was welcome for his country's sake,
By importunity of some friends, it seems
Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse,
The backing of your mettl'd barbary;
On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd
To hear what jests he could perform on horse-
back *,

* One of these, though not likely to be exhibited on the present occasion, was probably drawing, or pretending to draw teeth; for in the "Fair Maid of the Inn" by Fletcher, (Act II. Scene II.) Forobosco, a cheating mountebank, says, "I protest, but that our hostess's daughter is a sweet lass, and draws great resort to the house, we were as good *draw teeth a-horseback*."

The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,
Bears the press of people before him * ;
With which throng the Lady Clara meeting,
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruise'd, I hope,
But frighted and entranc'd.

Lew. Ill destin'd mischief!

Fer. Where have you left her?

Die. At your house, my lord;
A servant coming forth, and knowing who
The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber;
A surgeon too is sent for.

Fer. Had she been my daughter,
My care could not be greater, than it shall be
For her recure.

Lew. But if she miscarry,
I am the most unhappy man that lives. [*Exit.*

Fer. Diego, [straightway] coast about the fields,
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife;
They newly parted from us.

Die. I'll run speedily. [*Exit.*

Fer. A strange mischance, but what!
I have, my Lord Francisco, this day noted,
I may tell you,
An accident of merriment and wonder †.

Fran. Indeed, my lord.

Fer. I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th' event
Can come to; 'tis indeed about my son;
Hereafter you may counsel me.

* The measure is here and in some other places defective; when I cannot correct it with a trifling variation I prefer leaving it to the reader's judgment; emendations are rarely satisfactory, even to myself.

† In the quartos these two lines are printed as one.

Fran. Most gladly.

Enter LEWIS.

How fares the lady?

Lew. [She's] call'd back to life,
But full of sadness.

Fer. Talks she nothing?

Lew. Nothing;
For when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answered with a sigh; when I came near,
And by the love I bore her, begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,
Before she would reply, from her fair eyes
She greets me with a bracelet of her tears;
Then wish'd me not to doubt; she was too well;
Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
Or company until her father came:
And thus I left her, for she's past the worst*.

Fran. Young maids are oft so troubled.

Enter PEDRO and MARIA.

Fer. Here come they
You talk of. Sir, your daughter for your comfort
Is now upon amendment.

Mar. Oh, my lord,
You speak an angel's voice!

* In the quartos it is printed,

“ And thus I left her.

Fran. For she's past the worst,
Young maids are oft so troubled.”

Francisco, who had not seen her, could not with propriety say how she was; as I have divided the speeches all is perfectly natural.

Fer. Pray in and visit her;

[*Exeunt Ped. and Mar.*

I'll follow instantly—you shall not part
Without a cup of wine, my lord.

Fran. 'Tis now too troublesome a time.
Which way take you, Don Lewis?

Lew. No matter which, for till I hear
My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing.
My Lord Corigidor, I am your servant
For this free entertainment.

Fer. You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesy.

Lew. Oh, that no art
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart!

[*Exeunt.*

CLARA is discovered in a Chair, PEDRO and
MARIA standing by her.

Mar. Clara, hope of mine age!

Ped. Soul of my comfort!
Kill us not both at once: why dost thou speed
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?

Cla. Yon large window
Yields some fair prospect; good my lord, look out
And tell me what you see there.

Ped. Easy suit:
Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
Amidst which stands an alabaster fountain,
A goodly one.

Cla. Indeed, my lord!

Mar. Thy griefs grow wild *,

* "The quartos read, "*The* griefs grow *wide*." The frequent recurrence of such palpable errors make an editor doubt how far he may rely on these editions.

And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness

If thou obey thy weakness.

Cla. Who owns these glorious buildings?

Ped. Don Fernando
De Azeutda, the corigidor
Of Madrid; a truly noble gentleman.

Cla. May I not see him?

Mar. See him, Clara? why?

Cla. A truly noble gentleman you said, sir.

Ped. I did: lo, here he comes in person;
We are, my lord, your servants.

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Good, no compliment:
Young lady, there attends below a surgeon
Of worthy fame and practice, is't your pleasure
To be his patient?

Cla. With your favour, sir,
May I impart some few, but needful, words
Of secresy to you, to you yourself,
None but yourself?

Fer. You may.

Ped. Must I not hear 'em?

Mar. Nor I?

Cla. Oh yes: pray sit, my lord.

Fer. Say on.

Cla. You have been married?

Fer. To a wise young lady,
Who while the heavens did lend her me was
fruitful

In all those virtues which styles woman good.

Cla. And you had children by her?

Fer. Had 'tis true,

Now have but one, a son; and he yet lives;
The daughter, as if in her birth the mother
Had perfected the errand she was sent for
Into the world, from that hour took her life
In which the other that gave it her, lost hers;
Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally,
Perish'd at sea.

Cla. Sad story!

Fer. Roderigo,
My son——

Cla. How is he call'd, sir?

Fer. Roderigo.
He lives at Salamanca, and I fear
That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes
Can draw him thence.

Cla. My lord, d'ye know this crucifix?

Fer. You drive me to amazement; 'twas my
son's;
A legacy bequeathed him from his mother
Upon her death bed, dear to him as life;
On earth there cannot be another treasure
He values at like rate as he does this.

Cla. Oh, then I am a cast-away!

Mar. How's that?

Ped. Alas, she will grow frantic!

Cla. In my bosom,
Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
In bloody characters a tale of horror;
Pray read the paper; and if there you find
Ought that concerns a maid undone, and miserable,
Made so by one of yours, call back the piety
Of nature, to the goodness of a judge,
An upright judge, not of a partial father;
For do not wonder that I live to suffer

Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
 That I have liv'd to speak them : thou, great man,
 Yet read ; read on, and as thou read'st consider
 What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do* ;
 Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour :
 Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
 Have in my weakness wrought a strange disco-
 very :

Truth copied from my heart is texted there :
 Let now my shame be thoroughly understood,
 Sins are heard furthest when they cry in blood.

Fer. True, true, they do not cry but holla here :
 This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep
 In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows.
 I must lock fast the door. [*Exit.*]

* I cannot but believe that the line that should follow this has been lost. Mr. Gifford conjectures such an occurrence to have happened in Act IV. Scene IV. of the "City Madam;" but with every respectful deference to that gentleman's great ability as an editor, I would *suggest* that by marking the speech of Lady Frugal as incomplete (I know his objection to this means *generally*) the passage is perfectly intelligible : Lady Frugal, in consequence of the observations of Luke, is about to *confess* that she has no right from her conduct to expect good treatment at his hand ; there is no objection to this interpretation in her speech :

"It is confess'd, sir——"

Here Luke *interrupts her* to comment on her speaking so respectfully——

"Sir ! sirrah : use your old phrase, I can bear it."

To *this* observation of Luke's she briefly replies on recommencing——

"*That*, if you please, forgotten."

And then, in the very spirit I have presumed to offer of the preceding passage, *resumes* her first subject——

"—— *we acknowledge*
 We have deserv'd ill from you."

Mar. I have no words
To call for vengeance.

Ped. I am lost in marvel.

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Sir, pray sit as you sat before: white paper,
This should be innocence; these letters gules
Should be the honest oracles of revenge.
What's beauty but a perfect white and red?
Both here well mix'd, limn truth so beautiful,
That to distrust it, as I am a father,
Speaks me as foul, as rape hath spoken my son:
'Tis true.

Cla. 'Tis true.

Fer. Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your injuries:
Thou too, too much wrong'd maid, scorn not my
tears,
For these are tears of rage, not tears of love;
Thou father of this too too much wrong'd maid,
Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
I do not plead for pity to a villain;
Oh! let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,
Basely and cursedly; I plead for pity,
To my till now untainted blood and honour:
Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,
For henceforth I am childless.

Cla. Pray, sir, rise;
You wrong your place and age.

Fer. Point me my grave
In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out.

Cla. My lord, I can weep with you; nay, weep
for ye

As you for me ; your passions are instructions,
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge.

Fer. Speak that again.

Cla. Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?

Fer. Oh, thou'rt as fair
In mercy as in beauty ! wilt thou live,
And I'll be thy physician ?

Cla. I'll be yours.

Fer. Don Pedro, we'll to counsel ;
Thy * daughter shall be ours ; sleep, sleep, young
angel,

My care shall wake about thee.

Cla. Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd !

Fer. We will be yet more private ;
Night curtains o'er the world, soft dreams rest
with thee.

The best revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The quartos read, "*This daughter ;*" and in the next speech
of Fernando's—" *Might* curtains o'er the world."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ALVAREZ, SANCHE, SOTO, ANTONIO, CARLO, EUGENIA, PRETIOSA, and CHRISTIANA.
(*A shout within.*) *Enter* DON JOHN.

Omnes. Welcome, welcome, welcome!

Soto. More sacks to the mill.

San. More thieves to the sacks.

Alv. Peace!

Pret. I give you now my welcome without noise.

John. 'Tis music to me.

[*He offers to kiss her.*]

Omnes. Oh, sir!

San. You must not be in your mutton before we are out of our veal.

Soto. Stay for vinegar to your oysters; no opening till then.

Eug. No kissing till you're sworn.

John. Swear me then quickly,
I have brought gold for my admission.

Alv. What you bring leave, and what you leave count lost.

San. I brought all my teeth, two are struck out, them I count lost, so must you.

Soto. I brought all my wits, half I count lost, so must you.

John. To be as you are, I lose father, friends,

Birth, fortunes, all the world : what will you do
With the beast I rode on hither?

San. A beast! is't a mule? send him to Muly
Crag, a whee in Barbary.

Soto. Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in
Spain they ride upon none else.

John. Kill him by any means, lest being pursu'd
The beast betray me.

Soto. He's a beast betrays any man.

San. Except a bailiff to be pump'd.

John. Pray bury the carcass and the furniture.

San. Do, do, bury the ass's household stuff,
and in his skin sow any man that's mad for a
woman.

Alv. Do so then, bury it; now to your oath.

Eug. All things are ready.

Alv. *Thy best hand lay on this turf of grass,
(There thy heart lies), vow not to pass
From us two years for sun nor snow,
For hill nor dale (howe'er winds blow);
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,
With her green cushions under thy head;
Flowery banks or moss to be thy board,
Water thy wine.*

San. And drink like a lord.

Chorus. *Kings can have but coronations,
We are as proud of gipsy fashions;
Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border,
Close this new brother of our order.*

Alv. *What we get, with us come share,
You to get must vow to care;
Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by,
When strangers strike, but fight or die;*

*Our gipsy wenches are not common,
You must not kiss a fellow's leman;
Nor to your own (for one you must),
In songs send errands of base lust.*

*Chorus. Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border,
Close this new brother of our order.*

*John. On this turf of grass I vow
Your laws to keep, your laws allow.*

All. A gipsy! a gipsy! a gipsy!

*Eng. Now choose what maid has yet no mate,
she's yours.*

John. Here then fix I my fate.

*[Takes Pretiosa by the hand and offers to
kiss her.]*

San. Again fall too before you ha' wash'd?

*Soto. Your nose in the manger, before the oats
are measur'd, jade so hungry?*

*Alv. Set foot to foot, those garlands hold,
Teach him how*, Now mark [well] what more is told;
By cross arms, the lover's sign,
Vow as these flowers themselves entwine,
Of April's wealth building a throne
Round, so your love to one or none;
By those touches of your feet,
You must each night embracing meet,*

* The first part of this line is, in the quartos, printed in Italic; but as it is merely a direction to the other gipsies to instruct Don John how he is to perform the directions of their chief, I have put it in the common letter, and inserted the word between brackets to complete the measure. This (it is perhaps needless to observe) is a gipsy contract. The ceremony of celebrating the election of a king of a similar body, is very humorously described in the "Beggar's Bush" of Beaumont and Fletcher; and that of a marriage in the "Jovial Crew" of Brome.

*Chaste howe'er disjoin'd by day;
 You the sun with her must play,
 She to you the marigold,
 To none but you her leaves unfold;
 Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
 Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.*

Carlo. This is your market now of kisses,
 Buy and sell free each other blisses.

John. Most willingly.

Chorus. *Holydays, high days, gipsy fairs,
 When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs.*

Alv. All ceremonies end here; welcome, brother gipsy.

San. And the better to instruct thee, mark
 what a brave life 'tis all the year long.

SONG.

Brave Don cast your eyes on our gipsy fashions,
 In our antique hey de guize*, we go beyond all nations;
 Plump Dutch at us grutch, so do English, so do French,
 He that loapes on the ropes, show me such another wench.

We no camels have to show, nor elephant with growt head,
 We can dance, he cannot go, because the beast is corn-fed†;
 No blind bears shedding tears, for a collier's whipping,
 Apes nor dogs, quick as frogs, over cudgels skipping‡.

* *i. e.* Heydegives; a wild and frolic dance.

† This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read, "is not fed."

‡ This seems to have been a very common trick amongst the showmen of that age. In the Induction to "Bartholomew Fair," the stage-keeper says,

"Nor has he a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his a—e for the Pope and the King of Spain!"

— Jack in boxes, nor decoys, puppets, nor such poor things,
Nor are we those roaring boys, that cozen fools with gilt rings;
For an ocean, rot such a motion * as the city Ninivy,
Dancing, singing, and fine ringing, you these sports shall hear
and see.

Come, now what shall his name be?

Pret. His name shall be Andrew: friend Andrew, mark me,

Two years I am to try you; prove fine gold,
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold.

John. My vows are rocks of adamant.

Pret. Two years you are to try me, black when
I turn

May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn.

John. Kings diadems shall not buy thee.

Carlo. Do you think
You can endure the life, and love it?

John. As usurers doat upon their treasure.

Soto. But when your face shall be tann'd,
Like a sailor's worky-day hand;—

San. When your feet shall be gall'd,
And your noddle be mall'd;—

Soto. When the woods you must forrage,
And not meet with poor peas-porridge †;—

* “Rot such a *motion* as the city *Ninivy*.” This puppet-show, notwithstanding the contempt here expressed for it, was in high repute in its time: it is mentioned in the “Wit at several Weapons,” by Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act I. Scene I.)

“What *motion's* this? the *model* of *Nineveh*?”

Again, in Jonson's “Bartholomew Fair,” (Act V. Scene I.) where Leatherhead exclaims, “O the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, i' my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, *and so was Nineveh*,” &c.

† I have printed the last three speeches as extempore verses; and think there can be no doubt it was intended. The omission of

San. Be all to be dabled, yet lie in no sheet,—

Soto. With winter's frost, hail, snow and sleet,
What life will you say it is then?

John. As now the sweetest.

Diego. (*Within.*) Away! away! the corigidor
has sent for you.

SONG.

San. Hence merrily fine to get money,
Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,
Silver is sweeter far than honey;
Fly like swallows,
We for our coneys must get mallows;
Who loves not his Dill, let him die at the gallows;
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,
Smug up your beetle brows, none look grimly,
To show a pretty foot, oh! 'tis seemly. [*Exit.*]

Enter CARDOCHIA, *stays* SOTO.

Car. Do you hear, you gipsy? gipsy!

Soto. Me?

Car. There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd;
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,
And here's a jewel for thee.

Soto. I'll send him.

Car. What's his name?

Soto. Andrew. [*Exit.*]

Car. A very handsome fellow; I ha' seen
courtiers

Jet up and down in their full bravery,
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em.

the word "poor" in this line would have corrected the measure,
but Soto is not shown as very apt at these things, and I believe
it was intended.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. With me, sweetheart?

Car. Your name is Andrew.

John. Yes.

Car. You can tell fortunes, Andrew.

John. I could once,

But now I ha' lost that knowledge; I am in haste,
And cannot stay to tell you yours.

Car. I cannot tell yours then;
And 'cause you are in haste, I am quick;
I am a maid——

John. (Aside.) So! so! a maid quick?

Car. Juanna Cardochia,
That's mine own name; I am my mother's heir
Here to this house, and two more.

John. I buy no lands.

Car. They shall be given you, with some plate
and money,
And free possession (during life) of me,
So the match like you; for so well I love you,
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,
(Being base, idle, and slavish) offer you
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
(Desir'd by some brave Spaniards) so I may call
you

My husband: shall I, Andrew?

John. 'Las, pretty soul,
Better stars guide you; may that hand of Cupid
Ache ever, [that] shot this arrow at your heart;
Sticks there one such indeed?

Car. I would there did not,
Since you'll not pluck it out.

John. Good sweet, I cannot;
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies,
We match in our own tribes; for me to wear you
I should but wear you out.

Car. I do not care;
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love.
A little of your love.

John. Would I could give it,
For you are worth a world of better men,
For your free noble mind; all my best wishes
Stay with you, I must hence.

Car. Wear for my sake
This jewel.

John. I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing.

Car. Wear it about your neck but one poor
moon;
If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,
Send my jewel home again, and I protest
I'll never more think on you; deny not this,
Put it about your neck.

John. Well then 'tis done.

Car. And vow to keep it there.

John. By all the goodness
I wish attend your fortunes I do vow it!

[*Exit.*

Car. Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to
kill me
Thyself shall drink; since I cannot enjoy thee
My revenge shall.

Enter DIEGO.

Die. Where are the gipsies?

Car. Gone. Diego, do you love me?

Die. Love thee, Juanna?
Is my life mine? it is but mine so long
As it shall do thee service.

Car. There's a young * gipsy newly entertain'd.

Die. A handsome rascal; what of him?

Car. That slave in obscene language courted me,
Drew rials out, and would have bought my body,
Diego, from thee.

Die. Is he so itchy? I'll cure him.

Car. Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin
his fate;

Women strike sure, fall the blow ne'er so late.

Die. Strike on, since † thou wilt be a striker.

[*Exit.*

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, and
LEWIS.

Fer. See, Don Lewis; an army,
(The strongest army in Spain) to the full length
Is stretch'd to pluck old Count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment ‡.

Lew. With longing eyes,
My lord, I expect the man: your lordship's pardon,
Some business calls me from you.

Fer. Prithee, Don Lewis,
Unless th' occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us; all the gipsies
Will be here presently.

* The quartos read, "younger."

† Here again I have deviated from the quartos, which read:
"Strike on *sin*, thou wilt," &c.

‡ There seems some obscurity in this: perhaps Fernando shows a petition to Don Lewis as he speaks, and that the *army* consists of the number of names annexed to it.

Lew. I will attend your lordship
Before their sports be done. [*Exit.*

Fer. Be your own carver.
(*To Fran.*) Not yet shake off these fetters? I
see a son

Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart.

Fran. Could I set up my rest,
That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
I could hold truce with sorrow; but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me.

Ped. You said he sent a letter.

Fran. A letter! a mere riddle; he's gone to
seek

His fortune in the wars; what wars have we?
Suppose we had; goes any man to th' field
Naked, unfurnish'd, both [of] arms and money?

Fer. Come, come, he's gone a wenching; we
in our youth
Ran the self-same bias.

Enter DIEGO.

Die. The gipsies, my lord, are come.

Fer. Are they? let them enter. [*Exit* Diego.
My Lord De Cortez send for your wife and
daughter;

Good company is good physic; take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber.

[*Exeunt* Don Fran. and Pedro.

Enter ALVAREZ, DON JOHN, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, CARLO, EUGENIA, PRETIOSA, CHRISTIANA, SANCHE, and SOTO.

Fer. See they are here, what's your number?

San. The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord.

Fer. Nine! let me see—you are ten sure.

Soto. That's our poet, he stands for a cipher.

Fer. Ciphers make numbers: what plays have you?

Alv. Five or six, my lord.

Fer. It's well so many already.

Soto. We are promis'd a very merry tragedy, if all hit right, of Cobby Nobby.

Fer. So, so, a merry tragedy: there is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out
Scenes neat and witty.

Alv. We can do that, my lord, please you bestow the subject.

Fer. Can you? come hither,
You master poet: to save you a labour,
Look you, against your coming I projected
This comic passage—your drama—that's the
scene——

Rod. Ay, ay, my lord.

Fer. I lay in our own country, Spain.

Rod. 'Tis best so.

Fer. Here's a brave part for this old gipsy—
look you

The father : read the plot—this young she-gipsy,
This lady—now the son—play him yourself.

Rod. My lord, I am no player.

Fer. Pray at this time.

(The plot being full) to please my noble friends,
Because your brains must into theirs put language,
Act thou the son's part,—I'll reward your pains.

Rod. Protest, my lord——

Fer. Nay, nay, shake off protesting;
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself.

San. Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor
company then.

Fer. Yes, full enough, honest fellow—will you
do it?

Rod. I'll venture.

Fer. I thank you : let this father be a don
Of a brave spirit ; old gipsy, observe me.

Alv. Yes, my lord.

Fer. Play him up high ; not like a pantaloon*,
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd fel-
low,—

This point I think will show well.

Rod. This of the picture?
It will indeed, my lord.

San. My lord, what part play I?

Fer. What part dost use to play?

San. If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I
think I could fit you.

Fer. I thank your coxcombship.

* *i. e.* Represent him in the full possession of his strength and
mental faculties, and not like a feeble old man. “The lean and
slipper'd Pantaloone” of Shakspeare will occur to every reader.

Soto. Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

Fer. There are parts to serve you all; go, go,
make ready,

And call for what you want. [Exit.

Alv. Give me the plot, our wits are put to trial.
What's the son's name? Lorenzo; that's your part,
Look only you to that,—these I'll dispose;
Old Don Averro, mine; Hialdo, Lollo,
Two servants; you for them.

San. One of the foolish knaves give me, I'll be
Hialdo.

Soto. And I Lollo.

San. Is there a banquet in the play? we may
call for what we will.

Rod. Yes, here is a banquet.

San. I'll go then and bespeak an ocean of
sweetmeats, marmalad, and custards.

Alv. Make haste to know what you must do.

San. Do! call for enough, and when my belly
is full, fill my pockets.

Soto. To a banquet there must be wine; for-
tune's a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head
sound like a rattle, and my heels dance the ca-
naries.

Alv. So, so, dispatch, whilst we employ our
brains

To set things off to th' life. [Exit.

Rod. I'll be straight with you.

Why does my father put this trick on me?

Spies he me through my vizard? if he does,

He's not the King of Spain, and 'tis no treason;

If his invention, jet upon a stage,

Why should not I use action? A debosh'd fellow!

A very rake-hell! this reflects on me,

And I'll retort it, grown a poet, father :
 No matter in what strain your play must run,
 But I shall fit you for a roaring son. [*Exit.*

(*Flourish.*) *Enter* FRANCISCO, PEDRO, FERNANDO,
 DIEGO, MARIA, and CLARA.

Fer. Come, ladies, take your places ; this their
 music,
 'Tis very handsome ; oh ! I wish this room
 Were freighted, but with noble friends
 As are to you my welcomes : begin there, mas-
 ters. [*Flourish within.*

San. Presently, my lord ; we want but a cold
 capon for a property,

Fer. Call, call for one. Now they begin.

Enter SANCHE, the Prologue.

San. Both short and sweet some say is best ;
 We will not only be sweet but short,
 Take you pepper in your nose you mar our sport*.

Fer. By no means pepper.

San. Of your love measure us forth but one span,
 We do (though not the best) the best we can.

[*Exit.*

Fer. A good honest gipsy.

Enter ALVAREZ, (as DON AVERO), and SOTO (as
 LOLLIO.)

Alv. Slave ! where's my son Lorenzo ?

Soto. I have sought him, my lord, in all four ele-
 ments : in earth, my shoes are full of gravel ; in

* "*Take you pepper in the nose,*" i. e. if you be captious and
 ready to take offence.

water, I drop at nose with sweating; in air, wheresoever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths of gallon pots roaring; and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer, for my master's dinner, as I was in hope.

Alv. Not yet come home? before on this old tree
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,
And bury it at my foot: didst thou inquire
At my brother's?

Soto. At your sister's.

Alv. At my wife's father's?

Soto. At your uncle's mother's: no such sheep
has broke through their hedge; no such calf as
your son, sucks or bleats in their ground.

Alv. I am unblest'd to have but one son only,
One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly;
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe:
He that should prop me is mine overthrow.

Fer. Well done, old fellow! is't not?

Omnes. Yes, yes, my lord.

Enter SANCHO (*as* HIALDO.)

Soto. Here comes his man Hialdo.

Alv. Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?

San. Eating acorns amongst swine, draff
amongst hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs;
has lost all his money at dice, his wits with his
money, and his honesty with both; for he bum-
fiddles me, makes the drawers curvet, pitches
the plate over the bar, scores up the vintner's
name in the Ram-head, flirts his wife under the
nose, and bids you with a pox send him more
money.

Alv. Art thou one of his curs to bite me too?
To nail thee to the earth were to do justice.

Enter RODERIGO (as LORENZO.)

San. Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master, nail me now who dares.

Rod. I sit like an owl in the ivy-bush of a tavern! Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the vinter's own hogshead.

San. Here's two more, pierce them too.

Rod. Old Don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver; had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly: where's the money I sent for?—(*Aside.*) I'll tickle you for a rake-hell!

San. Not a marvedi.

Alv. Thou shalt have none of me.

Soto. Hold his nose to the grinstone, my lord*.

Rod. I shall have none?

Alv. Charge me a case of pistols,
What I have built I'll ruin: shall I suffer
A slave to set his foot upon my heart?

A son? a barbarous villain! or if heaven save thee
Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee.

Rod. Hialdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father.

San. Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there.

Rod. No money! Can taverns stand without anon, anon †? fiddlers live without scraping? taf-

* This is a proverbial expression, and means here, "Confine him to a short allowance."

† "*Anon, anon*," was the reply of the waiters when called, as sufficiently appears in Act II. Scene IV. of the "First Part of Henry IV."

fety girls look plump without pampering? If you will not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.

Alv. To have thee hang'd for piracy?

San. Trim, tram, hang master hang man.

Rod. Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there.

Alv. To have thy throat cut for quarrelling?

Rod. Else send me and my ningle Hialdo to the wars.

San. A match; we'll fight dog, fight bear.

Enter ANTONIO (as HERNANDO.)

Alv. Oh, dear Hernando, welcome! (*To Soto.*) Clap wings to your heels, And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me Their present visitations.

Lorenzo, see the anger of a father,
Although it be as loud and quick as thunder,
Yet 'tis done instantly; cast oft thy wildness,
Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home
Have with my honour'd friend here, Don Hernando,
Provided thee a wife.

Rod. A wife! Is she handsome? is she rich? is she fair? is she witty? is she honest? hang honesty! Has she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now?

Ant. It is a creature both for birth and fortunes, And for most excellent graces of the mind, Few like her in Spain.

Rod. When shall I see her?—Now, father, pray take your curse off.

Alv. I do : the lady
Lives from Madrid, very near fourteen leagues,
But thou shalt see her picture.

Rod. That! that! Most ladies in these days
are but very fine pictures.

Enter CLARA, DON JOHN, EUGENIA, PRETIOSA,
and CHRISTIANA.

Alv. Ladies, to you first welcome ; my lords
(Alonzo,
And you worthy marquiss) thanks for these honours.

Away you ! (*Exit Sancho.*) To th' cause now of
this meeting ; my son Lorenzo,
Whose wildness you all know, comes now to the
lure,

Sits gently ; has call'd home his wandering
thoughts,
And now will marry.

Pret. A good wife fate send him.

Eug. One staid may settle him.

Rod. Fly to the mark, sir ; show me the wench,
or her face, or any thing I may know 'tis a wo-
man fit for me.

Alv. She is not here herself, but here's her
picture. [*Shows a picture.*]

Fer. My Lord De Carcomo, pray observe this.

Fran. I do attentively. Don Pedro, mark it.

Enter Soto.

Soto. (*To Don John.*) If you ha' done your part,
yonder's a wench wou'd ha' a bout with you.

[*Exit.*]

John. Me?

[*Exit.*

Die. A wench.

[*Exit.*

Alv. Why stand you staring at it? how do you like her?

Rod. Are you in earnest?

Alv. Yes, sir, in earnest.

Rod. I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold.

Ant. Look not upon the face, but on the goodness

That dwells within her.

Rod. Set fire on the tenement.

Alv. She's rich; nobly decended.

Rod. Did ever nobility look so scurvily?

Alv. I am sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both.

Rod. Sink, let her to her granam: marry a witch! have you fetch'd a wife for me out of Lapland? an old midwife in a velvet hat, were a goddess to this: that a red lip?

Pret. There's a red nose.

Rod. That a yellow hair?

Eug. Why her teeth may be yellow.

Rod. Where's the full eye?

Chris. She has full blabber cheeks.

Alv. Set up thy rest, her marriest thou or none.

Rod. None then: were all the water in the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four, up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdine, for the breath of her picture stinks hither.

(*A noise within.*) *Enter* DON JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCHIA, SANCHE, and SOTO in a hurry.

Fer. What tumult's this?

San. and *Soto.* Murder! murder! murder!
One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!

Ped. Who is hurt?

Die. 'Tis I, my lord, stabb'd by this gipsy.

John. He struck me first, and I'll not take a
blow

From any Spaniard breathing.

Ped. Are you so brave?

Fer. Break up your play: lock all the doors.

Die. I faint, my lord.

Fran. Have him to a surgeon: how fell they out?

Car. Oh! my good lord, these gipsies, when
they lodg'd

At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket
Stolen by this villain.

John. 'Tis most false, my lords,
Her own hands gave it me.

Pret. She that calls him villain,
Or says he stole——

Fer. Hoyday! we hear your scolding.

Car. And the hurt gentleman finding it in his
bosom,
For that he stabb'd him.

Fer. Hence with all the gipsies!

Ped. Ruffians and thieves, to prison with 'em all.

Alv. My lord, we'll leave engagements, in
plate and money,

For all our safe forth-comings : punish not all
For one's offence, we'll prove ourselves no thieves.

San. Oh, Soto ! I make buttons.

Soto. Would I could make some, and leave
this trade.

Fer. Iron him then, let the rest go free ; but
stir not one foot out of Madrid : bring you in
your witness.

Soto. Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by
the elbow ; any thing.

San. My Lord Don Pedro, I am your ward,
we have spent a little money to get a horrible
deal of wit, and now I am weary of it.

Ped. My run-aways turn'd jugglers ? fortune-
tellers ?

Soto. No great fortunes.

Fer. To prison with 'em both : a gentleman
play the ass !

San. If all gentlemen that play the ass should
to prison, you must widen your jails. Come,
Soto, I scorn to beg, set thy foot to mine, and
kick at shackles.

Fer. So, so, away with 'em.

Soto. Send all our company after, and we'll
play there, and be as merry as you here.

[*Exeunt Soto and Sancho.*

Fer. Our comedy turn'd tragical ! please you
lords walk.

This actor here and I must change a word,
And I come to you.

Omnes. Well, my lord, your pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*

Fer. Why couldst thou think in any base dis-
guise

To blind my sight? Fathers have eagles' eyes.
 But pray, sir, why was this done? Why when I
 thought you
 Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,
 Leap'd you into a gipsy?

Rod. Sir, with your pardon,
 I shall at fit time, to you show cause for all.

Fer. Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to
 live by:
 Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian! ha!
 But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave
 you
 This project of set purpose; 'tis all myself;
 What the old gipsy spake must be my language;
 Nothing are left me but my offices,
 And thin-fac'd honours, and this very creature
 By you so scorn'd must raise me by your marry-
 ing her.

Rod. You would not build your glory on my
 ruins.

Fer. The rascal has bely'd the lady,
 She is not half so bad; all's one, she's rich.

Rod. Oh! will you set* the joys of my full
 youth,
 In dunghill muck? Seek out some wretch's
 daughter,
 Whose soul is lost for gold then: you are more
 noble

* I had some difficulty in understanding this passage; and am not now perfectly satisfied with the alteration; I will, however, print the passage as in the original, and leave it to the reader to suggest a better:

“Oh! will you *see* the joys of my full youth?

To dunghill muck, seek out some wretches daughter;”

&c. &c.

Than t'have your son, the top branch of your house,
Grow in a heap of rubbish: I must marry a thing
I shall be asham'd to own, asham'd to bring her
Before a sunbeam.

Fer. I cannot help it, sir;
Resolve upon't, and do't.

Rod. And do't and die.
Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
But one to fright me? When you sat the play here
There was a beauty, to be lord of which
I would against an army throw defiance.

Fer. She! alas!

Rod. How! how! at every hair of hers
There hangs a very angel; this! I am ready
To drop down looking at it: sir, I beseech you
Bury me in this earth, (*kneels*) (on which I am
humbled

To beg your blessing on me for a gipsy)
Rather than——oh! I know not what to term it.
Pray what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
Your voice for her, I ey'd her all the scene.

Fer. I saw you did.

Rod. Methought 'twas a sweet creature.

Fer. Well though my present state stands now
on ice,

I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee
Of thy content; this lady shall go by then.

Rod. Hang let her there, or any where.

Fer. That young lannard *,
Whom you have such a mind to, if you can
whistle her

* The lannard, or laner, is a species of hawk; the whole metaphor is from hawking.

To come to fist, make trial, play the young fal-
coner;

I will not mar your marriage, nor yet make ;
Beauty no wealth, wealth ugliness, which you
will take.

Rod. I thank you, sir. (*To the picture.*) Put
on your mask, good madam,
The sun will spoil your face else. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO,
CLARA, MARIA, *as from Church over the Stage.*
FERNANDO *stays* RODERIGO.

Fer. Thou hast now the wife of thy desires.

Rod. Sir, I have;
And in her every blessing that makes life
Loath to be parted with.

Fer. Noble she is,
And fair; has to enrich her blood and beauty,
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage.

Rod. I owe you duty for a double birth,
Being in this happiness begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedness.

Fer. Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy
fate,
'Tis fall'n upon thee, know it, and embrace it:
Thy wife's a wanton.

Rod. A wanton?

Fer. Examine through the progress of thy youth,
What capital sin, what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one thou'st committed.

Rod. I a great one?

Fer. Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on
thee
A misery so full of bitterness;
I am thy father, think on't, and be just:
Come do not dally.

Rod. Pray, my lord.

Fer. Fool, 'twere

Impossible that justice should rain down

In such a frightful horror without cause.

Sir, I will know it ; rather blush thou didst

An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has

A name to be known by.

Rod. Turn from me then,

And as my guilt sighs out this monster rape,

Oh ! do not lend an ear.

Fer. Rape ? fearful.

Rod. Hence, hence springs my due reward.

Fer. Thou'rt none of mine,

Of if thou beest, thou dost belie the stamp

Of thy nativity.

Rod. Forgive me.

Fer. Had she

(Poor wronged soul, whoever she was !) no friend,

Nor father to revenge ? had she no tongue

To roar her injuries ?

Rod. Alas, I know her not.

Fer. Peace ! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all
precedent ;

Young man, thou shouldst have married her ; the
devil

Of lust that riots in thy eye, should there

Have let fall * love and pity ; not on this stranger

Whom thou hast doted on.

Rod. Oh ! had I married her,

I had been then the happiest man alive.

* The quartos read, " Let *full* love."

Enter CLARA, MARIA, and PEDRO, from behind the Arras.

Cla. As I the happiest woman being married;
Look on me, sir.

Ped. You shall not find a change
So full of fears as your most noble father,
In his wise trial, urg'd.

Mar. Indeed you shall not,
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn.

Rod. Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? now,
oh, now

My horrors flow about me!

Fer. No, thy comforts,
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

Cla. By this crucifix
You may remember me.

Rod. Ha! art thou that lady wrong'd?

Cla. I was, but now am
Righted in noble satisfaction.

Rod. How can I turn mine eyes, and not be-
hold
On every side my shame!

Fer. No more! hereafter
We shall have time to talk at large of all:
Love her that's now thine own; do, Roderigo;
She's far from what I characterized.

Cla. My care
Shall live about me to deserve your love.

Rod. Excellent Clara! Father's both, and
mother,

I will redeem my fault.

Fer. Ped. and Mar. Our blessings dwell on ye.

Enter LEWIS and FRANCISCO.

Lew. Married to Roderigo?

Fran. Judge yourself,

See where they are.

[*Exit.*

Lew. Is this your husband, lady?

Cla. He is, sir? Heaven's great hand, that on record

Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,
Long since decreed, what this day hath been
perfected.

Lew. 'Tis well then, I am free it seems.

Cla. Make smooth,

My lord, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
Emblems of storms; I will as far as honour
May privilege, deserve a noble friendship,
As you from me deserve a worthy memory.

Lew. Your husband has prov'd himself a friend,
Trusty and try'd; he's welcome, I may say,
From the university.

Rod. To a new school
Of happy knowledge, Lewis.

Lew. Sir, I am not so poor to put this injury up,
The best blood flows within you is the price.

Rod. Lewis, for this time calm your anger,
And if I do not give you noble satisfaction*,
Call me to what account you please.

Lew. So, so!
I come for justice t'ye, and you shall grant it.

* These lines are imperfect as to measure; and I am inclined
to think a word in the second has been taken from the first; we
should then read:

“ Lewis, for this time *nobly* calm your anger,
And if I do not give you satisfaction :”—

Fer. Shall and will.

Lew. With speed too.

My poor friend bleeds the while.

Fer. You shall yourself
Before we part, receive the satisfaction
You come for: who attends?

Servants. (Within.) My lord!

Fer. The prisoner?

Ser. He attends your lordship's pleasure.

Enter PRETIOSA, EUGENIA, *and* ALVAREZ.

Lew. What would this girl? Foh, no tricks;
Get you to your cabin, huswife, we have no ear
for ballads.

Fer. Take her away.

Cla. A wondrous lively creature.

Pret. Noble gentlemen,
If a poor maid's, a gipsy virgin's tears
May soften the hard edge of angry justice,
Then grant me gracious hearing; as you're mer-
ciful

I beg my husband's life.

Fer. Thy husband's, little one?

Pret. Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chro-
nicl'd

In that white book above, which notes the secrets
Of every thought and heart; he is my husband,
I am his wife.

Lew. Rather his whore.

Pret. Now trust me,
You're no good man to say so; I am honest,
'Deed la' I am; a poor soul that deserves not
Such a bad word; were you a better man
Than you are, you do me wrong.

Lew. The toy grows angry.

Cla. And it becomes her sweetly ; troth, my lord,
I pity her.

Rod. I thank you, sir*.

Lew. Your husband
You'll say is no thief.

Pret. Upon my conscience he is not.

Lew. Dares not strike a man.

Pret. Unworthily
He dares not ; but if trod upon, a worm
Will turn again.

Lew. That turning turns your worm
Off from the ladder, minion.

Pret. Sir, I hope
You are not his judge ; you are too young, too
choleric,
Too passionate ; the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant ; [there] they sit † (like
gods)
Upon whose head the reverend badge of time
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom ; to these oracles
Of riper judgment, lower in my heart,
Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal stories :

* If these words, " I thank you, *sir*," are to be understood as addressed to the last speaker, that speech should have been given to *Claro* and not to *Clara* ; but it comes much more naturally from the latter, and the former is not marked as on the stage ; and if he should have been, it could only be in the disguise of a gipsy, whose pity for a fellow of his own tribe was not likely to receive thanks.

† The edition of 1653 reads, "*he sit they* (like gods) ;" the edition of 1661, "*they sit* (like gods)."

Oh! do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
On a base low estate, on humble people,
Less meritorious, than if you had favour'd
The faults of great men; and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults; he whom I plead for
Is free; the soul of Innocence itself
Is not more white: will you pity him?
I see it is in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,
Let it shine out; and to adorn your praise,
The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,
And theirs are sometimes heard *.

Fer. Beshrew the girl,
She has almost melted me to tears!

Lew. Hence, trifler. Call in my friends:
What hope of ease?

Enter DON JOHN, DIEGO, and CARDOCHIA.

Die. Good hope, but still I smart,
The worst is in my pain.

Lew. The price is high
Shall buy thy vengeance; to receive a wound
By a base villain's hand, it mads me.

John. Men subject to th' extremity of law,
Should carry peace about 'em to their graves;
Else were you nobler than the blood you boast of,
Could any way, my lord, derive you, know
I would return sharp answer to your slanders;
But it suffices I am none of ought
Your rage miterms me.

Lew. None of 'em? no rascal?

John. No rascal.

Lew. Nor no thief?

* Both editions here read, " theirs are something hard."

John. Ask her, that's my accuser: could your eyes

Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
You might without a partial judgment, look into
A woman's lust and malice.

Car. My good lords,
What I have articted against this fellow,
I justify for truth.

John. On then, no more;
This being true she says, I have deserv'd
To die.

Fer. We sit not here to bandy words,
But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee
For theft unto the gallows.

Pret. Oh my misery!
Are you all marble-breasted? are your bosoms
Hoop'd round with steel? to cast away a man,
More worthy life and honours than a thousand
Of such, as only pray unto the shadow
Of abus'd greatness!

John. 'Tis in vain to storm,
My fate is here determin'd.

Pret. Lost creature,
Art thou grown dull too? is my love so cheap,
That thou court'st thy destruction, 'cause I love
thee?

My lords, my lords! speak, Andrew, prithee now,
Be not so cruel to thyself and me,
One word of thine will do't.

Fer. Away with him!
To-morrow is his day of execution.

John. Even when you will.

Pret. Stay, man; thou shalt not go,
Here are more women yet; sweet madam, speak:

You lady, you methinks should have some feeling
Of tenderness ; you may be touch'd as I am ;
Troth wer't your cause, I'd weep with you, and join
In earnest suit for one you held so dear.

Cla. My lord, pray speak in his behalf.

Rod. I would, but dare not,
'Tis a fault so clear and manifest.

Lew. Back with him to his dungeon !

John. Heaven can tell,
I sorrow not to die, but to leave her,
Who while I live is my life's comforter. [*Exit.*

Car. Now shall I be reveng'd. [*Exit.*

Pret. Oh me unhappy ! [*Faints away.*

Fer. See the girl falls !
Some one look to her.

Cla. 'Las, poor maid.

Eug. Pretiosa !

She does recover : mine honourable lord——

Fer. In vain, what is't ?

Eug. Be pleas'd to give me private audience ;
I will discover something shall advantage
The noblest of this land.

Fer. Well, I will hear thee ;
Bring in the girl.

[*Exeunt the rest : Alvarez stays Lewis.*

Lew. Ought with me ? what is't ?
I care not for thy company, old ruffian ;
Rascal, art impudent ?

Alv. To beg your service.

Lew. Hang yourself !

Alv. By your father's soul, sir, hear me.

Lew. Dispatch.

Alv. First, promise me [that] you will get re-
prieve

For the condemned man ; and by my art,
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
Can wish for, or desire.

Lew. Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

Alv. Try me.

Lew. Do that, and then as I am noble,
I will not only give thy friend his life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever.

Alv. I take your word, what would you?

Lew. If thou mock'st me,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd.

Alv. Sir, I am resolute.

Lew. Resolve me then, whether the Count Al-
varez,

Who slew my father, be alive or dead?

Alv. Is this the mighty matter? the count lives.

Lew. How !

Alv. The count lives.

Lew. Oh fate ! now tell me where,
And be my better genius.

Alv. I can do't ;
In Spain he lives ; more, not far from Madrid,
But in disguise much alter'd.

Lew. Wonderful scholar !
Miracle of artists ! Alvarez living !
And near Madrid too ! now, for heaven's sake,
where?

That's all, and I am thine.

Alv. Walk off, my lord,
To the next field, you shall know all.

Lew. Apace, then! [*Exeunt.*]

(*Scene changes to a Field, ALVAREZ and LEWIS re-enter *.*)

I listen to thee

With a greedy ear; the miserable and the fortunate
Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate.

Alv. Good, good! you would fain kill him and
revenge

Your father's death?

Lew. I would.

Alv. Bravely, or securely?

Lew. Not basely for the world.

Alv. We are secure. [*Produces two swords.*]

Young Lewis, two more trusty blades than these
Spain has not in her army; with this

Alvarez slew thy father; and this other,

Was that the King of France wore, when great
Charles

In a set battle took him prisoner;

Both I resign to thee.

Lew. This is a new mystery.

Alv. Now see this naked bosom; turn the points
Of either on this bulwark; if thou covet'st

Out of a sprightly youth, and manly thirst

Of vengeance, blood; if blood be thy ambition,

Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck

De Castor thy brave father to his grave;

Remember who it was that gave that blow,

* The quartos have a sufficiently curious stage direction here—
“Ex. at one door. Enter presently at the other.” And the
change of scenery (which I have presumed to mark) was probably
as much left to be imagined by the audience as by the reader.

His enemy Alvarez; hear, and be sudden,
Behold Alvarez!

Lew. Death! I am deluded.

Alv. Thou art incredulous; as fate is certain
I am the man.

Lew. Thou that butcher?

Lew. Tremble not, young man; trust me I
have wept

Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence: twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
From foreign lands to lands, to find out death.
I am weary of my life; give me a sword;
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castor's memory,
I'll fight with thee; I would not have thy hand
Dipp'd in a wilful murder; I could wish
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time,
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report: now if thou conquer'st

Thou canst not triumph, I am half dead already,
Yet I'll not start a foot.

Lew. Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of rags *?

Alv. Oh, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation! by thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain,
Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amaz'd;
Come on.

Lew. Twelve tedious winters banishment!
'Twas a long time.

* The quartos read, "In such a heap of rage."

Alv. Could they redeem thy father,
Would every age had been twelve ages, Lewis,
And I for penance every age a dying;
But 'tis too late to wish.

Lew. I am o'ercome;
Your nobleness hath conquered me; here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours.

Alv. Oh, thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my fact! for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew.

Lew. Our peace is made,
Your life shall be my care; 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends.

Alv. Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee glorious majesty! my son
(For I will call thee [so]) ere the next morrow
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mys-
teries.

Lew. I have enough to feed on: sir, I'll fol-
low ye. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter EUGENIA, FERNANDO, and PRETIOSA.

Fer. Don John, son to the Count of Carcomo?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not.

Eug. Is this,
My lord, so strange?

Fer. Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see transforms the best
Into what shape love fancies.

Pret. Will you yet
Give me my husband's life?

Fer. Why, little one, he is not married to thee.

Pret. In his faith
He is; and faith and troth I hope bind faster,
Than any other ceremonies can:
Do they not pray, my lord?

Fer. Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd, are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art.

Pret. This is new divinity.

Eug. My lord, behold this child well: in her
face

You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth.

Fer. True, 'tis a pretty child.

Eug. The glass of misery
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out; you had a daughter
Call'd Constanza.

Fer. Ha!

Eug. A sister Guyamara,
Wife to the Count Alvarez.

Fer. Peace, oh peace!

Eug. And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, dy'd.

Fer. Woman, thou art too cruel.

Pret. What do you mean, granam? 'las, the
nobleman
Grows angry.

Fer. Not I, indeed I do not;
But why d'ye use me thus?

Eug. Your child and sister,
As you suppos'd, were drown'd.

Fer. Drown'd, talking creature!
Suppos'd!

Eug. They live, Fernando : from my hand,
Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living.

Pret. Do you mock me?

Fer. Torment me on, yet more, more yet, and
spare not,
My heart is now a breaking, now !

Eug. Oh, brother!
Am I so far removed off from your memory,
As that you will not know me? I expected
Another welcome home; look on this casket,
[*Showing a casket.*

The legacy your lady left her daughter,
When to her son she gave her crucifix.

Fer. Right, right, I know ye now.

Eug. In all my sorrows,
My comfort has been here; she should be yours;
Constanza kneel, sweet child, to thy old father.

Pret. How! my father?

Fer. Let not
Extremity of joys ravish life from me
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee! thou art my
sister,

My sister Guyamara; how have mine eyes
Been darkened all this while:—'tis she!

Eug. 'Tis, brother,
And this Constanza, now no more a stranger;
No, Pretiosa, henceforth.

Fer. My soul's treasure,
Live to an age of goodness, and so thrive
In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live.

Pret. But must I call you father?

Fer. Thou wilt rob me else
Of that felicity, for whose sake only

I am ambitious of being young again :

Rise, rise, mine own Constanza.

Pret. 'Tis a new name,

But 'tis a pretty one ; I may be bold

To make a suit t'ye.

Fer. Any thing.

Pret. Oh, father !

And if you be my father think upon

Don John my husband ; without him, alas,

I can be nothing.

Fer. As I without thee ;

Let me alone, Constanza ; tell me, tell me,

Lives yet Alvarez ?

Eug. In your house.

Fer. Enough.

Cloy me not ; let me by degrees digest

My joys—within, my Lords Francisco, Pedro.

Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO,
and CLARA.

Come all at once, I have a world within me ;

I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal :

My honourable lords, partake my blessings,

Count Alvarez lives here in my house ;

Your son, my Lord Francisco, Don John,

Is the condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft ;

This, my Lord Pedro, is my sister Guyamara ;

Madam, this Constanza mine own child,

And I am a wondrous merry man.

Without ! The prisoner !

Enter ALVAREZ, LEWIS, DON JOHN, DIEGO,
SANCHO, SOTO, *and* CARDOCHIA.

Lew. Here free and acquitted,
By her whose folly drew her to this error,
And she for satisfaction is assur'd
To my wrong'd friend *.

Car. I crave your pardons,
He whose I am, speaks for me.

Die. We both beg it.

Fer. Excellent! admirable! my dear brother.

Alv. Never a happy man till now; young Lewis
And I are reconcil'd.

Lew. For ever faithfully, religiously.

Omnes. My noble lord most welcome!

Alv. To all my heart pays what it owes, due
thanks,
Most, most brave youth, to thee.

John. I all this while,
Stand but a looker on; and though my father
May justly tax the violence of my passions,
Yet if this lady, lady of my life!
Must be deny'd, let me be as I was,
And die betimes.

Pret. You promis'd me.

Fer. I did.
My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts
Are join'd already, so let our consents
To this wish'd marriage.

Fran. I forgive thine errors,
Give me thy hand.

* The catastrophe of this play is very pleasing, and extremely well managed; it is the more gratifying as the dramas of that age are usually defective on this point: but the reader may perhaps doubt whether the character and conduct of Cardochia entitles her to so much of our poets' consideration as is here given.

Fer. And me*! But wilt thou love
My daughter, my Constanza?

John. As my bliss!

Pret. I thee as life, youth, beauty, any thing
That makes life comfortable.

Fer. Live together one, ever one.

Omnes. And heaven crown your happiness!

Ped. Now, sir, how like you a prison?

San. As gallants do a tavern, being stop'd for
a reckoning; scurvily.

Soto. Though you cag'd us up never so close,
we sung like cuckoos.

Fer. Well, well, you be yourself now.

San. Myself; am I out of my wits, Soto?

Fer. Here now are none but honourable friends,
Will you, to give a farewell to the life
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found none
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,
Give it a merry shaking by the hand,
And cry adieu to folly?

San. We'll shake our hands, and our heels if
you'll give us leave. [*Dance.*

Fer. On brides and bridegrooms to your Spa-
nish feasts,
Invite with bent knees all these noble guests.

* "Me thine!" is the reading of the quartos; but as Francisco
and Fernando both address Don John, the change was, I think,
necessary to make sense of the passage.

FINIS.

THE
CHANGELING:

A
TRAGEDY.

BY
T. MIDDLETON AND W. ROWLEY.

THE drama which is now presented to our readers was undoubtedly very popular when it was first performed, though, like many others, it was not printed by the authors, and probably not till many years after the death of both. It was first printed in the year 1653, when the public exhibition of plays was not permitted, and (as it may be conjectured) to relieve the distresses of the actors, in whose hands it had remained till then. We are told by Langbaine, that the foundation of the plot is to be found in the Story of Alsemero and Beatrice Joanna, in Reynolds's "*God's Revenge against Murder*;" and, from their adhering to the names of the principal persons, it is evident that the writers of the play had no wish to conceal the source from whence the story was derived. The attentive reader, however, cannot fail to observe, that the leading circumstances of the tragic part are almost precisely the same with those in the tragedy of "*Marcella*," by Mr. Hayley. The deformity of Deflores in the one, and Hernandez in the other; the love of Deflores to Beatrice, and of Hernandez to Marcella; the dropping of the glove in each play; the pre-contract of both Beatrice and Marcella; the murder of their lovers, and the taking of a ring from the finger of each by the assassin, are sufficient proofs that the foundation of the "*Changeling*" and of "*Marcella*" was the same. Mr. Hayley, in the preface to "*Marcella*," has informed the reader, that the recommendation of this story to Dr. Young by the author of "*Clarissa*," and of Mr. Thornton to himself, were the circumstances which induced him to write a tragedy on this subject, and he evidently was not aware of the existence of the present play. Whether Richardson, who related and recommended the story, took it from Reynolds's

book, from the present drama, or from some other source, is not very material. The particulars were probably detailed pretty exactly, and as Mr. Hayley has informed his readers, that he made some considerable alterations in the principal incident; on comparing the incidents in "Marcella," with those of the present drama, it will be seen that these variations do as much honour to Mr. Hayley's judgment, as the tragedy itself does to his poetical powers. From the manner in which the interviews between Hernandez and Marcella (both before and after the murder of Lupercio) are conducted, and the subsequent rape committed by Hernandez, Marcella becomes in some degree an object of the reader's pity, whilst Beatrice can only be regarded with detestation and abhorrence; and by avoiding the disgusting scene which passes in Alsemero's closet in the beginning of Act IV. the character of Mendoza remains far superior to that of Piracquo. The republication of the "Changeling," however, will afford to the curious reader an opportunity of comparing them, and the Editor doubts not, that in this case, at least, his opinion will be that of every reader.

It has been observed by the Monthly Reviewers, in some remarks on the present publication, that it is the duty of an editor, "when it can be done by the omission or substitution of a monosyllable, the transposition of a point, a word, or a sentence, to reduce that to just measure which was evidently intended to be written in verse; and in every case where he deviates from the former copies to mark his deviation, and to let his readers have both the corrupt and the amended passage before them." Without attempting to combat the propriety of these rules in common cases, the Editor wishes to observe, that the application of the latter would in many instances in the present publication be both troublesome and expensive, without affording any proportional amusement or instruction to the reader: as one proof of this, (though he does not mean to insinuate that such is the general state of the originals) the Editor has subjoined the latter part of Act II. of the following piece as it stands printed in *both*,

and the only editions of this play, the quartos of 1653 and 1668; and proposes, on a future occasion, to make some further observations on the criticisms in the Monthly Review, by which he hopes it may appear, that they who republish such dramas as have hitherto only been printed from what Colman (as the Monthly Reviewers have remarked) states to be *the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts, the prompters books*, are entitled to much indulgence; and that censures on such publications (editors can scarcely form an expectation of praise) should be cautiously inflicted, at least till the copy and the original have been compared.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vermandero, father to Beatrice.
Tomazo de Piracquo, a noble lord.
Alonzo de Piracquo, his brother, suitor to Beatrice.
Alsemero, a nobleman; afterwards married to Beatrice.
Jasperino, his friend.
Alibius, a jealous doctor.
Lollo, his man.
Pedro, friend to Antonio.
Antonio, the Changeling.
Franciscus, the counterfeit madman.
Deflores, servant to Vermandero.
Madmen,
Servants.

Beatrice Joanna, daughter to Vermandero.
Diaphanta, her waiting-woman.
Isabella, wife to Alibius.

THE
CHANGELING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ALSEMERO.

Als. 'TWAS in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same ; what omen yet
Follows of that ? None but imaginary ;
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous ?
The place is holy, so is my intent :
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place bless'd,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it *.
The church hath first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one,
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter JASPERINO.

Jasp. Oh, sir, are you here ? Come, the wind's
fair with you,
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

* The meaning of Alsemero is, that a happy marriage is the most proper means for man to recover that paradise which Adam lost.

Als. Sure you're deceived, friend, 'tis contrary
In my best judgment.

Jasp. What, for Malta?
If you could buy a gale amongst the witches*,
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth
As comes a God's name.

Als. Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face;
I know 'tis against me.

Jasp. Against you!
Then you know not where you are.

Als. Not well indeed.

Jasp. Are you not well, sir?

Als. Yes, Jasperino,
Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.

Jasp. And that
I begin to doubt, sir; I never knew
Your inclination to travel at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed;
At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em;
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you chang'd your orizons?

* It has been observed by Stevens, in a note on "Macbeth," Act I. Scene III. that the selling of winds was an usual practice amongst the witches; and he quotes in confirmation the following lines from "Summer's last Will and Testament:"

"—— In Ireland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

Als. No, friend,
I keep the same church, same devotion.

Jasp. Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic
Was found in you long ago; your mother,
Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that
way:

What might be the cause?

Als. Lord, how violent
Thou art; I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jasp. Is this violence? 'tis but idleness
Compar'd with your haste yesterday.

Als. I'm all this while a going, man.

Enter SERVANTS.

Jasp. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your
servants.

1 *Serv.* The seamen call, shall we board your
trunks?

Als. No, not to-day.

Jasp. 'Tis the critical day,
It seems, and the sign in Aquarius.

2 *Serv.* We must not to sea to-day; this smoke
will bring forth fire.

Als. Keep all on shore; I do not know the end
(Which needs I must do) of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea.

1 *Serv.* Well, your pleasure.

2 *Serv.* Let him e'en take his leisure too, we
are safer on land.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and SERVANTS:
 ALSEMERO accosts BEATRICE and salutes her.*

Jasp. How now! the laws of the Medes are chang'd sure! salute a woman! he kisses too: wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too; in my conscience he ne'er rehears'd it before. Nay, go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia, than if he had ransom'd half Greece from the Turk.

Beat. You are a scholar, sir.

Als. A weak one, lady.

Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be music.

Beat. You are skilful in't; can sing at first sight.

Als. And I have show'd you all my skill at once. I want more words to express me further,
 And must be forc'd to repetition;
 I love you dearly.

Beat. Be better advis'd, sir:

Our eyes are centinels unto our judgments,
 And should give certain judgment what they see;
 But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
 Of common things, which when our judgments
 find,

They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday
 Was mine eyes employment, and hither now
 They brought my judgment, where are both
 agreed.

Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed,

Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal, that's your part, lady.

Beat. There's one above me, sir: (*aside*) oh,
for five days past
To be recall'd! sure, mine eyes were mistaken,
This was the man was meant me: that he should
come
So near this time and miss it!

Jasp. (Aside.) We might have come by the
carriers from Valencia, I see, and sav'd all our
sea-provision; we are at farthest sure; methinks
I should do something too; I meant to be a ven-
turer in this voyage. Yonder's another vessel, I'll
board her; if she be lawful prize down goes her
topsail.

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. Lady, your father——

Beat. Is in health, I hope.

Def. Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady.
He's coming hitherward.

Beat. What needed then
Your duteous preface? I had rather
He had come unexpected; you must stale*
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;
And how welcome for your part you are,
I'm sure you know.

* The quartos read, "You must *stall*," and it may be under-
stood for *forestall*; I have no doubt, however, that the right
word is restored. So Montaigne, in the "Unnatural Combat"
of Massinger, (Act IV. Scene II.)

—— "I'll not *stale* the jest

By my relation."

And many other places.

Def. (Aside.) Will't never mend this scorn
One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
Of her, at all opportunities,
If but to spite her anger; I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.

Als. You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
Nor can I other reason render you,
Than his or hers, of some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there;
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found,
But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is, and odoriferous;
One oil, the enemy of poison;
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart,
And lively refresher of the countenance;
Indeed this fault (if so it be) is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loth'd:
Myself (I must confess) have the same frailty.

Beat. And what may be your poison, sir? I
am bold with you.

Als. What might be your desire, perhaps; a
cherry.

Beat. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman.

Als He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.

Beat. He cannot be ignorant of that, sir, I have not spar'd to tell him so; and I want To help myself, since he's a gentleman In good respect with my father, and follows him.

Als. He's out of his place then now.

[*They talk apart.*]

Jasp. I am a mad wag, wench.

Dia. So methinks; but for your comfort I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such.

Jasp. Tush! I know what physic is best for the state of mine own body.

Dia. 'Tis scarce a well govern'd state, I believe.

Jasp. I could show thee such a thing with an ingredient that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

Jasp. Poppy! I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and begin there: poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo (what you call't) another: I'll discover no more now, another time I'll show thee all.

Beat. My father, sir!

Enter VERMANDERO and SERVANTS

Ver. Joanna, I came to meet thee; Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir;

(*Aside.*) I shall change my saint, I fear me [for],
I find

A giddy turning in me. Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle: he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.

Ver. With all my heart, sir.

Yet there's an article between, I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On Promonts tops; but within are secrets.

Als. A Valencian, sir.

Ver. A Valencian?

That's native, sir: of what name, I beseech you?

Als. Alsemero, sir.

Ver. Alsemero; not the son of John de Alse-
mero?

Als. The same, sir.

Ver. My best love bids you welcome.

Beat. He was wont to call me so, and then
he speaks

A most unfeigned truth.

Ver. Oh, sir, I knew your father;
We two were in acquaintance long ago
Before our chins were worth [the] Julian* down,

* The apostacy of the Emperor Julian gave such offence to the people of Antioch, that during the Saturnalia his manners, religion, and even *beard*, were the universal subjects of lampoons and satirical ballads; and to this circumstance, I believe, the passage in the text alludes. It was in reply to these that he published his *Misopogon*, or *Beard Hater*.

And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver: well, he's gone,
A good soldier went with him.

Als. You went together in that, sir.

Ver. No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him;
Yet I have done somewhat too: an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders;
Was it not so?

Als. Whose death I had reveng'd,
Or followed him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me.

Ver. Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe:
Oh, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news,
I saw Piracquo lately.

Beat. (*Aside.*) That's ill news.

Ver. He's hot preparing for this day of triumph.
Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight.

Als. Ha!

Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with
speed

I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity (whom I thus long have liv'd with)
And part with it so rude and suddenly;
Can such friends divide never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?

Ver. Tush! tush! there's a toy.

Als. I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth: sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me.

Ver. How, sir? by no means:
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my
castle,

And her best entertainment ere we part,
 I shall think myself unkindly us'd else.
 Come, come, let's on ; I had good hope your stay
 Had been awhile with us in Alicant ;
 I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.

Als. (Aside.) He means to feast, and poisons
 me before hand.

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
 Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

Beat. I should be sorry if you be not there
 When it is done, sir ; but not so suddenly.

Ver. I ell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
 A courtier and a gallant ; enrich'd
 With many fair and noble ornaments ;
 I would not change him for a son-in-law,
 For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
 And we have [many] great ones, that you know.

Als. He's much bound to you, sir.

Ver. He shall be bound to me,
 As fast as this tie can hold him ; I'll want my
 will else.

Beat. (Aside.) I shall want mine if you do it.

Ver. But come, by the way I'll tell you more
 of him.

Als. How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
 When he discharges murderers * at the gate ?
 But I must on, for back I cannot go.

Beat. Not this serpent gone yet ?

Ver. Look, girl, thy glove's fall'n ;

* The small cannon placed in the forecastle of a ship of war, we are informed by Malone, were formerly called *murdering pieces*. In this sense the word is used in the "Honest Man's Fortune" of Beaumont and Fletcher :—"She has a *murderer* lies in her prow." See notes on Act IV. of "Hamlet."

Stay, stay, Deflores help a little.

Def. Here, lady. [*Gives her the glove.*]

Beat. Mischief on your officious forwardness!
Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no
more:

There! for t'other's sake I part with this;
Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Def. Here's a favour come, with a mischief: now
I know she had rather wear my pelt tan'd
In a pair of dancing pumps, than I should thrust
my fingers
Into her sockets here: I know she hates me,
Yet cannot choose but love her: no matter!
If but to vex her, [yet] I'll haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ALIBIUS and LOLLIO.

Alib. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollio, I have a wife.

Lol. Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret;
she's known to be married all the town and
country over.

Alib. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio; that
knowledge
I allow no man can be bar'd it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

Lol. Well, 'sir, let us handle that between you and I.

Alib. 'Tis that I go about, man : Lollo, My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

Alib. Why now thou meet'st the substance of the point ;
I am old, Lollo.

Lol. No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollo.

Alib. Yet why may not these concord and sympathize?

Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application*! there's the fear, man ;

I would wear my ring on my own finger ;
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.

Lol. You must keep it on still then ; if it but lie by,
One or other will be thrusting into't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo ; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment ; I cannot always be at home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot.

Alib. I must look out.

Lol. I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

* The "shrewd application" meant is, I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's horns ; which Lollo supposes might raise Alibius's head above his wife's.

Alib. Here I do say must thy employment be;
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.

Lol. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot
see who you should have cause to be jealous of.

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollo; 'tis a com-
fortable question.

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the
house, and both under the whip; that's fools and
madmen; the one has not wit enough to be
knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be
fools.

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients, Lollo.
I do profess the cure of either sort;
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it;
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift;
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brainsick patients, I would not have
To see my wife: gallants, I do observe,
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely:
These are most shrewd tempations, Lollo.

Lol. They may be easily answered, sir; if
they come to see the fools and madmen, you and
I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone,
she's of neither sort.

Alib. 'Tis a good ward; indeed come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for; by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she's no madman.

Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollo, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.
What hour is't, Lollo?

Lol. Towards belly hour, sir.

Alib. Dinner time; thou mean'st twelve o'clock?

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour; we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight, walk, that's leg-hour; at nine, gather flowers, and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven, lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve, go to dinner, that's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollio! it will be long Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and I did look to have a new one enter'd;—stay, I think my expectation is come home.

Enter PEDRO and ANTONIO, dressed like an Idiot.

Ped. Save you, sir, my business speaks itself, This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. Ay, ay, sir, 'tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodious, To give but some little strength to the sick And weak part of nature, these are

[*Gives him money.*

But patterns to show you of the whole pieces That will follow to you, beside the charge Of diet, washing, and other necessaries Fully defrayed.

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

Lol. Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something,
The trouble will pass through my hands.

Ped. 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. *[Gives him money.]*

Lol. Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him: what is his name?

Ped. His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half

To him, only Tony.

Lol. Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool: what's your name, Tony?

Ant. He, he, he! well I thank you, cousin; he, he, he!

Lol. Good boy, hold up your head: he can laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast.

Ped. Well, sir, if you can raise him but to any height,

Any degree of wit, might he attain
(As I might say) to creep but on all fours,
Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,
And a great family might pray for you,
To which he should be heir, had he discretion
To claim and guide his own: assure you, sir,
He is a gentleman.

Lol. Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretch'd up to the wit of a Magnifico.

Ped. Oh no, that's not to be expected; far shorter
Will be enough.

Lol. I'll warrant you make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable.

Ped. If it be lower than that it might serve turn.

Lol. No, fie; to level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is; constable I'll able him*; if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper. Or I'll go further with you, say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

Ped. Why there I would have it.

Lol. Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.

Ped. Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

Lol. Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too; remember what state you find me in†.

Ped. I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech you. [*Exit Ped.*]

Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'em all with us.

Ant. Oh, my cousin's gone! cousin! cousin! oh!

* "I'll *able* him," *i. e.* I'll qualify him for the station, and answer for his fitness. The word is used in this sense in the "Widow's Tears" of Chapman, and the "Lear" of Shakspeare.

† *i. e.* As a keeper of fools and madmen.

Lol. Peace, peace, Tony ; you must not cry, child ; you must be whip'd if you do ; your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, Tony.

Ant. He, he ! then I'll not cry, if thou bee'st my cousin, he, he, he !

Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

Alib. Ay do, Lollo, do.

Lol. I must ask him easy questions at first : Tony, how many true fingers * has a tailor on his right-hand ?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Lol. Good ; and how many on both ?

Ant. Two less than a deuce, cousin.

Lol. Very well answered ; I come to you again, cousin Tony ; How many fools go to a wise man ?

Ant. Forty in a day, sometimes, cousin.

Lol. Forty in a day ? How prove you that ?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool ; he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that : I come again, Tony ; How many knaves make an honest man ?

Ant. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you : I'll tell you, cousin ; there's three knaves may make an honest man ; a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle ; the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him : and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha ! that's fine sport, cousin.

* “ True fingers,” i. e. honest fingers.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollo.

Lol. Yes, this might have serv'd yourself, though I say't: once more, and you shall go play, Tony.

Ant. Ay, play at push-pin, cousin, ha, he!

Lol. So thou shalt; say how many fools are here——

Ant. Two, cousin, thou and I.

Lol. Nay, you're too forward there, Tony; mark my question; how many fools and knaves are here? a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves?

Ant. I never learnt so far, cousin.

Alib. Thou put'st too hard questions to him, Lollo.

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily; cousin, stand there.

Ant. Ay, cousin.

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, Lollo.

Lol. Here's my place: mark now, Tony, there's a fool before a knave.

Ant. That's I, cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three*, cousin.

[*Madmen within.*

* Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of *two* idiots' heads with an inscription—

We three

Loggerheads be.

1 *Madman.* (*Within.*) Put's head i' th' pillory,
the bread's too little.

2 *Madman.* (*Within.*) Fly, fly, and he catches
the swallow.

3 *Madman.* (*Within.*) Give her more onion,
or the devil put the rope about her crag.

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the
chimes of bedlam go.

Alib. Peace! peace! or the wire comes*.

3 *Madman.* (*Within.*) Cat whore! cat whore!
her permasant, her permasant.

Alib. Peace! I say! their hour's come, they
must be fed, Lollio.

Lol. There's no hope of recovery of that
Welsh madman, [he] was undone by a mouse,
that spoil'd him a permasant, lost his wits for't.

Alib. Go, to your charge, Lollio, I'll to mine.

Lol. Go you to your madmens' ward, let me
alone with your fools.

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lollio.

[*Exit.*

Lol. Of which [of] your patients do you
think I am? Come, Tony, you must amongst
your school-fellows now; there's pretty scholars
amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em
at *stultus, stulta, stultum*.

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they
would not bite me.

* Alibius here calls to the madmen. So Cleopatra threatens
the messenger, (Act II. Scene V.)

“Thou shalt be whipt with *wire*, and stew'd in brine.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner; do they not, coz?

Lol. They bite at dinner indeed, Tony: well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally.

Beat. Oh, sir, I'm ready now for that fair service,
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on
you.

Good angels and this conduct be your guide,

[Gives him a paper.

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.

Jasp. The joy I shall return rewards my service.

[Exit.

Beat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend !

It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment ;
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd,
Then making choice of him ; for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose

That bosom well, who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.

A true deserver like a diamond sparkles ;
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then *[though but]*
With intellectual eye-sight ; what's Piracquo
My father spends his breath for ? and his blessing
Is only mine, as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a curse ; some speedy way

Must be remember'd; he's so forward too,
 So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
 To speak to my new comforts.

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. Yonder's she;
 Whatever ails me, now a late especially,
 I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
 Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,
 Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses
 To come into her sight, and I've small reason for't,
 And less encouragement; for she baits me still
 Every time worse than other; does profess herself
 The cruellest enemy to my face, in town;
 At no hand can abide the sight of me,
 As if danger, or ill luck hung in my looks.
 I must confess my face is bad enough,
 But I know far worse has better fortune,
 And not endur'd alone, but doted on;
 And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches,
 Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
 As if they grew in fear one of another;
 Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity
 swills

The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
 Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye;
 Yet such a one plucks sweets without restraint,
 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servi-
 tude,
 I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
 She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
 And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.

Beat. Again?

This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me,
Than all my other passions.

Def. Now 't begins again;
I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones
pelt me.

Beat. Thy business? What's thy business?

Def. (Aside.) Soft and fair, I cannot part so
soon now.

Beat. The villain's fix'd—Thou standing toad-
pool——

Def. (Aside.) The shower falls amain now.

Beat. Who sent thee? what's thy errand?
leave my sight.

Def. My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver
A message to you.

Beat. What, another since;
Do't and be hang'd then; let me be rid of thee.

Def. True service merits mercy.

Beat. What's thy message?

Def. Let beauty settle but in patience, you
shall hear all.

Beat. A dallying, trifling, torment!

Def. Signior Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo——

Beat. Slave, when wilt make an end?

Def. Too soon I shall.

Beat. What all this while of him?

Def. The said Alonzo, with the foresaid To-
mazo——

Beat. Yet again?

Def. Is new alighted.

Beat. Vengeance strike the news!

Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there
in this

To bring thee to my sight?

Def. My lord, your father, charg'd me to seek
you out.

Beat. Is there no other to send his errand by?

Def. It seems 'tis my luck to be i' th' way still.

Beat. Get thee from me!

Def. So!

Why am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again;
I know't; and, like a common garden bull*,
I do but take breath to be lugg'd again.

What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the
less,

Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops
May come into favour one day, 'mongst their †
fellows:

Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;

* A bull kept for the purpose of being baited.

† The quartos read,

“ ——— *These foul chops*
May come into favour one day 'mongst *his* fellows.”

This, it is unnecessary for me to observe, is not English; and as there is a redundancy in the measure of the four last lines, I am inclined to think “*those foul chops*” was introduced by the players, from whose copy there can be no doubt this play was first printed. I will here add the proposed emendation I intended introducing, and leave it to the reader's judgment.

What this may bode I know not; I'll despair
The less, because there's daily precedents
Of bad faces belov'd beyond all reason;
And this may come in favour 'mongst his fellows.

As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves abed to men.

[*Exit Deflores.*]

Beat. I never see this fellow, but I think
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind
still,

I scarce leave trembling of an hour after :
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded. Oh, I was
Lost in this small disturbance ; and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes,
To bear down all my comforts.

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, and TOMAZO.

Ver. You're both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
The addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

Alon. The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

Ver. You have improv'd it well ; daughter pre-
pare,

The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

Beat. (Aside.) Howe'er, I will be sure to keep
the night,

If it should come so near me.

[*Beat. and Ver. talk apart.*]

Tom. Alonzo.

Alon. Brother.

Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you ;
If lovers should mark every thing a fault,

Affection would be like an ill set book,
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.

Beat. That's all I do intreat.

Ver. It is but reasonable,
I'll see what my son says to't: son Alonzo,
Here's a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching.

Alon. Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward; yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before,
I find no gladness wanting.

Ver. May I ever meet it in that point still:
You're nobly welcome, sirs.

[*Exeunt Ver. and Beat.*]

Tom. So, did you mark the dulness of her
parting now?

Alon. What dulness? Thou art so exceptious
still.

Tom. Why let it go then; I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

Alon. Where's the oversight?

Tom. Come, your faith's cozened in her,
strongly cozened:

Unsettle your affection with all speed,
Wisdom can bring it too; your peace is ruin'd else.
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half father unto all thy children

In the conception; if he get 'em not
 She helps to get 'em for him; and how dangerous*
 And shameful her restraint may go in time to,
 It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

Alon. You speak as if she lov'd some other then.

Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly?

Alon. Nay, an that

Be your fear only, I am safe enough:

Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,

For times of more distress; I should depart
 An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
 To any but thyself, that should but think
 She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
 Much less the use and practice; yet we are friends;
 Pray let no more be urg'd; I can endure
 Much, till I meet an injury to her,
 Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother,
 How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly. [*Exit.*

Tom. Why here is love's tame madness; thus
 a man
 Quickly steals into his vexation. [*Exit.*

Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMER.

Dia. The place is my charge; you have kept
 your hour,
 And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
 I hear my lady coming; complete gentleman,

* The reading of the quartos—

“She helps to get 'em for him, *in his passions*, and how dangerous”—

Not only destroys the measure, but obscures the sense.

I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with. [*Exit.*

Als. This goes well,
These women are the ladies cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. I have within mine eye all my desires :
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for
And bring 'em down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities,
Than thou unto my wishes.

Als. We're so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat. How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy? This poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't: how well were I now
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents?
I should be but too much blessed.

Als. One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it,
Since you are so distress'd; remove the cause
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown
out
With one and the same blast.

Beat. Pray let me find you, sir.
What might that service be so strangely happy?

Als. The honourablest peace about man, valour.
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beat. How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray no more, sir.
Say you prevail'd your danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive.

I'm glad these thoughts came forth; oh, keep
not one

Of this condition, sir! here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had
choak'd 'em.

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage;
(*Aside.*) And now I think on one; I was to blame,
I ha' mar'd so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless; the ugliest crea-
ture

Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be.

Als. Lady—

Beat. (*Aside.*) Why men of art make much of
poison,

Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

Als. Lady, you hear not me?

Beat. I do especially, sir;

The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly, till the
time opens.

Als. You teach wisdom, lady.

Beat. Within there! Diaphanta!

Enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Do you call, madam?

Beat. Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman

The private way you brought him.

Dia. I shall, madam.

Als. My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.

[*Exeunt Dia. and Als.*

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. I have watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much

What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; haply
Then I'll put in for one; for if a woman
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
Yet I must see her.

Beat. (Aside.) Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him?—See he's here—

Deflores.

Def. (Aside.) Ha, I shall run mad with joy;
She call'd me fairly by my name Deflores,
And neither rogue nor rascal.

Beat. What ha' you done
To your face o' late? you've met with some physician;

You've prun'd yourself methinks; you were not
wont

To look so amorously.

Def. Not I;

(*Aside.*) 'Tis the same physnomy to a hair and
pimple,

Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:
how is this?

Beat. Come hither! nearer, man!

Def. (*Aside.*) I'm up to the chin in heaven!

Beat. Turn! let me see; 'tis but the heat o' the
liver,

I [now] perceiv't; I thought it had been worse*.

Def. (*Aside.*) Her fingers touch'd me! she
smells all amber.

Beat. I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.

Def. With your own hands, lady?

Beat. Yes mine own [hands], sir; in a work
of cure †,

I'll trust no other.

* This speech of Beatrice's is thus given in the quartos.

"Turn, let me see, *vauk* 'tis but the heat of the liver, I
perceiv't.

I thought it had been worse."

† The remainder of this act, as presented in both the quartos,
will certainly afford the reader some information, as to the state
of these ancient copies, though I fear not much entertainment;
the punctuation is infinitely better than many scenes I could pro-
duce from the preceding plays.

Bea. Yes, mine own sir, in a work of cure, I'll trust no other.

Def. 'Tis half an act of pleasure to hear her talk thus to me.

Bea. When w'are us'd to a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing,
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends, I see it by experience.

Def. I was blest to light upon this minute, I'll make use on't.

Bea. Hardness becomes the visage of a man well,
It argues service, resolution, manhood, if cause were of imploy-
ment.

Def. 'Tis half an act of pleasure,
To hear her talk thus to me.

Bea. When we're used
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing;

Def. 'Twould be soon seen, if e're your ladship had cause to
use it.

I would but wish the honor of a service so happy as that mounts to.

Bea. We shall try you—Oh my Deflores!

Def. How's that? She calls me hers already, my Deflores,
You were about to sigh out somewhat, Madam.

Bea. No, was I? I forgot—Oh!

Def. There 'tis agen—the very fellow on't:

Bea. You are too quick, sir.

Def. There's no excuse for't, now I heard it twice, Madam,
That sigh would fain have utterance, take pitty on't,
And lend it a free word, 'las how it labours
For liberty, I hear the murmur yet beat at your bosome.

Bea. Would Creation——

Def. I well said, that's it.

Bea. Had form'd me man.

Def. Nay, that's not it.

Bea. Oh 'tis the soul of freedom, I should not then be forc'd
to marry one

I hate beyond all depths, I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay remove 'em for ever from my
sight.

Def. Oh blest occasion—Without change to your sex, you
have your wishes.

Claim so much man in me.

Bea. In thee Deflores? There's small cause for that.

Def. Put it not from me, it's a service that I kneel for to you.

Bea. You are too violent to mean faithfully,
There's horror in my service, blood and danger,
Can those be things to sue for?

Def. If you knew how sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I faild, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.

Bea. This is much methinks, belike his wants are greedy, and
to such
Gold tastes like angels food—Rise.

It mends still in opinion, hourly mends;
I see it by experience.

Def. I was bless'd
To 'light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.

Def. I'll have the work first.

Bea. Possible his need is strong upon him, there's to incourage thee

As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be pretious.

Def. That I have thought on, I have assur'd my selfe that before hand, and know it will be pretious, the thought ravishes.

Bea. Then take him to thy fury.

Def. I thirst for him.

Bea. Alonzo de Piracquo.

Def. His ends upon him, he shal be seen no more.

Bea. How lovely now dost thou appear to me!
Never was man dearlier rewarded.

Def. I do think of that.

Bea. Be wondrous carefull in the execution.

Def. Why? are not both our lives upon the cast?

Bea. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

Def. They ne're shal rise to hurt you.

Bea. When the deed's done, I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight, thou mayst live bravely in another countrey.

Def. I, I, wee'l talk of that hereafter.

Bea. I shall rid my self of two inveterate loathings at one time, Piracquo and his Dog-face. *Exit.*

Def. Oh my blood, methinks I feel her in mine arms already.
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure they'l commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders—I'me too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Deflores.

Def. My kind honorable Lord.

Alon. I am glad I ha' met with thee.

Beat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man
well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.

Def. 'Twould be soon seen
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it;
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.

Beat. We shall try you;
Oh, my Deflores!

Def. How's that? She calls me hers;
Already *my Deflores*! You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

Beat. No! was I?
I forgot; oh!

Def. There 'tis again, the very fellow on't.

Beat. You are too quick, sir.

Def. There's no excuse for't now; I heard it
twice:

Madam, that sigh would fain have utterance;
Take pity on't, and lend it a free word;
'Las how it labours for [its] liberty!
I hear the murmur yet beat at your bosom.

Beat. Would creation——

Def. Sir.

Alon. Thou canst shew me the full strength of the castle.

Def. That I can sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

Def. And if the ways and straits of some of the passages be
not too tedious for you, I will assure you worth your time and
sight, my Lord.

Alon. Puh, that shall be no hinderance.

Def. I'me your servant then: 'tis now neer dinner time,
'gainst your lordships rising I'll have the keys about me.

Alon. Thanks kind Deflores.

Def. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. *Exeunt.*

Def. Ah, well said, that's it.

Beat. Had form'd me man.

Def. Nay, that's not it.

Beat. Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom;
I should not then be forc'd to marry one,
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then, to oppose my loathings; nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.

Def. Oh, bless'd occasion!
Without change to your sex you have your wishes:
Claim so much man in me.

Beat. In thee, Deflores?
There's small cause for that.

Def. Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*

Beat. Y'are too violent to mean faithfully;
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?

Def. If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then,
I fail'd, and used not reverence enough
When I receiv'd the charge on't.

Beat. (*Aside.*) This is much, methinks;
Belike his wants are greedy; and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food. [*Deflores,*] rise!

Def. I'll have the work first.

Beat. (*Aside.*) Possibly his need
Is strong upon him; (*gives him money*), there's
to encourage thee;
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious.

Def. That I have thought on;

I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious: the thought ravishes!

Beat. Then take him to thy fury!

Def. I thirst for him.

Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.

Def. His end's upon him;
He shall be seen no more.

Beat. How lovely now,
Dost thou appear to me! never was man
Dearlier rewarded.

Def. I do think of that.

Beat. Be wondrous careful in the execution.

Def. Why are not both our lives upon the cast?

Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

Def. They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

Beat. When the deed's done
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight,
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

Def. Ay, ay; we'll talk of that hereafter.

Beat. (*Aside.*) I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. [*Exit.*

Def. O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And being pleased, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em,
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em.
Some women are odd feeders,—I'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Deflores.

Def. My kind, honourable lord!

Alon. I am glad I have met with thee.

Def. Sir!

Alon. Thou canst show me
The full strength of the castle?

Def. That I can, sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

Def. And if the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious
I will assure you worth your time and sight.

Alon. Puh! that shall be no hindrance.

Def. I'm your servant then:
'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lord-
ship's rising
I'll have the keys about me.

Alon. Thanks, kind Deflores.

Def. (*Aside.*) He's safely thrust upon me be-
yond hopes. [*Exeunt,*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO and DEFLORES. Whilst the Music before the Act is playing, DEFLORES hides a naked Rapier.

Def. Yes, here are all the keys ; I was afraid I'd wanted for the postern, this is it.
I've all, I've all, my lord : this for the sconce.

Alon. 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.

Def. You'll tell me more, my lord : [but] this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us.

Alon. Thou say'st true.

Def. Pray let me help your lordship.

[Takes Alonzo's sword.]

Alon. 'Tis done. Thanks, kind Deflores.

Def. Here are hooks, my lord, to hang such things on purpose.

Alon. Lead, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt at one door and enter at the other.]

Def. All this is nothing, you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.

Alon. I am glad
I have this leisure : all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a Gondola.

Def. All but myself, sir, which makes up my safety ;
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here,

Will shew you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.

Alon. Here's rich variety, Deflores.

Def. Yes, sir.

Alon. Goodly munition.

Def. Ay, there's ordnance, sir,
No bastard metal, will ring you a peal
Like bells at great men's funerals; keep your eye
straight;

Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile.

Alon. I am upon't.

Def. And so am I. [*Stabs him.*]

Alon. Deflores! oh, Deflores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?

Def. Do you question
A work of secrecy? I must silence you.

[*Stabs him again.*]

Alon. Oh! oh! oh!

Def. I must silence you.

So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd.
This vault serves to good use now—Ha! what's
that

Threw sparkles in my eye?—Oh, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger: it was well found,
This will approve the work. What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,
Finger and all shall off. So, now I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear.

[*Exit with the body.*]

ALIBIUS'S House. Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO.

Isab. Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me? If you

Keep me in a cage, pray whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.

Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you, I'll whistle to you if you'll pipe after.

Isab. Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?

Lol. 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded in another place.

Isab. 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

Lol. He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

Isab. Of all sorts? Why here's none but fools and madmen.

Lol. Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? There's my master and I to boot too.

Isab. Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if I were as you, I know you're half mad already; be half foolish too.

Isab. You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir, Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam: You were commending once to-day to me, Your last come lunatic; what a proper Body there was without brains to guide it, And what a pitiful delight appear'd In that defect; as if your wisdom had found A mirth in madness: pray, sir, let me partake If there be such a pleasure.

Lol. If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call, the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.

Isab. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol. When you have [had] a taste of the mad-man, you shall (if you please) see fool's college, o' th' side; I seldom lock there; 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em.

[*Exit, and returns immediately with Francis.*

Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

Fran. How sweetly she looks! Oh, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy; Anacreon, drink to my mistress's health, I'll pledge it; stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! no, 'tis but a grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

Isab. Alack, alack, 'tis too full of pity
To be laugh'd at: how fell he mad? canst thou tell?

Lol. For love, mistress; he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first; the Muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran. Hail! bright Titania,
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primroses, and violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

[*Approaches Isabella.*

Lol. (*Holds up a stick.*) Not too near! you see your danger.

Fran. Oh, hold thy hand, great Diomedé!
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:
Get up! Bucephalus kneels. [Kneels.

Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

Isab. His conscience is unquiet, sure that was
The cause of this. A proper gentleman.

Fran. Come hither, Esculapius, hide the poison.

Lol. Well, 'tis hid.

Fran. Didst thou never hear of one Tiresias, a
famous poet?

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild geese.

Fran. That's he, I am the man.

Lol. No.

Fran. Yes, but make no words on't; I was a
man seven years ago.

Lol. A stripling I think you might.

Fran. Now I'm a woman; all feminine.

Lol. I would I might see that.

Fran. Juno struck me blind.

Lol. I'll ne'er believe that; for a woman, they
say, has an eye more than a man.

Fran. I say she struck me blind.

Lol. And Luna made you mad, you have two
trades to beg with.

Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll beat the bush, and kick the dog*
That barks against the witches of the night,
The swift Lycanthropi † that walk the round,
We'll tear their wolfish skins, and save the sheep.

[Attempts to seize Lollio.]

* The quartos read, "We'll kick the dog, and beat the bush:" the transposition will, I think, be approved: I may add, while noticing the variation, that the speech is there printed as prose; changes of this nature, however, have been so frequently necessary in this play, that it was quite impossible to mark them.

† "*Lycanthropi*," persons afflicted with a melancholy disorder, and seemingly having the habits and disposition of a wild beast.

Lol. Is't come to this? nay, then my poison comes forth again; mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isab. I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

Fran. (*Sings.*) *Sweet love, pity me,
Give me leave to lie with thee.*

Lol. No, I'll see you wiser first: to your own kennel.

Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the curtains round,

Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul,
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I wou'd you wou'd get into your hole.

[*Exit Fran.*

Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you shall be fool'd another while: Tony, come hither, Tony; look who's yonder, Tony.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt?

Lol. Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony*.

Ant. He, he! how do you, uncle?

Lol. Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nig-

* Probably more is meant here than at first appears. *Aunt* was a common term in our poets' time for a woman of no virtue. So in "A Trick to Catch the Old One." Lucre, the uncle to Witlove, consoles his conscience for having taken the mortgage on his nephew's estate—"And was it not then better bestow'd upon his uncle, than upon one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawds*, for every one knows *what aunt stands for in the last translation.*" Fustigo makes a similar observation in Dekker's "Honest Whore."

get* ; you may play with him ; as safely with him as with his bauble†.

Isab. How long hast thou been a fool?

Ant. Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isab. Cousin ! I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lol. Oh, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred.

Madman. (*Within.*) Bounce, bounce ! he falls, he falls !

Isab. Hark you, your scholars in the upper room are out of order.

Lol. Must I come amongst you there ? Keep you the fool, mistress, I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, sir.

Ant. 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady ! nay, Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isab. Ha !

Ant. This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,

The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

Isab. You are a fine fool indeed.

Ant. Oh ! 'tis not strange ;
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences ; and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home, into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in.

* "Nigget," generally spelt nidget, or nigeot, a fool or trifle.

† The fool's bauble was a sort of truncheon with a head (and ass's ears, I believe) carved on it.

Isab. You're a parlous fool.

Ant. No danger in me : I bring nought but love,
And his soft wounding shafts to strike you with :
Try but one arrow ; if it hurt you,
I'll stand you twenty back in recompense.

Isab. A forward fool too.

Ant. This was love's teaching :
A thousand ways she fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest
To tread the Galaxia to my star.

Isab. Profound withal ! certain, you dream'd
of this ;
Love never taught it waking.

Ant. Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies ; there is within
A gentleman that loves you.

Isab. When I see him,
I'll speak with him ; so in the meantime keep
Your habit ; it becomes you well enough.
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you ;
That's all the favour that you must expect :
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

Enter LOLLIO.

Ant. And must again : he, he ! I thank you,
cousin, I'll be your valentine to-morrow morn-
ing.

Lol. How do you like the fool, mistress ?

Isab. Passing well, sir.

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool ?

Isab. If he hold on as he begins, he is like to
come to something.

Lol. Ay, thank a good tutor. You may put

him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions. Tony, how many is five times six?

Ant. Five times six, is six times five.

Lol. What arithmetician could have answer'd better? How many is one hundred and seven?

Ant. One hundred and seven, is seven hundred and one, cousin.

Lol. This is no wit to speak on. Will you be rid of the fool now?

Isab. By no means; let him stay a little.

Madman. (*Within.*) Catch there, catch the last couple in hell*.

Lol. Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

Isab. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept Your other posture; you become not your tongue When you speak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze,
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides,
And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?
This with the red cheeks I must venture for.

[*Attempts to kiss her.*

Isab. Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

Enter LOLLIO above.

Lol. How now, fool, are you good at that? have you read Lipsius? he's past *Ars Amandi*; I be-

* The allusion here is to the game of barley-break. So Theophilus in "The Virgin Martyr" of Massinger, Act V. Scene I.

"He is at *barley-brake*, and *the last couple*
Are now in hell."

Where Mr. Gifford has given a full account of the game.

lieve I must put harder questions to him, I perceive that.

Isab. You are bold without fear too.

Ant. What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again ;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer ; I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.

Lol. Cuckoo! cuckoo! [Exit.

[Cries of Madmen above, some as birds
others as beasts.

Ant. What are these?

Isab. Of fear enough to part us,
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes
Suiting their present thoughts ; if sad, they cry ;
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again ;
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing, or howling, braying, barking ; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

Enter LOLLIO.

Ant. These are no fears.

Isab. But here's a large one, my man.

Ant. Ha, he! that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lol. I would my master were come home ;
'tis too much for one shepherd to govern two of
these flocks ; nor can I believe that one church-
man can instruct two benefices at once ; there

will be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other. Come, Tony.

Ant. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

Lol. No, you must to your book now, you have play'd sufficiently.

Isab. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'll say nothing ; but I do not think but he will put you down one of these days.

[*Exeunt Lol. and Ant.*

Isab. Here the restrained current might make breach,

Spite of the watchful bankers ; would a woman stray,

She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,

It would be brought home one way or another ;

The needle's point will to the fixed north,

Such drawing arctics womens' beauties are.

Enter LOLLIO.

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue ?

Isab. How now !

Lol. Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better than another.

Isab. What's the matter ?

Lol. Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee.

Isab. You bold slave you.

Lol. I could follow now as t'other fool did,
What should I fear, having all joys about me ?

Do you but smile,

And love shall play the wanton on your lip,

Meet and retire, retire and meet again ;

Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes,

*I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
Becomes me not;—and so as it follows;—but is
not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet
rogue; kiss me, my little Lacedemonian; let me
feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing
about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my
hand on't.*

Isab. Sirrah, no more! I see you have disco-
vered

This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat;
I'll do it, though for no other purpose,
And be sure he'll not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all, I'll have my fool's
part with you.

Isab. No more! your master.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou?

Isab. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib. Fie, fie, sweetheart, no more of that.

Isab. You were best lock me up.

Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly. Lollo,
We have employment, we have task in hand;
At noble Vermandero's, our castle's captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd,
(Beatrice Joanna, his fair daughter, bride),
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,
To finish (as it were) and make the fag

Of all the revels, the third night from the first,
 Only an unexpected passage over,
 To make a frightful pleasure, that is all ;
 But not the all I aim at ; could we so act it,
 To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
 Though out of form and figure, breaking time's
 head,
 It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
 In one age or other, if not in this ;
 This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,
 And will beget a bounty be it known.

Lol. This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you : you
 have about you fools and madmen that can dance
 very well ; and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers
 are not the wisest men ; the reason is, with often
 jumping they jolt their brains down into their
 feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than
 in their heads.

Alib. Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good
 reason,
 And a comfort in it.

Isab. You've a fine trade on't ; madmen and
 fools are a staple-commodity.

Alib. Oh, wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and
 live ;
 Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
 By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, JASPERINO,
 and BEATRICE.

Ver. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
 I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Als. The fellow of this creature were a partner
 For a king's love.

Ver. I had her fellow once, sir,
 But heaven has married her to joys eternal;
 'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
 Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
 Which my health chiefly joys in.

Als. I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

Ver. It falls much short of that.

[*Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.*]

Beat. So, here's one step
 Into my father's favour; time will fix him;
 I have got him now the liberty of the house,
 So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom;
 And if that eye be darkened that offends me,
 I wait but that eclipse; this gentleman
 Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
 Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed;
 I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap,
 For the sweet recompense, that I set down for't.

Beat. Deflores.

Def. Lady.

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.

Def. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
 Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. Is it done, then?

Def. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st
 delights
 Are evermore born weeping.

Def. I've a token for you.

Beat. For me?

Def. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the ring without the finger.

Beat. Bless me! what hast thou done?

Def. Why, is that more than killing the whole
man?

I cut his heart strings.

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake, hath had as much as this.

Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me
send him.

Def. And I made him send it [you] back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon apply'd, all dead mens' fees are yours,
sir:

I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

Def. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's
conscience

To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it:
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.

Beat. It might justly, sir;
Why thou mistak'st, Deflores; 'tis not given
In state of recompense.

Def. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

Beat. Prithee! thou look'st as if thou wer't offended.

Def. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible My service should draw such a cause from you. Offended! Could you think so? That were much For one of my performance, and so warm Yet in my service.

Beat. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

Def. I know so much, it were so; misery In her most sharp condition.

Beat. 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins,
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

Def. What! salary? Now you move me.

Beat. How, Deflores?

Def. Do you place me in the rank of ver-
minous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
[For] the life blood of man? Is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beat. I understand thee not.

Def. I could have hired
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at
ease],
And had the work brought home.

Beat. (*Aside.*) I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
I'll double the sum, sir.

Def. You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

Beat. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I am now in worse
plight than I was,

I know not what will please him—For my fear's
sake,

I prithee make away with all speed possible ;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee ;
But prithee take thy flight.

Def. You must fly too then.

Beat. I ?

Def. I'll not stir a foot else.

Beat. What's your meaning ?

Def. Why, are not you as guilty, in I'm sure
As deep as I ? and we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsel you but ill ; my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.

Beat. (*Aside.*) He speaks home.

Def. Nor is it fit we two engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.

Beat. How now, sir ?
This shows not well.

Def. What makes your lip so strange ?
This must not be betwixt us.

Beat. The man talks wildly.

Def. Come kiss me with a zeal, now.

Beat. (*Aside.*) Heaven, I doubt him !

Def. I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

Beat. Take heed, Deflores, of forgetfulness,
'Twill soon betray us.

Def. Take you heed first ;
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're too
blame in't.

Beat. (*Aside.*) He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.

Def. I have eas'd you

Of your [sole] trouble ; think on't, I'm in pain
And must be eas'd of you ; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

Beat. I dare not.

Def. Quickly !

Beat. Oh, I never shall :

Speak it yet further off that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't ;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.

Def. Soft, lady, soft !

The last is not yet paid for : oh this act
Has put me into spirit ; I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds
weep :

Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't ;
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't : why was all that
pains took ?

You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold,
Not that I want it [not,] for I do piteously ;
In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with ;
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes agreed for.

Beat. Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so
wicked,

Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour.
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

Def. Pish ! you forget yourself ;
A woman dip'd in blood, and talk of modesty !

Beat. O misery of sin ! would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words.
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

Def. Look but into your conscience, read me
there,

'Tis a true book, you find me there your equal :
Pish ! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you're no more
now :

You must forget your parentage ; to me
You're the deed's creature ; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

Beat. With thee, foul villain !

Def. Yes, my fair murtheress ; do you urge me ?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy af-
fection !

'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the heart ; and he's chang'd now,
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not) thou ne'er enjoy'st ;
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all ; my life I rate at nothing.

Beat. Deflores !

Def. I shall rest from all lover's plagues then,
I live in pain now : that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

Beat. Oh, sir, hear me !

Def. She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

Beat. Stay, hear me once for all; I'll make
thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels:
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things.

Def. Let this silence thee;
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me; can you weep Fate
From its determin'd purpose? So soon weep me.

Beat. Vengeance begins;
Murder I see is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so curs'd,
It must engender with a viper first?

Def. Come, rise and shroud your blushes in
my bosom,
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Lass how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon,
What thou so fear'st, and faint'st to venture on.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(Dumb Show.)

A number of Gentlemen enter — VERMANDERO meets them and expresses by gestures his wonder at the Flight of PIRACQUO. ALSEMERO enters, attended by JASPERINO and other Gentlemen, and VERMANDERO points to him, as the intended Husband of BEATRICE; they seem to applaud the Choice. ALSEMERO, VERMANDERO, and the other Gentlemen pass over the Stage with great solemnity, BEATRICE following as the Bride in great State, attended by DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, and other Gentlewomen. DEFLORES follows last of all smiling scornfully at the Ceremony. ALONZO's Ghost appears to DEFLORES, and startles him by showing the Hand, the Finger of which he had cut off.*

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. This fellow has undone me endlessly,
 Never was bride so fearfully distress'd ;
 The more I think upon th' ensuing night,
 And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
 One who's ennobled both in blood and mind,
 So clear in understanding, that's my plague now,
 Before whose judgment will my fault appear
 Like malefactors crimes before tribunals ;

* These dumb shows are common enough in the dramas of our poets' age.

There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
 Into my own distress ; how a wise man
 Stands for a great calamity ! there's no venturing
 Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
 Without my shame, which may grow up to danger ;
 He cannot but in justice strangle me
 As I lie by him ; as a cheater use me :
 'Tis precious craft to play with a false die
 Before a cunning gamester : here's his closet ;
 The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park ?
 Sure 'twas forgot ; I'll be so bold as look in't.
 Bless me ! a right physician's closet 'tis,
 Set round with viols ; every one her mark too.
 Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
 Which may be safely call'd, your great man's
 wisdom.

What manuscript lies here ? *The Book of Experi-
 ment,*

Call'd Secrets in Nature : so 'tis, 'tis so,

[*Opens the book.*

How to know whether a woman be with child or no.

I hope I am not yet ; if he should try though ;
 Let me see, *folio forty-five*, here 'tis ;
 The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious.
*If you would know whether a woman be with child,
 or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water
 in glass C.*

Where's that glass C. ? oh, yonder I see it now ;
*and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours
 after, if not, not.*

None of that water comes into my belly.

I'll know you from a hundred ; I could break you
 now,

Or turn you into milk, and so beguile

The master of the mystery; but I'll look to you.
Ha! that which is next, is ten times worse.

How to know whether a woman be a maid or not,
If that should be apply'd, what would become of
me?

Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
A merry slight, but true experiment; the author
Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the
quantity of a spoonful of the water, in the glass M.
which, upon her that is a maid, makes three se-
veral effects, 'twill make her incontinently gape,
then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent
laughing, else dull, heavy and lumpish. Where
had I been? I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed
time.

Enter DIAPHANTA.

Dia. Cuds, Madam! are you here?

Beat. (Aside.) Seeing that wench now
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece,
Gold cannot purchase;—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.

Dia. (Aside.) Would I had such a cause to
look him too!

Why he's i' th' park, madam.

Beat. There let him be.

Dia. Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting time a little lodge can hold 'em.
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the
world

Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

Beat. I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known:

'Tis ever the bride's fashion towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not.

Beat. Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say.

Dia. Fear of what?

Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind,
Beshrew your heart for't!

Dia. Do you mean, good sooth, madam?

Beat. Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.

Dia. Is't possible?

Beat. I will give a thousand duckets to that
woman

Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't: as she likes
I might perhaps be drawn to't.

Dia. Are you in earnest?

Beat. Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else.

Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your hands,
Shall be a maid.

Beat. You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me.

Dia. 'Tis a strange humour!
But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

Beat. As willingly as live; alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour.

Dia. I do not know how the world goes abroad

For faith or honesty ; there's both requir'd in this.
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further ;
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.

Beat. You're too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

Dia. How? not a maid? nay, then you urge
me, madam ;

Your honourable self is not a truer

With all your fears upon you——

Beat. (*Aside.*) Bad enough then.

Dia. Than I with all my lightsome joys about
me.

Beat. I'm glad to hear't ; then you dare put
your honesty

Upon an easy trial.

Dia. Easy?—any thing.

Beat. I'll come to you straight.

Dia. She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

Beat. (*Aside.*) Glass M. Ay, this is it. Look,
Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do.

Dia. And in so doing,
I will not question what [it] is, but take it.

Beat. (*Aside.*) Now if the experiment be true,
'twill praise itself,

And give me noble ease — Begins already ;

[*Dia.* gapes.

There's the first symptom ; and what haste it makes
To fall into the second ; there by this time

[*Dia.* sneezes.

Most admirable secret! on the contrary

It stirs me not a whit, which most concerns it.

Dia. Ha! ha! ha!

Beat. Just in all things ! and in order,
As if 'twere circumscrib'd ; one accident
Gives way unto another.

Dia. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Beat. How now, wench ?

Dia. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I am so light
At heart, ha ! ha ! ha ! so pleasurable.
But one swig more, sweet madam.

Beat. Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't.

Dia. Now I'm sad again.

Beat. (*Aside.*) It lays itself so gently too :—
Come, wench, most honest Diaphanta, I dare
call thee now.

Dia. Pray tell me, madam, what trick call
you this ?

Beat. I'll tell thee all hereafter ; we must study
The carriage of this business.

Dia. I shall carry't well, because I love the
burthen.

Beat. About midnight you must not fail to
steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.

Dia. Oh, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time : the bride's place,
And with a thousand duckets ! I'm for a justice
now,
I bring a portion with me ; I scorn small fools.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter VERMANDERO and SERVANT.

Ver. I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in
question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,

Nor ever was there cause : Who of my gentlemen
Are absent? Tell me, and truly, how many,
And who?

Ser. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

Ver. When did they leave the castle?

Ser. Some ten days since, sir ;

The one intending to Briamata, th' other for Valencia.

Ver. The time accuses 'em ; a charge of murder
Is brought within my castle gate, Piracquo's
murder ;

I dare not answer faithfully their absence :

A strict command of apprehension

Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe

The stain off clear, or openly discover it.

Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.

See, I am set on again. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter TOMAZO.

Tom. I claim a brother of you.

Ver. You're too hot, seek him not here.

Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction :
This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage, gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

Ver. Certain falsehood !

This is the place indeed ; his breach of faith

Has too much mar'd both my abused love,

The honourable love I reserv'd for him,

And mock'd my daughter's joy ; the prepar'd
morning

Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that
lov'd him.

Tom. Then this is all your answer?

Ver. 'Tis too fair for one of his alliance; and
I warn you

That this place no more see you.

[*Exit.*

Enter DEFLORES.

Tom. The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.
Honest Deflores?

Def. That's my name, indeed.
Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way
took she?

Tom. I have bless'd mine eyes from seeing such
a false one.

Def. (*Aside.*) I'd fain get off, this man's not
for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I re-
member
My brother lov'd thee well.

Def. Oh purely, dear sir.
(*Aside.*) Methinks I am now again a killing on
him,
He brings it so fresh to me.

Tom. Thou canst guess, sirrah,
One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy
At some foul guilty person.

Def. 'Lass, sir, I am so charitable, I think none Worse than myself. You did not see the bride then ?

Tom. I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

Def. No, no ; a pretty easy round-pack'd sinner, As your most ladies are, else you might think I flatter'd her ; but, sir, at no hand wicked, Till they are so old their sins and vices meet, And they salute witches. I am call'd, I think, sir. (*Aside.*) His company e'en o'erlays my conscience. [*Exit.*

Tom. That Deflores has a wondrous honest heart ; He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't. Oh ! here's the glorious master of the day's joy ; 'Twill not be long till he and I do reckon. Sir.

Enter ALSEMERO.

Als. You are most welcome.

Tom. You may call that word back, I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

Als. 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.

Tom. Would I had ne'er known the cause ! I'm none of those, sir, That come to give you joy, and swill your wine ; 'Tis a most precious liquor that must lay The fiery thirst I bring.

Als. Your words and you Appear to me great strangers.

Tom. Time and our swords May make us more acquainted ; this the business. I should have [had] a brother in your place,

How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to enquire of him which holds his right:
Which never could come fairly.

Als. You must look
To answer for that word, sir.

Tom. Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn. Farewell! I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time.

[*Exit.*

Als. 'Tis somewhat ominous this; a quarrel
enter'd
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,

Enter JASPERINO

I should be wondrous sad else. Jasperino,
I have news to tell thee; strange news.

Jasp. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours: would I might keep
Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this.

Als. This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.

Jasp. All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leap'd from me, sir.

Als. No question, it may prove nothing; let's
partake it though.

Jasp. 'Twas Diaphanta's chance, for to that
wench

I pretend honest love, and she deserves it;
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference;
She was no sooner gone, but instantly

I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me ;
And lending more attention, found Deflores
Louder than she.

Als. Deflores ! Thou art out now.

Jasp. You'll tell me more anon.

Als. Still I'll prevent thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.

Jasp. That made me stagger too ; but Diaphanta
At her return confirm'd it.

Als. Diaphanta !

Jasp. Then fell we both to listen, and words past
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

Als. Peace ; quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous
to thy bosom.

Jasp. Then truth is full of peril.

Als. Such truths are.

Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touch'd, she sleeps not here ! yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof ;
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

Jasp. I never weigh'd friend, so.

Als. Done charitably !

(*Gives him a key.*) That key will lead thee to a
pretty secret ;

By a Chaldean taught me, and I've
My study upon some ; bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M.
And question not my purpose.

Jasp. It shall be done, sir. [Exit.

Als. How can this hang together ? not an hour
since

Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin

That ever shrunk at man's name ; and so modest,
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. (Aside.) All things go well ! my woman's
preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose ;
Necessity compels it ; I lose all else.

Als. (Aside.) Pish ! Modesty's shrine is set
in yonder forehead.

I cannot be too sure though.—My Joanna !

Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you,
Pardon my modest fears.

Als. (Aside.) The dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd questionless. (*Enter* JASPERINO.)
Oh, are you come, sir ?

Beat. (Aside.) The glass, upon my life ; I see
the letter.

Jasp. Sir, this is M.

Als. 'Tis it.

Beat. (Aside.) I am suspected.

Als. How fitly our bride comes to partake
with us.

Beat. What is't, my lord ?

Als. No hurt.

Beat. Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.

Als. But this upon my warrant you shall ven-
ture on,

Beat. I fear 'twill make me ill.

Als. Heaven forbid that.

Beat. (Aside.) I'm put now to my cunning:
th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

[*She drinks.*

Als. (Aside to Jasp.) It has that secret virtue
it ne'er miss'd, sir,
Upon a virgin.

Jasp. (Aside.) Treble qualited?

[*Beat. gapes and sneezes.*

Als. By all that's virtuous it takes there! proceeds!

Jasp. (Apart to Als.) This is the strangest
trick to know a maid by.

Beat. Ha! ha! ha!

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.

Beat. What's the matter, sir?

Als. (Apart to Jasp.) See, now 'tis settled in
a melancholy,

Keep both the time and method, my Joanna.

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth! thus my love incloses
thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO.

Isab. Oh, heaven! is this the waiting moon*?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?
Sirrah, here's a madman, a kin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.

* Was there any moon called the *waiting moon*, or is the passage corrupt? I am inclined to read,

Oh, heaven! is this the new or waning moon?

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter from.

Isab. Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

Lol. The out's mad, I'm sure of that, I had a taste on't.

To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the knight of the sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus. Pay the post.

This is stark madness.

Isab. Now mark the inside.

Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty.

Lol. He is mad still!

Isab. If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you, which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow, and enforceth to wither,—

Lol. Oh rogue!

Isab. Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again; I come in winter to you dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendor of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover.

Lol. Mad rascal still!

Isab. Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honour to your bounties. I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure,

Yours all, or one beside himself,

FRANCISCUS.

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on't; my master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

Isab. Very likely.

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress; you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

Isab. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollo, If I do fall.

Lol. I fall upon you.

Isab. So.

Lol. Well, I stand to my venture.

Isab. But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol. Why, do you mean to deal with 'em?

Isab. Nay, the fair understanding*, how to use 'em.

Lol. Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly.

Isab. 'Tis easy, I'll practise; do thou observe it; The key of thy wardrobe.

Lol. There (*gives her a key*) fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you.

Isab. Take thou no further notice than the outside. [*Exit.*

Lol. Not an inch, I'll put you to the inside.

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Lollo, art there? will all be perfect think'st thou

* *i. e.* Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered.

To-morrow night, as if to close up the solemnity?
Vermandero expects us.

Lol. I mistrust the madmen most, the fools
will do well enough: I have taken pains with
them.

Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more ab-
surdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies; they are nice things, thou
know'st.

Lol. You need not fear, sir, so long as we are
there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as
tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I will see them once more rehearse be-
fore they go.

Lol. I was about it, sir; look you to the mad-
mens' morris, and let me alone with the other;
there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling;
I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse
the whole measure.

Alib. Do so, I'll see the music prepar'd: but,
Lollo,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?
Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so, she takes some pleasure in the
house, she would abroad else; you must allow
her a little more length, she's kept too short.

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with us,
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?

Alib. Where, Lollo? I see nothing.

Lol. Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose; it
show'd like the trunk of a young elephant.

Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music;
Lollo. *[Exit Alib.]*

Lol. Do, sir; and I'll dance the whilst. Tony,
where art thou, Tony?

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Here, cousin, where art thou?

Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught
you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin.

Lol. Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out,
Vault in; look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la.

[Dances.]

Ant. Fa, la, la, la, la. *[Sings and dances.]*

Lol. There, an honour. *[Curtseys.]*

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lol. Yes, and it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squire-
ship, nay, yeomandry itself sometimes, from
whence it first stiffened; there rise a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honour, coz.

Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a caper,
rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and
falls to the ground again: you can remember
your figure, Tony? *[Exit.]*

Ant. Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can
remember mine.

Enter ISABELLA dressed like a Madwoman.

Isab. Hey, how he treads the air; shough!
shough! t'other way!

He burns his wings else, here's wax enough below Icarus,

More than will be cancelled these eighteen moons;
He's down! he's down! what a terrible fall he had.

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
I'll bring thee to the clue.

Ant. Prithee, coz, let me alone.

Isab. Art thou not drown'd?
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrap'd like a Turkish turban; on thy back,
A crook'd camelion colour'd rainbow hung,
Like a tyara down unto thy hams.
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the streets.
Bless thee from the pirates!

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone!

Isab. Why shouldst thou mount so high as
Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love.

Ant. I'll kick thee if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic:
I am no fool, you bedlam!

Isab. But you are, as sure as I am mad.
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha! dearest beauty.

Isab. No, I have no beauty now,
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.

You a quick-sighted lover? come not near me.
Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad,
I came a feigner to return stark mad. [*Exit.*

Enter LOLLIO.

Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition [with you]
And become [mad] as you are.

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now? Why, fool?

Ant. Who's fool? usher of idiots! you coxcomb!
I have fool'd too much.

Lol. You were best be mad another while then.

Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough:
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not, I shall not forbear the
gentleman under the fool, if you do. Alas! I saw
through your fox-skin before now. Come, I can
give you comfort, my mistress loves you; and
there is as arrant a madman i' th' house, as you
are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not; if
after the mask we can rid her of him, you earn
her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

Ant. May I believe thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you will
or no.

Ant. She's eas'd of him; I have a good quar-
rel on't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and be
quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will desire her love. [*Exit.*

Lol. And you are like to have your desire.

Enter FRANCISCUS.

Fran. (Sings.) Down, down, down a-down
a-down, and then with a horse-trick,
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-
string.

Lol. This is t'other counterfeit: I'll put him
out of his humour. (*Takes out a letter and reads.*)
*Sweet lady, having now cast this counterfeit cover
of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a
true and faithful lover of your beauty. This is
pretty well for a madman.*

Fran. Ha! what's that?

Lol. Chide those perfections in you which made
me imperfect.

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you, e'er I
have done with you. *Yours all, or one beside
himself, Franciscus.* This madman will mend
sure.

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you'll be hang'd for
this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her apron-strings.

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket
first*: your hand is true, is it not? it will not
pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So, if you love my mistress so well as

* Lollo means his letter.

you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cur'd of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it.

Lol. Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past.

[*Gives him money.*]

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope; my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Fran. He's dead already.

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him?

Fran. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that's a right course now; see him before you kill him in any case; and yet it needs not go so far neither; 'tis but a fool that haunts the house, and my mistress, in the shape of an idiot; bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

Fran. Soundly, soundly !

Lol. Only reserve him till the mask be past; and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In ! in ! my master !

[*They dance.*]

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey !

[*Exit.*]

Enter ALIBIUS.

Alib. Well said; in a readiness, Lollio.

Lol. Yes, sir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in: Lollo, Intreat your mistress to see this sight. Hark, is there not one incurable fool That might be begg'd? I have friends.

Lol. I have him for you, one that shall deserve it too.

[*Lollo goes and brings in the madmen and fools who dance.*]

Alib. Good, boy, Lollo!
'Tis perfect well; fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BEATRICE. A Clock strikes One.

Beat. One struck ! and she lies by't. Oh, my fears !

This strumpet serves her own ends ; 'tis apparent now,

Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace ;
Makes havoc of my right ; but she pays dearly for't ;
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood, to keep her promise :
Beside, I have some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her. Hark ! by my horrors,

Another clock strikes two ! *[Strikes two.*

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. Pist ! where are you ?

Beat. Deflores ?

Def. Ay ; is she not come from him yet ?

Beat. As I am a living soul, not.

Def. Sure the devil

Hath sow'd his itch within her ; who'd trust
A waiting-woman ?

Beat. I must trust somebody.

Def. Pish ! they are Tarmagants* ;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first fruits, they're mad
 whelps ;
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal : then
You are so harsh and hardy, ask no counsel ;
I could have help'd you to an apothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank'd
 you too.

Beat. Oh me, not yet ! this whore forgets herself.

Def. The rascal fares so well : look, you're
 undone,
The day-star by this hand ! see Phosphorus plain
 yonder.

Beat. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin ;
There is no counsel safe else.

Def. Peace ; I hav't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.

Beat. How ? take heed of that.

Def. Tush ! be you quiet,
Or else give over all.

Beat. Prithee ! I ha' done then.

Def. This is my reach ;
I'll set some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.

Beat. How ? fire, sir ? that may endanger the
 whole house.

Def. You talk of danger when your fame's on
 fire.

* *Termagant* (says Dr. Percy) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Sarazens. The language and character of this deity may be inferred from a passage in the "King and no King" of Beaumont and Fletcher :—This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like *Termagant*."

Beat. That's true ; do what thou wilt now.

Def. Pish !

I aim at a most rich success, strike all dead sure ;
The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels
Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then,
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succour ; if not seen
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her
lodging,

I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney there, 'tis pro-
per now,
But she shall be the mark.

Beat. I'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.

Def. 'Slid ! it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.

Beat. One word now prithee ;
How for the servants ?

Def. I'll dispatch them
Some one way, some another in the hurry
For buckets, hooks, ladders : fear not you ;
The deed shall find its time ; and I've thought
since
Upon a safe conveyance for the body.
How this fire purifies wit ! Watch you your minute.

Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot
stray from't.

Enter ALONZO'S GHOST.

Def. Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the
light
Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not,
'Twas but a mist of conscience. All's clear again.
[*Exit.*

Beat. Who's that, Deflores? Bless me! it
slides by;
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left be-
hind it

A shivering sweat upon me; I'm afraid now:
This night hath been so tedious; oh this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyed the last. List! oh my
terrors!

Three struck by St. Sebastian's!

[*Clock strikes three.*

(*Within.*) Fire! fire! fire!

Beat. Already! how rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one,
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The East is not more beauteous than his service.

(*Within.*) Fire! fire! fire!

*Enter DEFLORES: Servants pass over and ring a
Bell.*

Def. Away! dispatch! hooks! buckets! lad-
ders! that's well said;
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready. [Exit.

Enter DIAPHANTA.

Beat. Here's a man worth loving! (*To Dia.*)

Oh, you're a jewel!

Dia. Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth I was so well, I e'en forgot myself.

Beat. You've made trim work.

Dia. What?

Beat. Hie quickly to your chamber, your reward follows.

Dia. I never made so sweet a bargain. [*Exit.*

Enter ALSEMERO.

Als. Oh, my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!

Beat. When I miss'd you, I could not choose
but follow.

Als. Thou'rt all sweetness; the fire is not so
dangerous.

Beat. Think you so, sir?

Als. I prithee tremble not: believe me 'tis not.

Enter VERMANDERO and JASPERINO.

Ver. Oh bless my house and me!

Als. My lord, your father.

Enter DEFLORES *with a Piece.*

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?

Def. To scour the chimney. [*Exit.*

Ver. Oh, well said! well said!
That fellow's good on all occasions.

Beat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord.

Ver. He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all,
sir;
Dog at a house on fire, I ha' seen him sing'd ere
now:

Ha! (*the piece goes off.*) there he goes.

Beat. (*Aside.*) 'Tis done!

Als. Come, sweet, to bed now; alas, thou wilt
get cold.

Beat. Alas, the fear keeps that out;
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.

Ver. How should the fire come there?

Beat. As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.
She 'scap'd a mine twice.

Ver. Twice?

Beat. Strangely twice, sir.

Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a
house,
An they be ne'er so good.

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. Oh, poor virginity!
Thou hast paid dearly for't.

Ver. Bless us! what's that?

Def. A thing you all knew once; Diaphanta's
burnt.

Beat. My woman! oh, my woman!

Def. Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!

Beat. Oh my presaging soul!

Als. Not a tear more!

I charge you by the last embrace I gave you,
In bed before this rais'd us.

Beat. Now you tie me,
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Ver. How now?

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. All danger's past; you may now take
Your rests, my lords; the fire is thoroughly
quench'd:

Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!

Beat. Deflores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her :
I will entreat that honour to my servant,
Ev'n of my lord himself.

Als. Command it, sweetness.

Beat. Which of you spy'd the fire first?

Def. 'Twas I, madam.

Beat. And took such pains in't too? a double
goodness!

'Twere well he were rewarded.

Ver. He shall be:

Deflores, call upon me.

Als. And upon me, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Def. Rewarded? Precious! here's a trick be-
yond me;

I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. [*Exit.*

Enter TOMAZO.

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do.
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because

I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
 I must think all men villains; and the next
 I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
 Of my most worthy brother. Ha! what's he?

Enter DEFLORES, and passes over the Stage.

Oh, the fellow that some call honest Deflores;
 But methinks honesty was hard bested
 To come there for a lodging; as if a queen
 Should make her palace of a pest-house:
 I find a contrariety in nature
 Betwixt that face and me; the least occasion
 Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul
 One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he
 loved,

And made account of; so most deadly venemous,
 He would go ne'er to poison any weapon
 That should draw blood on him; one must resolve
 Never to use that sword again in fight,
 In way of honest manhood, that strikes him;
 Some river must devour't; 'twere not fit
 That any man should find it. What, again?

Enter DEFLORES.

He walks on purpose by, sure to choke me up,
 To infect my blood.

Def. My worthy noble lord.

Tom. Dost offer to come near and breathe
 upon me? [*Strikes him.*

Def. A blow! [*Draws.*

Tom. Yea, are you so prepar'd?
 I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword
 Than like a politician by thy poison.

[*Draws also.*

Def. Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!

Tom. All slaves that kill by poison, are still cowards.

Def. (*Aside.*) I cannot strike, I see his brother's wounds

Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.—

I will not question this, I know you're noble;

I take my injury with thanks given, sir,

Like a wise lawyer; and as a favour,

Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.

(*Aside.*) Why this from him, that yesterday appear'd

So strangely loving to me?

Oh, but instinct is of a subtler strain;

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again,

He came ne'er me now. [*Exit.*

Tom. All league with mankind I renounce for ever,

Until I find this murderer; not so much

As common courtesy, but I'll lock up;

For in the state of ignorance I live in,

A brother may salute his brother's murderer,

And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.

Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, and ISABELLA.

Ver. Noble Piracquo.

Tom. Pray keep on your way, sir,
I've nothing to say to you.

Ver. Comforts bless you, sir.

Tom. I have forsworn compliment; in troth, I have, sir;

As you are merely man, I have not left

A good wish for you, nor any here.

Ver. Unless you be so far in love with grief,

You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tom. What news can that be?

Ver. Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir;
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me,
I hide not from the law, or your just vengeance.

Tom. Ha!

Ver. To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.

Tom. If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I cast] upon you,
I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar. [*Kneels.*]

Ver. Good sir, rise;
Why now you overdo as much o' this hand,
As you fell short o'tother. Speak, Alibius!

Alib. 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most
lucky
At a discovery, to find out lately
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises;
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

Ver. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em.

Alib. Now that which draws suspicion to their
habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

Tom. O bless'd revelation!

Ver. Nay more, nay more, sir; I'll not spare
mine own
In way of justice; they both feign'd a journey

To Bramata, and so wrought out their leaves ;
My love was so abus'd in't.

Tom. Time's too precious
To run in waste now ; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase ;
Be my most happy conduct ; I thirst for 'em ;
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALSEMERO and JASPERINO.

Jasp. Your confidence I'm sure is now of proof.
The prospect from the garden [must] have show'd
Enough for deep suspicion.

Als. The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't,
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen,
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

Jasp. Touch it home, then ; 'tis not a shallow
probe
Can search this ulcer soundly ; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption : 'tis fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk,
She took the back door at his parting with her.
[*Exit Jasp.*

Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman ? She's here.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Alsemero !

Als. How do you ?

Beat. How do I ?

Alas ! how do you ? you look not well.

Als. You read me well enough, I am not well.

Beat. Not well, sir? Is't in my power to better you?

Als. Yes.

Beat. Nay, then you're cur'd again.

Als. Pray resolve me one question, lady.

Beat. If I can.

Als. None can so sure. Are you honest?

Beat. Ha, ha, ha! that's a broad question, my lord.

Als. But that's not a modest answer, my lady: Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me.

Beat. 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek.

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,

Which would you give the better faith to?

Als. 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:

You are a whore!

Beat. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly: oh, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again!

Als. I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling; [or] there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.

Beat. You may, sir,
'Tis an easy passage; yet if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love.

My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.

Als. Unanswerable !

A ground you cannot stand on ; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness, when you set
Your ticklish heel on't : there was a visor
O'er that cunning face, and that became you,
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't ;
How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despight, your rankerous
loathing,
Deflores ? He that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint.

Beat. Is there the cause ?

Als. Worse ! your lust's devil, your adultery !

Beat. Would any [other] but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.

Als. 'Twas witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.

Beat. Is your witness dead, then ?

Als. 'Tis to be fear'd,
It was the wages of her knowledge ; poor soul !
She liv'd not long after the discovery.

Beat. Then hear a story of not much less horror,
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with :
To your bed's scandal, I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed,
Will stand for proof of ; your love has made me
A cruel murderess.

Als. Ha !

Beat. A bloody one.
I have kiss'd poison for't, strok'd a serpent :

That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure yourself
To me.

Als. Oh, the place itself ever since
Has crying been for vengeance! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion, and quench'd the right one,
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now:
Oh, thou art all deform'd!

Beat. Forget not, sir,
It, for your sake, was done: shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Als. Oh, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood; here we are lost.

Beat. Remember, I am true unto your bed.

Als. The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets
shrouds

For murdered carcasses: it must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet.

[*Exit Beat.*

I'll be your keeper yet. Oh, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha,
This same fellow has put me in—Deflores!

Enter DEFLORES.

Def. Noble Alsemero!

Als. I can tell you news, sir; my wife com-
mended her to you.

Def. That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever lov'd me so well; I thank her.

Als. What's this blood upon your band, Deflores?

Def. Blood! No sure, 'twas wash'd since.

Als. Since when, man?

Def. Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword and dagger school; I think 'tis out.

Als. Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd
though.

I had forgot my message; this it is:
What price goes murder?

Def. How, sir?

Als. I ask you, sir;
My wife's behind hand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.

Def. Upon? 'Twas quite through him sure.
Has she confess'd it?

Als. As sure as death to both of you,
And much more than that.

Def. It could not be much more,
'Twas but one thing, and that [is] she's a whore.

Als. It could not choose but follow; oh, cunning devils!
How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd
saints?

Beat. (*Within.*) He lies! the villain does belie
me!

Def. Let me go to her, sir.

Als. Nay, you shall to her.
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;

Take your prey to you ; get you in to her, sir.

[*Exit Def.*

I'll be your pander now ; rehearse again
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience,
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.
Clip your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, TOMAZO, FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO.

Ver. Oh, Alsemero ! I have a wonder for you.

Als. No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.

Ver. I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.

Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.

Ver. Beseech you hear me ; these two have
been disguis'd
E'er since the deed was done.

Als. I have two other
That were more close disguis'd than your two
could be,
E'er since the deed was done.

Ver. You'll hear me, these mine own servants.

Als. Hear me ! those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.

Fran. That may be done with easy truth, sir.

Tom. How is my cause bandied through your
delays !

'Tis urgent in [my] blood, and calls for haste ;
Give me a brother [or] alive or dead ;

Alive, a wife with him, if dead for both,
A recompense for murder and adultery.

Beat. (Within.) Oh! oh! oh!

Als. Hark! 'tis coming to you.

Def. (Within.) Nay, I'll along for company.

Beat. (Within.) Oh! oh!

Ver. What horrid sounds are these?

Als. Come forth, you twins of mischief.

*Enter DEFLORES, dragging in BEATRICE
wounded.*

Def. Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so I think that broken rib of mankind.

Ver. An host of enemies enter'd my citadel,
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice!
Joanna!

Beat. Oh, come not near me, sir, I shall defile
you,

I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health; look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly;
Let the common sewer take it from distinction:
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor

[*Pointing to Def.*
Ever hang my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er could pluck it from him; [though] my
loathing

Was prophet to the rest, I ne'er believ'd
Mine honour [should] fall with him, and now my
life.

Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed,

Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died.

Als. Diaphanta?

Def. Yes, and the while I coupled with your
mate

At barley-break; now we are left in hell.

Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here.

Def. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart.
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

Tom. Ha! my brother's murderer?

Def. Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

Ver. Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.

Def. No! I can prevent you, here's my pen-
knife still;
It is but one thread more, (*stabs himself*), and
now 'tis cut.

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee:
Canst not forget so lately put in mind,
I would not go to leave thee far behind. [*Dies.*

Beat. Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive;
'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live.

[*Dies.*

Ver. Oh, my name is enter'd now in that record,
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.

Als. Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
To your dishonour, justice hath so right

The guilty hit, that innocence is quit
By proclamation, and may joy again.
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

Tom. Sir, I am satisfied ; my injuries
Lie dead before me ; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives, that are fled from hence
To take a second vengeance ; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine ('tis to be fear'd) about 'em.

Als. What an opacous body had that moon,
That last chang'd on us ? here is beauty chang'd
To ugly whoredom : here servant obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder :
I, a suppos'd husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness, but that was paid before :
(*To Tom.*) Your change is come too, from an
ignorant wrath
To knowing friendship. Are there any more on's ?

Ant. Yes, sir, I was chang'd too, from a little
ass as I was, to a great fool as I am ; and had
like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows ; but that
you know my innocence always excuses me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be
stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.

Isab. (*To Alib.*) Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation.
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own
head.

Alib. I see, all apparent wife, and will change
now

Into a better husband, and never keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.

Als. Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

EPILOGUE

Mr. All we can do, to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow, for a brother;
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

[Recent owner
see as I was, to a great fool as I was, and still
like to be, but changed to the yellow; but that
you know my innocent slave excuse me
But I was changed from a little wit to be
stark mad.

KING.

Alas for the same purpose
Look (To All) Your change is still behind
But drive fast your transportation
You are a jealous creature keep schools of folly
And teach your scholars how to break your own
head.
Alas I see all apparent with, and with change
now.

323
A TRAGEDY.
Into a better husband, and never keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.
Alas, you have yet a son a duty living,
Please you accept it; let that your sorrow
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Alas and his sorrow at the grave must part
EPILOGUE.
To take a great vengeance; but there are writers
Deer that must (I fear) be slain and tossed
Alas, what an awful body must be slain.

Als. **ALL** we can do, to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow, for a brother;
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPICURE

—

Alas! All we can do, to comfort one another,
To visit a brother's grave, for a brother;
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies:
Your only robes have power to cause re-birth
The dead again, or at their tombs to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

—

FINIS.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

MORE DISSEMBLERS

BESIDES

WOMEN:

A

COMEDY.

BY

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

This author, the literary associate of Joseph Fletcher, Massachusetts, and Boston, has been traced the public notice from the one Shakespeare is supposed to have made of "The White," first published by Mr. Reed in 1752, from the original MS. It might easily have been taken from this circumstance, that this biographical notice would have given more information of him than they usually contain, but the contrary of this is the fact; he is rarely mentioned by his contemporaries and not a single anecdote was taken up, which curiosity was thus raised to its height. There is not the most minute circumstance, I believe, known, that will justify conjecture as to his birth, and as upon very doubtful authority that Mr. Malone is inclined to fix his death, shortly after 1696, when the manuscript, called "The Triumph of Health and Prosperity," was published; indeed if Oldys is correct, he was certainly alive after May 1697, for in enumerating some of the works contained in "Middleton's Farago," a list named among his other works, he mentions one relating to "Woburn Cottage, 1697"; this there can be no doubt alluded to the celebrated argument before the judges in the November of that year, upon the Woburn Cottage moved by Sir Thomas Darnley and others; indeed all that is known for certain is, that he was appointed chronologer to the city of London in 1690; and that he was tried before the privy council, and appeared there the 30th of August, 1694, as the author of the "Game of Chess &c."

* MS. notes on Langbaine in the Brit. Mus.
 † Rushworth, vol. 3, p. 558.
 ‡ See Osborn's "Apology," p. 407, where some curious particulars relating to this circumstance have been collected.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THIS author, the literary associate of Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, and Rowley, has of late years attracted the public notice from the use Shakspeare is supposed to have made of "The Witch," first published by Mr. Reed, in 1778, from the original MS. It might naturally have been hoped from this circumstance, that this biographical notice would have given more information of him than they usually contain; but the contrary of this is the fact; he is rarely mentioned by his contemporaries, and not a single anecdote was raked up, when curiosity was thus raised to its height. There is not the most minute circumstance, I believe, known, that will justify conjecture as to his birth; and it is upon very doubtful authority that Mr. Malone is inclined to fix his death, shortly after 1626, when the masque, called "The Triumph of Health and Prosperity," was published: indeed if Oldys * is correct, he was certainly alive after Nov. 1627; for in enumerating some of the articles contained in "Middleton's Farrago," a MS. named among his other works, he mentions one relating to "*Habeas Corpus*, 1627;" this there can be no doubt alluded to the celebrated argument before the judges in the November of that year, upon the *Habeas Corpus* moved by Sir Thomas Darnel and others†. Indeed all that is known for certain is, that he was appointed chronologer to the city of London in 1620; and that he was cited before the privy council, and appeared there the 30th of August, 1624, as the author of the "Game of Chess ‡."

* MS. notes on Langbaine in the Brit. Mus.

† Rushworth, vol. i. p. 558.

‡ See Chalmer's "Apology," p. 497, where some curious particulars relating to this circumstance have been collected.

That he was held in estimation by the poets of his own times may justly be concluded from such men as Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger, having admitted him into literary fellowship. On "Michaelmas Term," says Oldys, Sir Wm. Lower has the following lines :

"Tom Middleton his numerous issue brings,
And his last muse delights us when she sings :
His halting age a pleasure doth impart,
And his white locks show master of his art."

Modern authors also seem inclined to place him as one of the first in the second class of writers. Mr. Gifford speaks of him as "a man of considerable powers;" and Mr. Weber, as an author that "filled a very distinguished place among those of the second rank." Other passages might be adduced from his contemporaries, and from modern writers, containing at least equal commendation.

It appears from Henslowe's MS. that he joined Drayton, Webster, and Mundy, in the
Two Harpies, 1602.

And Dekker in

The Patient Man, and Honest Whore, 1602-3.

And that he wrote

Randall, Earl of Chester, 1602.

Which Malone supposes to be the Mayor of Quinborough ;

And from the books of the Stationers' Company,

The Puritan Maid, Modest Wife, and Wanton Widow.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF HIS PUBLISHED DRAMAS :

1. Blurt, Master Constable, C. 4to. 1602.
2. Phoenix, T. C. 4to. 1607 ; 4to. 1630.
3. Michaelmas Term, C. 4to. 1607 ; 4to. 1630. 4to. 1680.
4. Your five Gallants, C. 4to. no date ; [perhaps 1607, when it was licensed.]
5. Family of Love ; C. 4to. 1608.

6. A Mad World, my Masters, C. 4to. 1608; 4to. 1640.
D. C.

7. A Trick to Catch the Old One, C. 4to. 1608; 4to. 1616.

8. Inner Temple Masque, 4to. 1619; 4to. 1640.

9. Game at Chess; there are two editions without date, [1624.]

10. Chaste Maid in Cheapside, C. 4to. 1630.

11. No { Wit } like a Woman's, C. 8vo. 1657.
 { Help }

12. More Dissemblers besides Women, C. 8vo. 1657.

This play, though published so late, was certainly written many years before 1623, as appears from the following extract from Sir H. Herbert's Office Book, Oct. 17, 1623: "For the king's company, an *old* play, called More Dissemblers besides Women; allowed by Sir George Bucke; and being free from alterations was allowed by me, for a new play, called the Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to Use, written by Fletcher."

13. Women beware Women, T. 8vo. 1657.

14. Mayor of Quinborough, C. 4to. 1661. D. C.

15. Any Thing for a Quiet Life, C. 4to. 1662.

16. The Witch, 8vo. 1778.

This play, which was left in MS., was printed by the late Isaac Reed, and distributed among his friends: a liberality worthy of imitation.

He also joined with Dekker in the
Roaring Girl, C. 4to. 1611.

With Rowley in a
Fair Quarrel, C. 4to. 1617.

The Changeling, T. 4to. 1653; and

The Spanish Gipsy, C. 4to. 1653; 4to. 1661; and the
World toss'd at Tennis, (a masque), 4to. 1620.

With Rowley and Massinger in the
Old Law, C. 4to. 1656.

With Fletcher and Jonson in the
Widow, C. 4to. 1652.

In addition to these, Middleton wrote the following
Pageants :

The Triumphs of Truth, 4to. 1613.

The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity, 4to. 1619.

The Sun in Aries, 4to. 1621.

The Triumph of Health and Prosperity, 4to. 1626.

To this list I add the following information from Oldys' MS. notes: "There are," says he, "two MSS. of this author's in being, which have never been taken notice of in any account of him. They were sold in an auction of books at the Apollo Coffee-house, in Fleet Street, about the year 1735, by Edward Lewis, but puffed up to a great price, bought back, and could not afterwards be recovered. They are entitled, 1st. 'Annales; or, a continuation of Chronologie; conteyninge Passages and Occurences proper to the Honno^{ble} Citty of London; beginnunge in the Year of our Lorde 1620.' By Thomas Middleton, then received by their honorable senate as chronologer for the cittye. 2ndly, 'Middleton's Farrago'".

UPON
THE TRAGEDY

OF

MY FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE,

T. MIDDLETON.

**WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN ; 'tis a true text
Never to be forgot ; drabs of state vex'd,
Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,
To murder virtue with a venom kiss.
Witness this worthy tragedy, express'd
By him that well deserv'd among the best
Of poets in his time : he knew the rage,
Madness of women cross'd ; and for the stage
Fitted their humours ; hell-bred malice, strife
Acted in state, presented to the life.
I that have seen't, can say, having just cause,
Never came tragedy off with more applause.**

NATH. RICHARDS*.

* This was most probably Nath. Richards, author of "Messalina," who took the degree of LL.B. at Caius Col. Camb. in 1634.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Cardinal of Milan.

Lactantio, his nephew.

Andrugio, General of Milan.

Father to Aurelia.

Lords of Milan.

Governor of the fort, in love with Aurelia.

Crotchet, a singing-master.

Sinquapace, a dancing-master.

Usher to Sinquapace.

Captain of the Gipsies.

Dondolo, servant to Lactantio.

Dutchess of Milan.

Celia, her waiting-gentlewoman.

Aurelia, beloved of Andrugio and Lactantio.

Page, Lactantio's old sweetheart disguised.

Gipsies, Servants, and Guards.

MORE DISSEMBLERS

BESIDES

WOMEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LACTANTIO, AURELIA, and SERVANT.

SONG. (*Within.*)

To be chaste is woman's glory,
'Tis her fame and honour's story.
Here sits she in funeral weeds,
Only bright in virtuous deeds.
Come, and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays.

Lact. WELCOME, soul's music! I have been listening here

To melancholy strains from the Dutchess's lodgings;

That strange great widow, that has vow'd so stiffly
Never to know love's heat in a second husband:

And she has kept the fort most valiantly
(To th' wonder of her sex) this seven year's day;
And that's no sorry trial. A month's constancy
Is held a virtue in a city widow,

And are they excell'd by so much more i' th' court?
 'My faith, a rare example for our wives.
 Heaven's blessing on her heart for't, poor soul;
 She'd need have somewhat to comfort her.
 What would'st thou do faith now,
 If I were dead, suppose I were thy husband?
 (As shortly I will be, and that's as good):
 Speak freely, an thou lov'st me *.

Aur. Alas! sir,
 I should not have the leisure to make vows,
 For dying presently, I should be dead
 Before you were laid out.

Lact. Now fie upon thee for a hasty dyer;
 Would'st thou not see me buried?

Aur. Talk not on't, sir,
 These many years, unless you take delight
 To see me swoon, or make a ghost of me.

Lact. Alas! poor soul, I'll kiss thee into colour.
 Canst thou paint pale so quickly? I perceive then
 Thou'dst go beyond the Dutchess in her vow,
 Thou'dst die indeed: What's he?

Aur. Be settled, sir;
 Spend neither doubt, nor fear upon that fellow,
 Health cannot be more trusty to man's life,
 Than he to my necessities in love.

* The measure would be improved by reading as follows;
 but I do not think I should have been justified in the alteration,
 as the same may be observed of many other passages in these
 plays.

Heav'n's blessing on her heart for it, poor soul,
 She'd need of somewhat more to comfort her.
 What wouldst thou do, faith now, if I were dead?
 Suppose I were thy husband, (as most shortly
 I will be so, and that's as good in this case:)
 Speak freely, an thou lov'st me.

Lact. I take him on thy word, and praise his
face,
Though he look scurvily : I will think hereafter
That honesty may walk with fire in's nose,
As well as brave deserts in broken clothes :
But for thy further safety, I've provided
A shape, that at first sight will start thy modesty,
And make thee blush perhaps ; but 'twill away
After a qualm or two. Virginity
Has been put often to those shifts before thee,
Upon extremities ; a little boldness
Cannot be call'd immodesty, especially
When there's no means without it, for our safeties :
Thou knowest my uncle, the lord cardinal,
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of womankind
About his lodgings ;
Hardly a matron of fourscore's admitted ;
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there,
To mumble matins ; all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the Dutchess ; he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow, and likes not any ;
So does he love that man, above his book,
That loves no woman : for my fortune's sake then,
For I am like to be his only heir,
I must dissemble and appear as fair
To his opinion, as the brow of piety ;
As void of all impureness as an altar,
Thine ear, (*whispers*) that, and we are safe.

Aur. You make me blush, sir.

Lact. 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous
cheek,
It blazes beauty's bounty, and hurts nothing.

Aur. The power of love commands me.

Lact. I shall wither in comforts, till I see thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The CARDINAL is discovered in his Closet with
two or three LORDS.*

Card. My lords, I have work for you: when
you have hours

Free from the cares of state, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the Dutchess's virtues,
My study's ornaments: I make her constancy
The holy mistress of my contemplation:
Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow: I have no power
To suffer virtue to go thinly clad:
I that have ever been in youth an old man,
To pleasures and to women; could never love,
But pity 'em, and all their momentary
Frantic follies; here I stand in admiration*,
And bow to the chaste health of our great Dutchess,
Kissing her constant name: Oh, my fair lords,
When we find grace confirm'd, especially
In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
We're spirit ravish'd; men of our probation

* I have here attempted to correct the measure, with what success I leave to the reader; in some other places I have not scrupled silently to reject a monosyllable for the same reason.

"I that have ever been in youth, an old man
To pleasures and to women, *and* could never love but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantick follies.
Here *I* stand *up* in admiration"—

Feel the sphere's-music playing in their souls:
 Unto the eternizing of her sex*,
 She 'as kept her vow so strictly, and as chaste
 As everlasting life is kept for virtue,
 E'en from the sight of men; to make her oath
 As uncorrupt as th' honour of a virgin,
 That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
 Like one of frailty's ruins, shrinks to dust;
 No longer she's a virgin, than she's just.

1 *Lord*. Chaste sir, the truth and justice of her
 VOW

To her deceased lord's able to make poor
 Man's treasury of praises: but methinks
 She that has no temptation set before her,
 Her virtue has no conquest: then would her con-
 stancy

Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory;
 If she would give admittance, see, and be seen,
 And yet resist, and conquer; there were argu-
 ment

For angels; 'twould outreach the life of praise,
 Set in mortality's shortness. I speak this
 Not for religion, but for love of her,
 Whom I wish less religious, and more loving:
 But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault;
 But 'tis so rare, few of her sex are took with't,
 And that makes some amends.

Card. You have put my zeal into a way, my Lord,
 I shall not be at peace, till I make perfect:
 I'll make her victory harder; 'tis my crown
 When I bring grace to great'st perfection;

* "So long, unto the eternizing of her sex."

Is the reading of the original.

And I dare trust that daughter with a world;
 None but her vow and she. I know she wears
 A constancy, will not deceive my praises;
 A faith so noble—she that once knows heaven,
 Need put in no security for her truth;
 I dare believe her faith *, use all the art,
 Temptation, witcheries, sleights, and subtleties,
 You temporal lords, and all your means can
 practise.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, not any we.

Card. Her resolute goodness
 Shall as a rock stand firm, and send the sins
 That beat against it, into the bosom of the owners,
 weeping.

3 *Lord.* We wish her virtue's so.

Card. Oh, give me pardon,
 I have lost myself in her, upon my friends.
 Your charitable censures I beseech,
 So dear her white fame is to my soul's love,
 'Tis an affliction but to hear it question'd:
 She's my religious triumph:
 If you desire a belief rightly to her,
 Think she can never waver, then you're sure.
 She has a fixed heart, it cannot err;
 He kills my hopes of woman, that doubts her.

1 *Lord.* No more, my Lord, 'tis fix'd.

Card. Believe my judgment,
 I never praise in vain; nor ever spent
 Opinion idly; or lost hopes of any
 Where I once plac'd it; welcome as my joys!
 Now you are part believers of her virtue?

All Lords. We are the same most firmly.

* The original reads, "face."

Card. Good opinion
In others reward you, and all your actions.
Who's near us?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord.

Card. Call our nephew: there's a work too
That for blood's sake I labour to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy: he's but a youth
To speak of years, yet I dare venture him
To old mens' goodnesses and gravities,
For his strict manners, and win glory by him:
And for the chasteness of his continence
(Which is a rare grace in the spring of man)
He does excel the youth of all our time;
Which gift of his, more than affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him.
The company of a woman is as fearful to him,
As death to guilty men: I have seen him blush,
When but a maid was nam'd: I'm proud of him,
Heaven be not angry for't! He's near of kin
In disposition to me. I shall do much for him
In life-time, but in death I shall do all;
There he will find my love. He's yet too young
In years to rise in state, but his good parts
Will bring him in the sooner. Here he comes.

Enter LACTANTIO with a Book.

What, at thy meditation? half in heaven.

Lact. The better half, my Lord; my mind's
there still:

And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.

Card. What man in age could bring forth
graver thoughts?

Lact. He that lives fourscore years, is but
like one

That stays here for a friend; when death comes,
then

Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.

I wonder at the young men of our days,

That they can doat on pleasure, or what 'tis

They give that title to unless in mockage.

There's nothing I can find upon the earth

Worthy the name of pleasure, unless 't be

To laugh at folly; which indeed good charity

Should rather pity: but of all the frenzies

That follow flesh and blood (oh, reverend uncle!)

The most ridiculous is to fawn on women;

There's no excuse for that; 'tis such a madness,

There is no cure set down for't; no physician

Ever spent hour about it; for they guess'd

'Twas all in vain, when they first lov'd themselves,

And never since durst practise; cry *Hei! mihi**,

That's all the help they have for't. I had rather

meet

A witch far north, than a fine fool in love;

The sight would less afflict me; but for modesty,

(And your grave presence, that learns men re-

spect)

I should fall foul in words upon fond man

That can forget his excellence and honour,

His serious meditations, being the end

Of his creation, to learn well to die,

* The young hypocrite alludes here to a well known line in
Ovid.

And live a prisoner to a woman's eye.

Can there be greater thralldom, greater folly?

Card. (Aside.) In making him my heir, I make
good works,

And they give wealth a blessing; on the contrary,

What curses does he heap upon his soul

That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,

To be consum'd on surfeits, pride, and harlots:

Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides

A quiet rest for mine.

Enter PAGE with a Letter.

Lact. How now; the news?

Page. A letter, sir, brought by a gentleman
That lately came from Rome.

Lact. (Aside.) That's she, she's come:

I fear not to admit her in his presence;

There is the like already. I'm writ chaste

In my grave uncle's thoughts; and honest meanings

Think all mens' like their own. (*Aside to the*

Page.) Thou look'st so pale,

What ail'st thou here o' late?

Page. I doubt I have cause, sir.

Lact. Why, what's the news?

Page. I fear, sir, I'm with child.

Lact. With child? peace! peace! speak low.

Page. 'Twill prove I fear so.

Lact. Beshrew my heart for that!—Desire the
gentleman

To walk a turn or two.

Card. What gentleman?

Lact. One lately come from Rome, my lord,
in credit

With Lord Vincentio; so the letter speaks him.

Card. Admit him, my kind boy: the prettiest
servant

That ever man was bless'd with; 'tis so meek,
So good and gentle, 'twas the best alm's-deed
That e'er you did, to keep him. I have oft took
him

Weeping alone (poor boy) at the remembrance
Of his lost friends; which, as he says, the sea
Swallow'd with all their substance.

Lact. 'Tis a truth, sir,
Has cost the poor boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company: In such pity,
I always spend my part. Here comes the gentle-
man.

Enter AURELIA, dressed like a gentleman.

Card. Welcome to Milan, sir: how is the
health
Of Lord Vincentio?

Aur. May it please your grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same bless'd fortune keeps it.

Card. I hear you're near him.

Aur. One of his chamber, my Lord.

Lact. (*Aside.*) I'd ne'er wish one of her con-
dition nearer,
Than to be one of mine.

Card. Your news is pleasing;
Whilst you remain in Milan, I request you
To know the welcome of no house but ours.

Aur. Thanks to your grace.

Card. I'll leave you to confer;
I'll to the Dutchess, and labour her perfection.

[*Exit Cardinal.*]

Lact. Then thus begins our conference : I arrest thee

In Cupid's name ; deliver up your weapon,
[*Takes her sword.*

It is not for your wearing ; Venus knows it.
Here's a fit thing indeed ! nay, hangers and all,
Away with 'em ! out upon 'em ! things of trouble,
And out of use with you. Now you're my
prisoner,

And till you swear you love me, all, and only,
You part not from mine arms.

Aur. I swear it willingly.

Lact. And that you do renounce the general's
love,
That heretofore laid claim to you.

Aur. My heart bids me,
You need not teach me that ; my eye ne'er knew
A perfect choice, till it stood bless'd with you.
There's yet a rival, whom you little dream of ;
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too I hate him :
I'll thrust 'em both together in one oath,
And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women,
To solder up their credits.

Lact. Prithee what's he?
Another yet ! for laughter's sake discover him.

Aur. The governor of the fort.

Lact. That old dry'd neat's tongue !

Aur. A gentleman after my father's relish.

Enter FATHER and GOVERNOR.

Fath. By your kind favours, gentlemen.

Aur. (*Aside to Lact.*) Oh, my father !
We are both betray'd.

Lact. (*Aside to Aur.*) Peace! you may prove too fearful.

To whom your business, sir?

Fath. To the Lord Cardinal,
If it would please yourself, or that young gentleman,
To grace me with admittance.

Lact. I will see, sir;
The gentleman's a stranger, new come o'er.
He understands you not—*Loff tro veen tantum-*
bro, hoff tuftee

Locumber shaw.

Aur. *Quisquimken, sapadlaman, fool-urchin old*
astrata.

Fath. Nay, and that be the language, we can
speak't too: *Strumpettikin,*
Bold harlottum, queaninisma, whoremongeria,
Shame to thy sex, and sorrow to thy father,
Is this a shape for reputation,
And modesty to mask in? thou too cunning
For credulous goodness.
Did not a reverent respect and honour,
That's due unto the sanctimonious peace
Of this Lord's house, restrain my voice and anger,
And teach it soft humility, I would lift
Both your disgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me: but to shame you
I will not cast a blemish upon virtue:
Call that your happiness, and the dearest too,
That such a bold attempt could ever boast of.
We'll see if a strong fort can hold you now:
Take her, sir, to you.

Gov. How have I deserv'd
The strangeness of this hour?

Fath. Talk not so tamely.

(*To Lact.*) For you, sir, thank the reverence of
this place,

Or your hypocrisy I had put out of grace;

I had i'faith; if ever I can fit you,

Expect to hear from me. [*Exeunt.*]

Lact. I thank you, sir;

The cough o' th' lungs requite you! I could curse
him

Into diseases by whole dozens now;

But one's enough to beggar him, if he light

Upon a wise physician. 'Tis a labour

To keep those little wits I have about me.

Still did I dream that villain would betray her:

I'll never trust slave with a parboil'd nose again.

I must devise some trick to excuse her absence

Now to my uncle too; there is no mischief

But brings one villany* or other still

Ev'n close at heels on't. I'm pain'd at heart;

If ever there were hope of me to die

For love, 'tis now; I never felt such gripings:

If I can 'scape this climacterical year,

Women ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear.

Kept with him in the fort? why there's no hope

Of ever meeting now; my way's not thither,

Love bless us with some means to get together,

And I'll pay all the old reck'nings. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter DUTCHESS above, and CELIA.

Dutch. What a contented rest rewards my mind
For faithfulness; I give it constancy,

* The original reads, "villain."

And it returns me peace; how happily
 Might woman live, methinks, confin'd within
 The knowledge of one husband:
 What comes of more, rather proclaims desire
 Prince of affections, than religious love;
 Brings frailty and our weakness into question;
 'Mongst our male enemies, makes widows tears
 Rather the cup of laughter than of pity.
 What credit can our sorrows have with men,
 When in some months space they turn light again;
 Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
 Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,
 Or make a faith as perfect to myself
 In resolution, as a vow would come to,
 And do as much right so to constancy,
 As strictness could require; for 'tis our goodness,
 And not our strength that does it. I am arm'd now
 'Gainst all deserts in man, be 't valour, wisdom,
 Courtesy, comeliness, nay, truth itself,
 Which seldom keeps him company. I commend
 The virtues highly, as I do an instrument
 When the case hangs by th' wall; but man himself
 Never comes near my heart.

Enter CARDINAL.

Card. The blessing of perfection to your
 thoughts, lady!
 For I'm resolv'd they are good ones.

Dutch. Honour of greatness,
 Friend to my vow, and father to my fame,
 Welcome, as peace to temples!

Card. I bring war.

Dutch. How, sir?

Card. A harder fight: if now you conquer,
You crown my praises double.

Dutch. What's your aim, sir?

Card. To astonish sin, and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodness shine more glorious.
When your fair noble vow show'd you the way
To excellence in virtue, to keep back
The fears that might discourage you at first,
Pitying your strength, it show'd you not the worst:
'Tis not enough for tapers to burn bright,
But to be seen, so to lend others light,
Yet not impair themselves; their flame as pure,
As when it shin'd in secret; so t' abide
Temptations, is the soul's flame truly try'd.
I have an ambition, but a virtuous one,
I would have nothing want to your perfection.

Dutch. Is there a doubt found yet? is it so hard
For woman to recover, with all diligence,
And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
What many of her sex has so long lost?
Can you believe that any sight of man,
Held he the worth of millions in one spirit,
Had power to alter me?

Card. No, there's my hope,
My credit, and my triumph.

Dutch. I'll no more
Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
Is but a virtue question'd; I'll come forth
And show myself to all; the world shall witness,
That, like the sun, my constancy can look
On earth's corruptions, and shine clear itself.

Card. Hold conquest now, and I have all my
wishes. [*Cornets, and a shout within.*]

Dutch. The meaning of that sudden shout, my lord?

Card. Seignior Andrugio, general of the field,
Successful in his fortunes, is arriv'd,
And met by all the gallant hopes of Milan;
Welcom'd with laurel wreaths, and hymns of
praises;

Vouchsafe but you to give him the first grace,
Of your so long hid presence, he has then
All honours that can bless victorious man.

Dutch. You shall prevail, grave sir.

*Enter ANDRUGIO, like a Conqueror, attended by
the Nobility and Senators.*

SONG.

Laurel is a victor's due,
I give it you,
I give it you.
Thy name with praise,
Thy brow with bays,
We circle round.
All men rejoice
With cheerful voice,
To see thee like a conqueror crown'd.

A Cupid descending, sings:

I am a little conqueror too
For wreaths of bays,
There's arms of cross*,
And that's my due.

* Across, I presume.

I give the flaming heart,
It is my crest:
And by the mother's side,
The weeping eye,
The sighing breast.
It is not power in you, fair beauties,
If I command love, 'tis your duties.

[*Ascends.*]

During these songs Andrugio peruses a letter delivered him by a Lord; the procession then closes with this song below:

Welcome, welcome, son of fame,
Honour triumphs in thy name!

[*Exeunt in state.*]

Lord. Alas, poor gentleman! I brought him news,
That like a cloud spread over all his glories:
When he miss'd her, whom his eye greedily sought for,
His welcome seem'd so poor, he took no joy in't;
But when he found her, by her father forc'd
To the old governor's love, and kept so strictly,
A coldness struck his heart. There is no state
So firmly happy, but feels Envy's might.
I know Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a rich man death;
And yet his welcome show'd as fair and friendly
As his that wore the truest love to him;
When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food.

[*Exit.*]

Celia. Madam! madam!

Dutch. Beshrew thy heart! Dost thou not see
me busy?

You show your manners.

Celia. In the name of goodness,
What ails my lady?

Dutch. I confess I'm mortal;
There's no defending on't; 'tis cruel flattery
To make a lady believe otherwise.
Is not this flesh? can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this; for love and death
Are brothers in this kingdom, only death
Comes by the mother's side, and that's the surest*.
That general is wondrous fortunate;
Has won another field since, and a victory
That credits all the rest: he may more boast on't,
Than of a thousand conquests. I am lost,
Utterly lost! where are my women now?
Alas! what help's in them, what strength have
they?
I call to a weak guard, when I call them;
In rescuing me they'll be themselves o'ercome:
When I, that profess'd war, am overthrown.
What hope's in them, then, that ne'er stir'd from
home?
My faith is gone for ever:
My reputation with the Cardinal,
My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace,
Chang'd for a restless passion: oh, hard spite,
To lose my seven years victory at one sight!

[*Exit.*]

* Perhaps our poet alludes here to the consequences of Eve's transgression.

SCENE IV.

Enter DONDOLO, and the PAGE with a Shirt.

Page. I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt and air it a little against my master rises; I had rather do any thing than do't, i'faith.

Dond. O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable! are not you big enough to air a shirt? were it a smock now, you liquorish page, you'd be hang'd ere you'd part from it. If thou dost not prove as arrant a smell-smock, as any the town affords in a term time, I'll lose my judgment in wenching.

Page. Pish! here, Dondolo, prithee take it.

Dond. It's no more but up and ride with you then: all my generation were beadles and officers, and do you think I'm so easily entreated? you shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get any thing from my hands; I will not degenerate so much from the nature of my kindred; you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have any thing done, or else you may do't yourself: 'twas just my father's humour when he bore office. You know my mind, page; the song! the song! I must either have the song you sung to my master last night, when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you, from one week's end to the other. As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, nay, pull off straight boots, although in the

tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks; I'll take no more pity of your marrowbones, than a butcher's dog of a rump of beef; nay, ka me, ka thee*; If you will ease the melancholy of my mind with singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of boots'-hauling

Page. Alas! you know I cannot sing.

Dond. Take heed! you may speak at such an hour, that your voice may be clean taken away from you: I have known many a good gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and hath presently gone to bed and lay speechless: 'Tis not good to jest, as old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet. Cannot you sing, say you? Oh, that a boy should so keep cut† with his mother, and be given to dissembling.

Page. Faith, to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well;

But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

Dond. A pox of skill! give me plain simple cunning: why should not singing be as well got without skill, as the getting of children? You shall have the arrantest fool do as much there, as the wisest coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of doctors put to 'em; both the directions of physicians, and the erections of pothe-

* "*Ka me, ka thee*," if you'll do me one favour, I'll do you another. Mr. Gifford believes it to be a Scotch proverb. Its occurrence is sufficiently common in the old dramatists.

† *i. e.* Follow the example of his mother. The word is used by Sterne, in the same sense, in the 5th vol. of his "*Tristram Shandy*."

caries: you shall have a plain hobnail'd country fellow, marrying some dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, by'r lady, as the crop falls out; and your nice paling physic-ing gentlefolks, some one in nine years; and hardly then a whole one, as it should be; the wanting of some apricock or something, loses a member of him, or quite spoils it. Come, will you sing, that I may warm the shirt? by this light, he shall put it on cold for me else.

Page. A song or two I learnt with hearing gentlewomen practise themselves.

Dond. Come, you are so modest now, 'tis pity that thou wast ever bred to be thrust through a pair of canions*; thou wouldst have made a pretty foolish waiting-woman, but for one thing. Wilt sing?

Page. As well as I can, Dondolo.

Dond. Give me the shirt, then, I'll warm't as well [as] I can too.

Why look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock.

Page. No, 'tis my master's shirt.

Dond. Why, that's true too;

Who knows not that: why, 'tis the fashion, fool;
All your young gallants here of late wear smocks;
Those without beards especially.

Page. Why what's the reason, sir?

Dond. Marry, very great reason in't: a young gallant, lying a-bed with his wench, if the constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for sisters;

* The context sufficiently determined that part of the male dress to which Dondolo alludes.

and I hope a constable dare go no further : and as for the knowing of their heads, that's well enough too ; for I know many young gentlemen wear longer hair than their mistresses.

Page. 'Tis a hot world the whilst.

Dond. Nay, that's most certain ; and a most witty age of a bald one, for all languages ; you've many daughters so well brought up, they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turn'd to the Spanish and Italian* half a year after.

Page. That's like learning the grammar first, and the accidence after ; they go backward so.

Dond. The fitter for the Italian : thou'st no wit, boy ;

Hadst had a tutor, he'd have taught thee that.

Come, come, that I may be gone, boy.

SONG.

Page. Cupid is Venus' only joy,
But he's a [very] wanton boy :
A very, very wanton boy :
He shoots at ladies naked breasts ;
He is the cause of most mens' crests ;
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible, but horrid ;
Of the short velvet mask he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husbands' ne'er the wiser :
'Twas he first thought upon the way,
To keep a lady's lips in play.

Dond. Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and inticing !
Well, go thy ways, for as sweet a breasted page †,
as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed.

* It is to be remembered that the scene is laid in Italy.

† An expression for a sweet singer, not unusual at that time. See various examples adduced by Weber in a note on "The Pilgrim" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Page. You'll hie you in straight, Dondolo?

[*Exit.*

Dond. I'll not miss you.

This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toast. Let me see what's o'clock:
I must to th' castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook: my master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter DUTCHESS and CELIA.

Dutch. Seek out the lightest colours can be got ;
 The youthful'st dressings ; tawny is too sad.
 I am not thirty yet ! I have wronged my time
 To go so long in black, like a petitioner.
 See that the powder that I use about me
 Be rich in Cassia.

Celia. Here's a sudden change !

Dutch. Oh, I'm undone in faith ! Stay, art thou
 certain

Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal, was present
 In the late entertainment of the general ?

Celia. Upon my reputation with your excellence,
 These eyes beheld him : he came foremost, madam ;
 'Twas he in black and yellow.

Dutch. Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself,
 Or for the affectation of his colours,
 So you be sure he was there.

Celia. As sure as sight
 Can discern man from man, madam. [*Exit.*

Dutch. It suffices.
 Oh ! an ill cause had need of many helps,
 Much art, and many friends ; ay, and those mighty,
 Or else it sets in shame. A faith once lost,
 Requires great cunning ere 't be entertain'd
 Into the breast of a belief again :

There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow; she breaks with
heaven.

Enter CARDINAL.

Card. Increase of health, and a redoubled
courage
To chastity's great soldier! what so sad, madam?
(*Aside.*) The memory of her seven years de-
ceas'd lord

Springs yet into her eyes as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure:
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!
Too much to afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requir'd:
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis,
You need no weightier task.

Dutch. Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord.

Card. Which I shall ne'er forget.

Dutch. May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing husband.

Card. What's your meaning
In this, most virtuous madam?

Dutch. 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially;
Urge it no further yet; as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me, only I desire it
Effectually from you; that's my request.

Card. I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther.

You shall have your desire.

Dutch. I thank you, sir.

A blessing come along with't.

Card. You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time. Beware ambition;
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with sub-
mission.

And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
Good purposes begun: be what you seem,
Stedfast, and uncorrupt; your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain or art,
And not in vesture holier than in heart.

But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death,
To think that we must part: fellow of life,
Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess,
Death had no sting, but for our separation;
'Twould come more calm then [than] an ev'ning's
peace,

That brings on rest to labours: thou art so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy
Unto the man, that ever should enjoy thee:
Oh! a new torment strikes his force into me,
When I but think on't; I am rack'd and torn;
Pity me in thy virtues.

Dutch. My lov'd lord,
Let your confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
To draw my affections to a second liking.

Card. 'T has ever been thy promise, and the spring
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honourable in woman; and her ignorance
Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh:
But second marriage shows desires in flesh;
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows;
But she's part virgin, who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great faith,
At my last parting; I can crave no more,
And with thy vow I rest myself for ever;
My soul and it shall fly to heaven together:
Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in peace.

Dutch. Then here I vow never——

Card. Why, madam?

Dutch. I can go no further.

Card. What, have you forgot your vow?

Dutch. I have, too certainly.

Card. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now
Just where I left,

Dutch. My frailty gets before it;
Nothing prevails but ill.

Card. What ails you, madam?

Dutch. Sir, I'm in love.

Card. Oh, all you powers of chastity,
Look to this woman! let her not faint now
For honour of yourselves! If she be lost,
I know not where to seek my hope in woman.
Madam, O madam!

Dutch. My desires are sicken'd
Beyond recovery of good counsel, sir.

Card. What mischief ow'd a malice to the sex,
To work this spiteful ill! better the man
Had never known creation, than to live

Th' unlucky ruin of so fair a temple:
 Yet think upon your vow, revive in faith,
 Those are eternal things. What are all pleasures,
 Flatteries of men, and follies upon earth
 To your most excellent goodness? Oh! she's dead;
 Stark cold to any virtuous claim within her.
 What now is heat, is sin's. Have I approved
 Your constancy for this? call'd your faith noble?
 Writ volumes of your victories and virtues?
 I have undone my judgment, lost my praises,
 Blemish'd the truth of my opinion.
 Give me the man, that I may pour him out
 To all contempt and curses.

Dutch. The man's innocent,
 Full of desert and grace, his name Lactantio.

Card. How?

Dutch. Your nephew.

Card. My nephew!

Dutch. Beshrew the sight of him! he lives not,
 sir,

That could have conquer'd me, himself excepted.

Card. He that I lov'd so dearly, does he wear
 Such killing poison in his eye to sanctity?
 He has undone himself for ever by't;
 Has lost a friend of me, and a most sure one.
 Farewell, all natural pity! though my affection
 Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,
 I'll lose him now eternally, and strive
 To live without him; he shall straight to Rome.

Dutch. Not if you love my health, or life, my
 lord.

Card. This day he shall set forth.

Dutch. Dispatch me rather.

Card. I'll send him far enough.

Dutch. Send me to death first.

Card. No basilisk that strikes dead pure affection

With venomous eye, lives under my protection.

[*Exit.*

Dutch. Now my condition's worse than e'er
'twas yet:

My cunning takes not with him: 'has broke
through

The net, that with all art was set for him,

And left the snarer here herself entangled

With her own toils. Oh! what are we poor souls,

When our dissembling fails us? Surely creatures

As full of want, as any nation can be

That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em:

Had this but took effect, what a fair way

Had I made for my love to th' general,

And cut off all suspect, all apprehension:

My hopes are kill'd i' th' blossom! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter CARDINAL.

Card. Let me think upon't;

Set holy anger by awhile, there's time

Allow'd for natural argument: 'tis she

That loves my nephew; she that loves; loves first;

What cause have I to lay a blame on him then?

He's in no fault in this: say 'twas his fortune

At the free entertainment of the general,

'Mongst others, the deserts and hopes of Milan,

To come into her sight; where's th' offence yet?

What sin was that in him? Man's sight and presence

Are free to public view : she might as well
Have fixed her heart's love then upon some other ;
I would 't had lighted any where but there !
Yet I may err to wish't, since it appears
The hand of heaven, that only pick'd him out
To reward virtue in him by this fortune,
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now :
I love his good, as dearly as her vow,
Yet there my credit lives in works and praises :
I never found a harder fight within me,
Since zeal first taught me war : say I should labour
To quench this love, and so quench life and all ;
As by all likelihood it would prove her death ;
For it must needs be granted, she affects him
As dearly as the power of love can force,
Since her vow awes her not, that was her saint ;
What right could that be to religion
To be her end, and dispossess my kinsman ?
No, I will bear in pity to her heart,
The rest commend to fortune, and my art.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter FATHER, GOVERNOR, AURELIA, and ANDRUGIO *disguised.*

Gov. I like him passing well.

Fath. He's a tall fellow.

And. (*Aside.*) A couple of tall wits.—I have seen some service, sir.

Gov. Nay, so it seems by thy discourse, good fellow.

And. (Aside.) Good fellow! calls me thief familiarly*.

I could show many marks of resolution,
But modesty could wish 'em rather hidden:
I fetch'd home three-and-twenty wounds together
In one set battle; where I was defeated
At the same time of the third part of my nose;
But meeting with a skilful surgeon,
Took order for my snuffling.

Gov. And a nose
Well heal'd, is counted a good cure in these days;
It saves many a man's honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspicion.
This night shall bring you acquainted with your
charge;

In the meantime you and your valour's welcome.
Would we had more store of you, although they
come
With fewer marks about 'em.

Fath. So I wish, sir. [*Exeunt Fath. and Gov.*]

And. (Aside.) I was about to call her; and
she stays
Of her own gift, as if she knew my mind;
Certain she knows me not; 'not possible.

Aur. (Aside.) What if I left my token, and
my letter

* So in "A Trick to catch the Old One:"

Host. "Bless your venerable worship.

Lucre. Welcome, good fellow.

Host. He calls me thief at first sight."

With this strange fellow, so to be convey'd
 Without suspicion to Lactantio's servant?
 Not so, I'll trust no freshman with such secrets;
 His ignorance may mistake, and giv't to one
 That may belong to th' general; for I know
 He sets some spies about me, but all he gets
 Shall not be worth his pains. I would Lactantio
 Would seek some means to free me from this place;
 'Tis prisonment enough to be a maid;
 But to be mew'd up too, that case is hard,
 As if a toy were kept by a double guard.

[*Is going.*]

And. (Aside.) Away she steals again, not
 minding me.

'Twas not at me she offer'd.—Hark, you gentle-
 woman.

Aur. With me, sir?

And. I could call you by your name,
 But gentle's the best attribute to woman.

Aur. Andrugio! oh, as welcome to my lips,
 As morning dew to roses: my first love.

And. Why, have you more then?

Aur. What a word was there!
 More than thyself, what woman could desire
 If reason had a part of her creation?
 For loving you, you see, sir, I'm a prisoner;
 There's all the cause they have against me, sir:
 A happy persecution, I so count on't.
 If any thing be done to me for your sake,
 'Tis pleasing to me.

And. Are you not abus'd,
 Either through force, or by your own consent?
 Hold you your honour perfect and unstain'd?

Are you the same still, that at my departure,
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?

Aur. The same most just.

And. Swear 't.

Aur. By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage!

And. I am confirm'd; and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom.

Aur. Oh you flatter me!
It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction.

Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't!

'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast.

My freedom, said you?

And. Does't o'ercome you so?

Aur. Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly, than this sweet news, my heart.
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't.

And. Violence I will not use, I come a friend;
'Twere madness to force that, which wit can end.

Aur. Most virtuously deliver'd.

And. Thou art in raptures.

Aur. My love! my love!

And. Most virtuously deliver'd,
Spoke like the sister of a puritan midwife:
Will you embrace the means that I have thought on,
With all the speed you can?

Aur. Sir, any thing:
You cannot name 't too dangerous, or too homely.

And. Fie! [fie!] you overact your happiness;
You drive slight things to wonders.

Aur. Blame me not, sir,
You know not my affection.

And. Will you hear me?

There are a sect of pilf'ring juggling people,
The vulgar tongue call gipsies.

Aur. True: the same, sir:
I saw the like this morning. Say no more, sir,
I apprehend you fully.

And. What! you do not?

Aur. No? Hark you, sir. [*Whispers.*

And. Now by this light 'tis true!
Sure if you prove as quick as your conceit,
You'll be an excellent breeder.

Aur. I should do reason by the mother's side,
sir,
If fortune do her part, in a good getter.

And. That's not to do now, sweet, the man
stands near thee.

Aur. Long may he stand most fortunately, sir,
Whom her kind goodness has appointed for me.

And. Awhile I'll take my leave to avoid suspicion.

Aur. I do commend your course: good sir,
forget me not.

And. All comforts sooner.

Aur. Liberty is sweet, sir.

And. I know there's nothing sweeter, next to
love,
But health itself, which is the prince of life.

Aur. Your knowledge raise you, sir.

And. Farewell till evening. [*Exit Andrugio.*

Aur. And after that farewell, sweet sir, for ever.
A good kind gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting: I have chose a stuff
Will wear out two of him; and one finer too:
I like not him that has two mistresses,
War, and his sweetheart; he can ne'er please both:
And war's a soaker; she's no friend to us;

Turns a man home sometimes to his mistress,
 Some forty ounces poorer than he went:
 All his discourse's out of the Book of Surgery,
 Seer-cloth, and salve; and lies you all in tents,
 Like your camp-vict'lers: Out upon't! I smile
 To think how I have fitted him with an office:
 His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
 Much like your man that labours to get treasure,
 To keep his wife high for another's pleasure.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter LANCTANTIO and PAGE.**Page.* Think of your shame and mine.*Lact.* I prithee peace :

Thou art th' unfortunat'st piece of taking business,
 That ever man repented, when day peep'd ;
 I'll ne'er keep such a piece of touchwood again,
 An I were rid of thee once. Well fare those
 That never sham'd their master ; I have had such ;
 And I may live to see the time again,
 I do not doubt on't.

Page. If my too much kindness
 Receive your anger only for reward,
 The harder is my fortune : I must tell you, sir,
 To stir your care up to prevention,
 (Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings)
 When I left all my friends in Mantua,
 For your love's sake alone, then with strange oaths
 You promis'd present marriage.

Lact. With strange oaths, quoth' a !
 They're not so strange to me ; I have sworn the
 same things,
 I am sure forty times over ; not so little.
 I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing.

Page. You see 'tis high time now, sir.

Lact. Yes, yes, yes,
 Marriage is nothing with you ; a toy till death.
 If I should marry all those I have promis'd,

'Twould make one vicar hoarse, ere he could
dispatch us :

(*Aside.*) I must devise some shift when she grows
big,

Those masculine hose will shortly prove too little:
What if she were convey'd to nurse's house?
A good sure old wench ; and she'd love the child
well,

Because she suckl'd the father : no ill course
By my mortality, I may hit worse.

Enter DONDOLO.

Now, Dondolo, the news ?

Dond. The news ?

Lact. How does she ?

Dond. Soft, soft, sir ; you think 'tis nothing to
get news out o' th' castle ;

I was there.

Lact. Well, sir.

Dond. As you know a merry fellow may pass
any where.

Lact. So, sir.

Dond. Never in better fooling in my life.

Lact. What's this to th' purpose ?

Dond. Nay, 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's
certain.

Lact. How wretched this slave makes me !
Didst not see her ?

Dond. I saw her.

Lact. Well, what said she then ?

Dond. Not a word, sir.

Lact. How, not a word ?

Dond. Proves her the better maid ;

For virgins should be seen more than they're heard.

Lact. Exceeding good, sir ; you are no sweet villain.

Dond. No faith, sir, for you keep me in foul linen.

Lact. Turn'd scurvy rhymers, are you ?

Dond. Not scurvy neither,
Though I be somewhat itchy in the profession ;
If you could hear me out with patience, I know
her mind

As well as if I were in her belly.

Lact. Thou saidst e'en now, she never spake
a word.

Dond. But she gave certain signs, and that's
as good.

Lact. Canst thou conceive by signs ?

Dond. Oh, passing well, sir,
E'en from an infant : did you ne'er know that ?
I was the happiest child in all our country,
I was born of a dumb woman.

Lact. How ?

Dond. Stark dumb, sir : my father had a rare bargain of her, a rich pennyworth ; there would have been but too much money given for her. A justice of peace was about her, but my father being then constable, carried her before him.

Lact. Well, since we are enter'd into these
dumb shows,
What were the signs she gave you ?

Dond. Many and good, sir.

Imprimis, she first gap'd ; but that I guess'd
Was done for want of air, 'cause she's kept close ;
But had she been abroad, and gap'd as much,

*T had been another case : then cast she up
Her pretty eye and wink'd ; the word methought
was then

Come not till twitter light* : next, thus her fin-
gers went,

As who should say, I'd fain have a hole broke to
'scape away :

Then look'd upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
As who should say, the hour will come, sweetheart,
That I shall make two noddies of my keepers.

Lact. A third of thee. Is this your mother
tongue?

My hopes are much the wiser for this language.

There is no such curse in love as an arrant ass !

Dond. O yes, sir, yes, an arrant whore's far
worse. You ne'er lin † railing on me, from one
week's end to another ; but you can keep a little
tit-mouse page there, that's good for nothing but
to carry toothpicks, put up your pipe or so, that's
all he's good for : he cannot make him ready as
he should do ; I am fain to truss his points ev'ry
morning : yet the proud scornful ape, when all
the lodgings were taken up with strangers th'
other night, he would not suffer me to come to
bed to him, but kick'd and prick'd, and pinch'd
me, like an urchin ; there's no good quality in
him : O' my conscience, I think he scarce knows
how to stride a horse ; I saw him with a little

* "Twitter light"—*twilight*, I suppose.

† "Never *lin* railing on me"—never *cease*. So in "The
Widow" of Jonson, Fletcher, and our poet, (Act V. Scene I.)

"Their tongues will never

Lin railing, master."

And many other places.

hunting nag, but thus high t'other day, and he was fain to lead him to a high rail, and get up like a butter-wench; there's no good fellowship in this dandiprat*, this dive-dapper, as is in other pages; they'd go a swimming with me familiarly i' th' heat of summer, and clap what-you-call-'ems. But I could never get that little monkey yet to put off his breeches: a tender, puling, nice, chitty-fac'd squal 'tis.

Lact. Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,

And most distress'd, that must make use of fools.

Dond. (Aside.) Fool to my face still! that's unreasonable;

I will be a knave one day for this trick,

Or it shall cost me a fall, though it be from a gibbet;

It has been many a proper man's last leap.

Nay, sure I'll be quite out of the precincts of a fool, if I live but two days to an end: I will turn gipsy presently, and that's the highway to the daintiest knave that ever mother's son took journey to. Oh, those dear gipsies! they live the merriest lives, eat sweet stolen hens, pluck'd over pales or hedges by a twitch; they are ne'er without a plump and lovely goose, or beautiful sow-pig: those things I saw with mine own eyes to-day; they call those vanities and trifling pilfries: but if a privy search were made amongst 'em, they should find other manner of ware about

* This term is, in all probability, derived from a small coin of that name, which Rapin informs us is said to have been struck by Henry VII. though it does not seem to be known of what metal or value it was.

'em; cups, rings, and silver-spoons, by'r lady! bracelets, pearl-necklaces, and chains of gold sometimes; they are the wittiest thieves! I'll stay no longer, but e'en go look what I can steal now presently, and so begin to bring myself acquainted with 'em. [*Exit.*]

Lact. Nothing I fear so much, as in this time Of my dull absence, her first love, the general, Will wind himself into her affection, By secret gifts and letters; there's the mischief! I have no enemy like him; though my policy Dissembled him a welcome, no man's hate Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease, Than mine to him.

Enter CARDINAL.

Card. What ails this pretty boy to weep so often? Tell me the cause, child; how his eyes stand full! Beshrew you nephew! you're too bitter to him; He is so soft, th' unkindness of a word Melts him into a woman; 'las, poor boy, Thou shalt not serve him longer; 'twere great pity That thou shouldst wait upon an angry master. I have promis'd thee to one will make much of thee, And hold thy weak youth in most dear respect.

Page. Oh, I beseech your grace, that I may serve
No master else!

Card. Thou shalt not: mine's a mistress, The greatest mistress in all Milan, boy; The Dutchess's self.

Page. Nor her, nor any.

Card. Cease! boy;

Thou knowest not thine own happiness, through
fondness,

And therefore must be learnt: go, dry thine eyes.

Page. This rather is the way to make 'em
moister. [*Exit Page.*

Card. Now, nephew! nephew!

Lact. Oh, you've snatch'd my spirit, sir,
From the divinest meditation
That ever made soul happy.

Card. (*Aside.*) I am afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now,
As I had pains to keep her off from him.
I have thought it fit, nephew, considering
The present barrenness of our name and house,
(The only famine of succeeding honour)
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.

Lact. How, sir, to marriage?

Card. Yes, to a fruitful life:
We must not all be strict; so generation
Would lose her right: thou'rt young, 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my lifetime.

Lact. Does your grace well remember who I am,
When you speak this?

Card. Yes, very perfectly;
You're a young man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
And for affection, pregnant.

Lact. I beseech you, sir,
Take off your praises, rather than bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use. Alas! you know, sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of;
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoon;
Take her away for contemplation's sake;
Most serious uncle, name no such thing to me.

Card. Come, come, you're fond:
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass. There's honest love
Allow'd you now for recreation;
The years will come when all delights must leave
you:

Stick close to virtue then; in the meantime
There's honourable joys to keep youth company;
And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You're out of his eternal reach; defy him.
List hither; come to me, and with great thank-
fulness,

Welcome thy fortunes; 'tis the Dutchess loves
thee.

Lact. The Dutchess!

Card. Doats on thee; will die for thee,
Unless she may enjoy thee.

Lact. She must die then.

Card. How?

Lact. Alas!

Do you think she ever means to do't, sir?

I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks,

Than that she'll die for love: she has a vow, my
lord,

That will keep life in her.

Card. Believe me, then,
That should have bounteous interest in thy faith,
She's thine, and not her vow's.

Lact. The more my sorrow,
My toil, and my destruction. (*Aside.*) My blood
dances*!

* "My blood dances," is the only part of the speech in the original given to Lactantio; the first part is there the conclusion of the Cardinal's.

Card. And though that bashful maiden virtue
 in thee,
 That never held familiar league with woman,
 Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee,
 Let me prevail, my counsel stands up to thee ;
 Embrace it as the fulness of thy fortunes,
 As if all blessings upon earth were clos'd
 Within one happiness ; for such another
 Whole life could never meet with ; go and present
 Your service, and your love ; but, on your hopes,
 Do it religiously. (*Aside.*) What need I doubt him,
 Whom chastity locks up ?

Lact. Oh ! Envy,
 Hadst thou no other means to come by virtue,
 But by such treachery ? The Dutchess's love !
 Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough,
 Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else.
 Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil :
 I'll teach my heart in all t' obey your will.

Enter LORDS.

Card. A thing you shall not lose by. Here
 come the Lords :
 Go, follow you the course that I advised you ;
 The comfort of thy presence is expected ;
 Away with speed to court ; she languishes
 For one dear sight of thee : for life's sake haste,
 You lose my favour if you let her perish.

Lact. (*Aside.*) And art thou come, brave for-
 tune ? the reward
 Of neat'st hypocrisy that ever book'd it,
 Or turn'd up transitory white o' th' eye
 After the feminine rapture : Dutchess and I
 Were a fit match, can be deny'd of no man ;

The best dissembler lights on the best woman;
'Twere sin to part us. [Exit.

Card. You lights of state, truth's friends, much
honoured lords,
Faithful admirers of our Dutchess's virtues,
And firm believers; it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with woman's frailty, and her blood,
Nor public sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means; she's the same
still,

And seems so seriously employ'd in soul,
As if she could not tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man.
It merits famous memory I confess;
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the lost hopes of posterity,
Succession, and the royal fruits of beauty,
All by the rashness of one vow made desperate,
It goes so near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others sleep unmov'd.

1 *Lord.* I speak it faithfully,
(For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease),
Your grace has not endured that pain alone;
'T has been a grief of mine; but where's the re-
medy?

Card. True, there your lordship spake enough
in little:
There's nothing to be hoped for but repulses:

She's not to seek for armor against love,
 That has bid battle to his powers so long ;
 He that should try her now, had need come strong,
 And with more force than his own arguments,
 Or he may part disgrac'd, being put to flight ;
 That soldier's tough, has been in seven years fight.
 Her vow's invincible ; for you must grant this,
 If those desires, train'd up in flesh and blood,
 To war continually 'gainst good intents,
 Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
 Both of her sex, and her unskilfulness
 At a spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge
 To manage resolution, and yet win ;
 What force can a poor argument bring in ?
 The books that I have publish'd in her praise,
 Commend her constancy, and that's fame-worthy ;
 But if you read me o'er with eyes of enemies,
 You cannot justly, and with honour tax me,
 That I dissuade her life from marriage there.
 Now heaven, and fruitfulness forbid, not I !
 She may be constant there, and the hard war
 Of chastity is held a virtuous strife,
 As rare in marriage, as in single life ;
 Nay, by some writers rarer ; hear their reasons,
 And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's single,
 Either in maid or widow, oftentimes
 The fear of shame, more than the fear of heaven,
 Keeps chaste, and constant ; when the tempest
 comes

She knows she has no shelter for her sin,
 It must endure the weathers of all censure ;
 Nothing but sea and air, that poor bark feels :
 When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel
 That lies at anchor ; come what weathers can,

She has her harbour: at her great unlading,
 Much may be stol'n, and little miss'd*; the master
 Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
 And holds content by that. How think you now,
 lords?

If she that might offend safe, does not err,
 What's chaste in others, is most rare in her.

2 *Lord.* What wisdom but approves it?

1 *Lord.* But, my lord,
 This should be told to her it concerns most;
 Pity such good things should be spoke and lost.

Card. That were the way to lose 'em utterly:
 You quite forget her vow; yet now I think on't,
 What is that vow? 'Twas but a thing enforc'd,
 Was it not, Lords?

1 *Lord.* Merely compell'd indeed.

Card. Only to please the duke; and forced
 virtue

Fails in her merit; there's no crown prepar'd for't:
 What have we done, my lords? I fear we have
 sinn'd

In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
 In cherishing her will; for woman's goodness
 Takes counsel of that first, and then determines.
 She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
 If she persevere; rather obstinate,
 The vow appearing forced, as it proves,
 Try'd by our purer thoughts: the grace and
 triumph

Of all her victories, are but idle glories;
 She wilful, and we enemies to succession.

* "And little *waste*," is the reading of the original. I think there can be no doubt of the propriety of the alteration.

I will not take rest, till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep.

Lords. And we'll all second you, my Lord.

Card. Agreed.

We'll knit such knots of arguments so fast,
All wit in her shall not undo in haste.

2 *Lord.* Nay sure, I think all we shall be too
hard for her,
Else she's a huge wild creature.

1 *Lord.* (*Aside.*) If we win,
And she yield marriage, then will I strike in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter DUTCHESS and CELIA.

Dutch. Thou tell'st me happy things, if they
be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely.
Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal,
The general's secret enemy?

Celia. Most true, madam,
I had it from a gentleman, my kinsman,
That knows the best part of Lactantio's bosom.

Dutch. It happens passing fortunately, to save
Employment in another; he will 'come now
A necessary property; he may thank
The need and use we have of him for his welcome.
Now, who's that knocks? [*Knocks within.*]

Celia. Madam, 'tis he, with speed.
I thought he had brought his horse to th' chamber
door,

He made such haste and noise.

Dutch. Admit him, prithee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret.

Celia. Take life away from't when it fails you,
madam. [*Exit.*]

Dutch. Enough; I know thee wise.
He comes with haste indeed.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Are you come now, sir?
You should have staid yet longer, and have found
me

Dead, to requite your haste.

Lact. Love bless you better, madam.

Dutch. Must I bid welcome to the man undoes
me,

The cause of my vow's breach, my honour's enemy;
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years' conquest with his
name?

This is a force of love was never felt;
But I'll not grudge at fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully: here, seize upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, ay, and thank my stars,
For we're all subject to the chance of wars.

Lact. We are so, yet take comfort, vanquish'd
Dutchess,

I'll use you like an honourable prisoner,
You shall be [well] entreated; day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me;
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And for your fare 't shall be no worse than mine.

Dutch. Nay, then, I'm heartily pleasant, and
as merry
As one that owes no malice, and that's well, sir:
You cannot say so much for your part, can you?

Lact. Faith, all that I owe is to one man, madam,

And so can few men say : marry, that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it ; 'tis a stinger.

Dutch. What is he that shall dare to be your
enemy,

Having our friendship ; if he be a servant
And subject to our law ?

Lact. Yes, trust me, madam,
Of a vile fellow, I hold him a true subject ;
There's many arrant knaves that are good subjects ;
Some for their living's sakes, some for their lives,
That will unseen, eat men, and drink their wives.

Dutch. They are as much in fault that know
such people,
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of justice.
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further ; I will order him
To your heart's wishes ; load him with disgraces,
That your revenge shall rather pity him,
Than wish more weight upon him.

Lact. Say you so, madam ?
(*Aside.*) Here's a bless'd hour, that feeds both
love and hate ;
Then take thy time, brave malice.—Virtuous
princess,
The only enemy that my veng'ance points to,
Lives in Andrugio.

Dutch. What, the general ?

Lact. That's the man, madam.

Dutch. Are you serious, sir ?

Lact. As at my prayers.

Dutch. We meet happily then
In both our wishes ; he's the only man
My will has had a longing to disgrace,
For divers capital contempts ; my memory
Shall call 'em all together now ; nay, sir,

I'll bring his faith in war, now into question,
And his late conference with the enemy.

Lact. By'r lady, a shrewd business, and a
dangerous.

Seignior, your neck's a cracking.

Dutch. Stay, stay, sir!

Take pen and ink.

Lact. Here's both, and paper, madam.

Dutch. I'll take him in a fine trap.

Lact. That were excellent.

Dutch. A letter so writ would abuse him
strangely.

Lact. Good madam, let me understand your
mind,

And then take you no care for his abusing;
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair
Most true orthography, and observe my stops.

Dutch. Stay, stay awhile! You do not know
his hand?

Lact. A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own; I could go near it, madam.

Dutch. Marry, and shall.

Lact. We were once great together,
And writ Spanish epistles one to another,
To exercise the language.

Dutch. Did you so?

It shall be a bold letter of temptation
With his name to't, as writ, and sent to me.

Lact. Can be no better, lady; stick there,
madam,

And never seek further.

Dutch. Begin thus: *Fair Dutchess*, say:

We must use flattery, if we imitate man,
'Twill ne'er be thought his pen else.

Lact. Most fair Dutchess.

Dutch. What need you have put in *most*? yet
since 'tis in,
Let 't e'en go on, few women would find fault
with 't;

We all love to be best, but seldom mend :

Go on, sir.

Lact. Most fair Dutchess! Here's an admiration point.

Dutch. The report of your vow shall not fear
me:—

Lact. Fear me: two stops at fear me.

Dutch. I know you're but a woman,—

Lact. But a woman; a comma at woman.

Dutch. And what a woman is, a wise man knows.

Lact. A wise man knows: a full prick there.

Dutch. Perhaps my condition may seem blunt
to you,—

Lact. Blunt to you: a comma here again.

Dutch. No man's love can be more sharp set—

Lact. Sharp set: there a colon; for colon is
sharp set oftentimes*.

Dutch. And I know desires in both sexes have
skill at that weapon.

Lact. Skill at that weapon: a full prick here
at weapon.

Dutch. So, that will be enough: subscribe it
thus now.

One that vows service to your affections: seignior
such a one.

* It is perhaps needless to observe that a pun is here intended between the mark in pointing, and the large gut in anatomy.

Lact. Seignior Andrugio : G. That stands for general.

Dutch. (Aside.) And you shall stand for goose-cap.—Give me that;
Betake you to your business speedily, sir;
We give you full authority from our person,
In right of reputation, truth, and honour,
To take a strong guard, and attach his body;
That done, to bring him presently before us:
Then we know what to do.

Lact. My hate finds wings,
Man's spirit flies swift to all revengeful things.

[*Exit.*

Dutch. Why, here's the happiness of my desires ;

The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought;
His state is like the world's condition, right
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth;
And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ANDRUGIO.

And. Now, Fortune, show thyself the friend of love,
 Make her way plain, and safe;
 Cast all their eyes, that guard the castle,
 Into a thicker blindness than thine own;
 Darker than ignorance or idolatry;
 That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
 And by her freedom set my comforts free.
 This is the place appointed for our meeting,
 Yet comes she [not;] I am covetous of her sight;
 That gipsy habit alters her so far
 From knowledge, that our purpose cannot err;
 She might have been here now, by this time largely,
 And much to spare: I would not miss her now
 In this plight, for the loss of a year's joy.
 She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where
 Or which way to bestow herself through fear.

Enter LACTANTIO, with a Guard.

Lact. Close with him, gentlemen. In the
 Dutchess's name
 We do attach your body.

And. How, my body?
 What means this rudeness?

Lact. You add to your offences,

Calling that rudeness, that is fair command,
Immaculate justice, and the Dutchess's pleasure.

And. Signior Lactantio; oh, are you the
speaker?

Lact. I am what I am made.

And. Show me my crime.

Lact. I fear you'll have too many shown you, sir.

And. The father of untruths possesses thy spirit,
As he commands thy tongue: I defy fear,
But in my love, it only settles there.

Lact. Bring him along.

And. Let law's severest brow
Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
A shame to thee, and all my enemies.

Lact. You're much the happier man.

And. Oh, my hard crosses!
Grant me the third part of one hour's stay.

Lact. Sir, not a minute.

And. Oh, she's lost!

Lact. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter AURELIA like a Gipsy.

Aur. I'm happily escap'd; not one pursues me;
This shape's too cunning for 'em; all the sport was,
The porter would needs know his fortune of me
As I past by him: 'twas such a plunge to me,
I knew not how to bear myself; at last
I did resolve on somewhat; look'd in's hand,
Then shook my head, bade him make much on's
eyes,
He would lose his sight clean, long before he dies;

And so away went I; he lost the sight of me
quickly.

I told him his fortune truer for nothing, than some
Of my complexion, that would have cozen'd him
of his money.

This is the place of meeting; where's this man,
now,

That has took all this care and pains for nothing?

The use of him is at the last cast now,

Shall only bring me to my former face again,

And see me somewhat cleaner at his cost,

And then farewell, Andrugio; when I am hand-
some,

I'm for another straight: I wonder, troth,

That he would miss me thus; I could have took

Many occasions besides this to have left him;

I'm not in want, he need not give me any;

A woman's will has still enough to spare

To help her friends, an need be. What, not yet?

What will become of me in this shape then?

If I know where to go, I'm no dissembler;

And I'll not lose my part in woman so,

For such a trifle, to forswear myself.

But comes he not indeed?

Enter DONDOLO.

Dond. Oh, exc'lent! by this light here's one
of them! I thank my stars: I learnt that phrase
in the Half Moon Tavern. By your leave, good
gipsy, I pray how far off is your company?

Aur. O happiness! This is the merry fellow
My love, Signior Lactantio, takes delight in;
I'll send him away speedily, with the news
Of my so strange and fortunate escape,

And he'll provide my safety at an instant.

My friend, thou serv'st Signior Lactantio?

Dond. Who, I serve? Gipsy, I scorn your motion; and if the rest of your company give me no better words, I will hinder 'em the stealing of more pullen than fifty poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their pig-booties; they shall travel like Jews, that hate swine's flesh, and never get a sow by th' ear all their lifetime. I serve Lactantio! I scorn to serve any body; I am more gipsy-minded than so: though my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were ripp'd up, you shall find my heart as black as any patch about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a thief as the proudest of your company; I'll except none: I am run away from my master in the state of a fool, and till I be a perfect knave, I never mean to return again.

Aur. (Aside.) I'm ne'er the happier for this fortune now,
It did but mock me.

Dond. Here they come! here they come!

Enter a Company of Gipsies, Men and Women, with Booties of Hens and Ducks, &c. singing.

SONG.

Cap. Come, my dainty doxies,
My dells, my dells most dear:
We have neither house nor land,
Yet never want good cheer.

All. We never want good cheer.

Cap. We take no care for candle rents.

2 *Gip.* We lie.

3 *Gip.* We snort.

Cap. We sport in tents;

Then rouse betimes, and steal our dinners.

Our store is never taken

Without pigs, hens, or bacon,

And that's good meat for sinners.

At wakes and fairs we cozen,

Poor country folks by dozen :

If one has money, he disburses,

Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses.

Rather than be out of use,

We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes,

Boots, or spurs with gingling rowels,

Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.

Come live with us, come live with us,

All you that love your eases ;

He that's a gipsy,

May be drunk or tipsy,

At what hour he pleases.

All. We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle ;

We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle.

Dond. Oh sweet ! they deserve to be hang'd
for ravishing of me.

Aur. (*Aside.*) What will become of me if I
seem fearful now,

Or offer sudden flight ? then I betray myself ;

I must do neither.

Cap. *Ousabel, camcheteroon, puscatelion, hows
drows.*

2 *Gip.* *Rumbos stragadelion*

Alla piskitch in sows clows.

Oh, oh !

Dond. *Piskitch in howse-clout.*

I shall ne'er keep a good tongue in my head, till
I get this language.

Cap. *Uumbra fill kevolliden, magro-pye.*

Dond. He calls her magot o' pie.

Aur. I love your language well, but understand it not.

Cap. *Hah!*

Aur. I am but lately turn'd to your profession,
Yet from my youth, I ever lov'd it dearly,
But never could attain to't: steal I can;
It was a thing I ever was brought up to,
My father was a miller, and my mother
A tailor's widow.

Dond. She's a thief on both sides.

Cap. Give me thy hand, thou art no bastard born,
We have not a more true bred thief amongst us.

All. Not any, Captain.

Dond. I pray take me into some grace amongst
you too; for though I claim no goodness from
my parents to help me forward into your society,
I had two uncles that were both hang'd for rob-
beries, if that will serve your turn; and a brave
cut-purse to my cousin german: if kindred will
be taken, I am as near akin to a thief as any of
you that had fathers and mothers.

Cap. What is it thou requirest, noble cousin?

Dond. Cousin! nay, an we be so near akin
already, now we are sober, we shall be sworn
brothers when we are drunk: the naked truth is,
sir, I would be made a gipsy as fast as you could
devise.

Cap. A gipsy!

Dond. Ay, with all the speed you can, sir; the
very sight of those stolen hens, eggs me forward
horribly.

Cap. Here's dainty ducks too, boy.

Dand. I see 'em but too well; I would they were all rotten roasted, and stuff'd with onions.

Cap. Lov'st thou the common food of Egypt, onions?

Dond. Ay, and garlic too; I have smelt out many a knave by't; but I could never smell mine own breath yet, and that's many a man's fault; he can smell out a knave in another sometimes three yards off, yet his nose standing so nigh his mouth, he can never smell out himself.

Cap. A pregnant gipsy!

All. A most witty sinner!

Cap. Stretch forth thy hand, coz: art thou fortunate?

Dond. How! fortunate? nay, I cannot tell that myself; wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have sometimes found money in old shoes*; but if I had not stolen more than I found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheek fortune on't.

Cap. (*Looking on Dondolo's hand.*) Here's a fair table.

Dond. Ay, so has many a man, that has given over house-keeping; a fair table, when there's neither cloth nor meat upon't.

Cap. What a brave line of life's here; look, you gipsies.

Dond. I have known as brave a line end in a halter.

* This is an allusion to a popular superstition that the fairies, from their love of cleanliness, used at night to drop money into the shoes of good servants as a reward.

Cap. But thou art born to precious fortune.

Dond. The devil I am!

Cap. *Bette bucketto.*

Dond. How, to beat bucks?

Cap. *Stealee bacono.*

Dond. Oh, to steal bacon; that's the better fortune o' th' two indeed.

Cap. Thou wilt be shortly captain of the gipsies.

Dond. I would you'd make me corporal i' th' meantime;

Or standard bearer to the womens' regiment.

Cap. Much may be done for love.

Dond. Nay, here's some money: I know an office comes not all for love. (*Feels in his pockets and finds them empty.*) A pox of your lime-twigs! you hav't already.

Cap. It lies but here in cash for thine own use, boy.

Dond. Nay, an 't lie there once, I shall hardly come to the fingering on't in haste; yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not: teach me but so much, gipsy, to steal as much more from another, and the devil do you good of that.

Cap. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires:

First, here's a girl for thy desires;

This doxy fresh, this new come dell,

Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell;

Get me gipsies, brave and tawny,

With cheek full plump, and hip full brawny.

Look you prove industrious dealers,

To serve the commonwealth with stealers,

That th' unhous'd race of fortune tellers

May never fail to cheat town-dwellers;

*Or, to our universal grief,
 Leave country fairs without a thief.
 This is all you have to do,
 Save ev'ry hour a filch or two;
 Be it money, cloth, or pullen:
 When the ev'ning's brow looks sullen,
 Lose no time, for then 'tis precious;
 Let your sleights be fine, facetious;
 Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee
 With rusty bacon, thus I gipsify thee.*

[Rubs his face with bacon.]

Dond. Do you use to do't with bacon?

Cap. Evermore.

Dond. By this light, the rats will take me now for some hog's cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep; I shall have ne'er a bit left by to-morrow morning; and lying open mouth'd as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon.

Cap. Why here's a face like thine so done, Only grain'd in by the sun; and this, and these.

Dond. Faith, then there's a company of bacon faces of you; and I am one now to make up the number: we are a kind of conscionable people, and 'twere well thought upon for to steal bacon and black our faces with't; 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

Cap. Wit, whether wilt thou*!

Dond. Marry, to the next pocket I can come

* This expression occurs in Shakspeare's "As You Like it;" and, as has been observed by Stevens, was an exclamation much in use when any one was talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than properly belonged to them.

at; and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in't. Is this my in dock, out nettle*. What's gipsy for her?

Cap. Your doxy she.

Dond. Oh right: are you my doxy, sirrah?

Aur. *I'll be thy doxy, and thy dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal:
From fair to fair, from wake to wake,
I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.*

Dond. Oh, dainty fine doxy! She speaks the language as familiarly already, as if she'd been begot of a canter. I pray, captain, what's gipsy for the hind quarter of a woman?

Cap. *Nosario.*

Dond. *Nosario?* Why, what's gipsy for my nose, then?

Cap. Why, *Arsinio.*

Dond. *Arsinio?* Faith, methinks you might have devised a sweeter word for't.

Enter FATHER and GOVERNOR.

Cap. Stop! stop! fresh booties, gentlefolks, signioroes,

Calavario, fulkadelio.

2 Gip. *La gnambrol a tumbrel.*

Dond. How! give me one word amongst you, that I may be doing too.

Aur. (*Aside.*) Yonder they are again! Oh guiltiness,

* That Aurelia is the person meant here can be no doubt: the words, "*in dock, out nettle*," allude, I believe, to a practice still sometimes found among children, of laying the leaf of the butter dock upon a place that has been stung by a nettle, and repeating, as a kind of charm, the words, "*in dock, out nettle*," as long as the application is continued.

Thou put'st more trembling fear into a maid
Than the first wedding-night. Take courage,
wench,

Thy face cannot betray thee with a blush now.

Fath. Which way she took her flight, sir, none
can guess,

Or how she 'scap'd.

Gov. Out at some window certainly.

Fath. Oh, 'tis a bold daring baggage.

Gov. See good fortune, sir,
The gipsies; they're the cunning'st people living.

Fath. They cunning? what a confidence have
you, sir;

No wise man's faith was ever set in fortunes.

Gov. You are the wilful'st man against all
learning still:

I will be hang'd now, if I hear not news
Of her amongst this company.

Fath. You are a gentleman of the flatt'ring'st
hopes

That e'er lost woman yet.

Gov. Come hither, gipsy.

Aur. (*Aside.*) Luck now, or I'm undone.—
What says my master?

Bless me with a silver cross,

And I will tell you all your loss.

Gov. Look you there, sir; *all my loss*; at first
word too:

There is no cunning in these gipsies now?

Fath. Sure I'll hear more of this.

Gov. Here's silver for you.

Aur. Now attend your fortune's story:
You lov'd a maid.

Gov. Right.

Aur. *She ne'er lov'd you.*
You shall find my words are true.

Gov. 'Mass, I am afraid so.

Aur. *You were about*
To keep her in, but could not do't.
Alas! the while she would not stay,
The cough o' th' lungs blew her away;*
And, which is worse, you'll be so crost,
You'll never find the thing that's lost;
Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her;
She'll be near you, and yet you ne'er the nearer:
Let her go, and be the gladder;
She'd but shame you, if you had her:
Ten counsellors could never school her;
She is so wild, you could not rule her.

Gov. In troth I am of thy mind, yet I'd fain
 find her.

Aur. *Soonest then, when you least mind her;*
But if you mean to take her tripping,
Make but haste, she's now a shipping.

Gov. I ever dreamed so much.

Fath. Hie to the key,
 We'll mar your voyage, you shall brook no sea.
 [*Exeunt Fath. and Gov.*]

Cap. Cheteroon: High Gulleroon.

Dond. Filcheroon pursse-fulleroon: I can say
 somewhat too.

All. Excellent gipsy! witty rare doxy!

Dond. I would not change my dell for a dozen
 of black bellweathers.

Cap. Our wealth swells high, my boys.

Dond. Our wealth swells high, my boys.

* i. e. The symptoms of age and infirmity in the lover proposed by the father.

Cap. Let ev'ry gipsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.

Dond. Let ev'ry gipsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.

All. And then drink, drink for joy.

*[Exit with a strange wild fashion'd dance
to the hautboys or cornets.]*

SCENE III.

Enter DUTCHESS, CARDINAL, LORDS, and CELIA.

Card. That which is merely call'd a will in
woman,

I cannot always title it with a virtue.

Dutch. Oh, good sir, spare me.

Card. Spare yourself, good madam;
Extremest justice is not so severe
To great offenders, as your own forc'd strictness
To beauty, youth, and time: you'll answer for't.

Dutch. Sir, settle your own peace, let me make
mine.

Card. But here's a heart must pity it, when it
thinks on't;
I find compassion, though the smart be yours.

1 *Lord.* None here but does the like.

2 *Lord.* Believe it, madam,
You have much wrong'd your time.

1 *Lord.* Nay, let your grace
But think upon the barrenness of succession.

2 *Lord.* Nay more, a vow enforc'd.

Dutch. What! do you all
Forsake me then, and take part with yon man?

Not one friend have I left? do they all fight
Under th' inglorious banner of his censure?
Serve under his opinion?

Card. So will all, madam,
Whose judgments can but taste a rightful cause:
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will shortly rise against you, when they know
The war to be so just and honourable
As marriage is: you cannot name that woman,
Will not come ready arm'd for such a cause:
Can chastity be any whit impair'd
By that which makes it perfect? Answer, madam;
Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold? You're constant then to none;
That's a dead virtue; goodness must have prac-
tice,

Or else it ceases; then is woman said
To be love chase, knowing but one man's bed:
A mighty virtue! beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of wedlock's time and space,
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace.

Dutch. Oh, what have you done, my lord?

Card. Laid the way plain
To knowledge of yourself and your creation;
Unbound a forced vow, that was but knit
By the strange jealousy of your dying lord,
Sinful i' th' fast'ning.

Dutch. All the powers of constancy
Will curse you for this deed!

Card. You speak in pain, madam,
And so I take your words, like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend: I know a change

Of disposition has a violent working
 In all of us; 'tis fit it should have time
 And counsel with itself: May you be fruitful,
 madam,

In all the blessings of an honour'd love.

1 *Lord*. In all your wishes fortunate, and I
 The chief of 'em myself.

Card. Peace be at your heart, lady.

1 *Lord*. And love, say I.

Card. We'll leave good thoughts now to bring
 in themselves. [Exit *Lords*.

Dutch. Oh, there's no art like a religious cun-
 ning,

It carries away all things smooth before it!
 How subtilely has his wit dealt with the Lords
 To fetch in their persuasions to a business
 That stands in need of none; yields of itself
 As most we women do, when we seem farthest.
 But little thinks the Cardinal he's requited
 After the same proportion of deceit
 As he sets down for others.

Enter PAGE.

Oh, here's the pretty boy, he prefer'd to me:
 I never saw a meeker, gentler youth,
 Yet made for man's beginning: how unfit
 Was that poor fool to be Lactantio's page!
 He would have spoil'd him quite; in one year
 utterly,
 There had been no hope of him. Come hither,
 child;

I have forgot thy name.

Page. Antonio, madam.

Dutch. Antonio! so thou toldst me. I must
chide thee;
Why didst thou weep when thou cam'st first to
serve me?

Page. At the distrust of mine own merits,
madam,
Knowing I was not born to those deserts
To please so great a mistress.

Dutch. 'Las, poor boy,
That's nothing in thee, but thy modest fear,
Which makes amends faster than thou canst err.
It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things. Celia.

Celia. Madam.

Dutch. Has he bestow'd his hour to-day for
music?

Celia. Yes, he has, madam.

Dutch. How do you find his voice?

Celia. A pretty, womanish, faint, sprawling*,
voice, madam,

But 'twill grow strong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond exercises.

Dutch. Give order to the dancing school-master,
Observe an hour with him.

Celia. It shall be done, lady:
He is well made for dancing; thick i' th' chest,
madam;

He will turn long and strongly.

Dutch. He shall not be behind a quality,
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase;
And see he lose no time.

* *Sprawling*, as applied to the voice, seems devoid of meaning; perhaps we should read *squalling*.

Celia. I'll take that order, madam.

Page. Singing and dancing! 'las, my case is worse,

I rather need a midwife, and a nurse.

[*Exit Celia and Page.*]

Dutch. Lactantio, my procurer, not return'd yet? His malice, I have fitted with an office, Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigour. He comes, and with him my heart's conqueror: My pleasing thraldom's near.

Enter GENERAL, LACTANTIO, and the Guard.

And. Not know the cause?

Lact. Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruin

Of your neck part, or some nine years imprisonment;

You meet with mercy, an you 'scape with that; Beside your lands all begg'd and seiz'd upon; That's admirable favour. Here's the Dutchess.

Dutch. Oh, sir, you're welcome.

Lact. Marry! bless me still From such a welcome.

Dutch. You are hard to come by, It seems, sir, by the guilt of your long stay.

And. My guilt, good madam?

Dutch. Sure you'd much ado To take him, had you not? speak truth, Lactantio, And leave all favour; were you not in danger?

Lact. Faith something near it, madam: he grew headstrong,

Furious, and fierce; but 'tis not my condition To speak the worst things of mine enemy,

Therein I hold mine honour : but had fury
Burst into all the violent storms that ever
Play'd over anger in tempestuous man,
I would have brought him to your grace's presence,
Dead or alive.

Dutch. You would not, sir ?

And. What pride
Of pamper'd blood has mounted up this puck-
foist * ?

If any way, uncounsel'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has stept into some error,
(Which I could heart'ly curse) and so brought
on me

Your great displeasure ; let me feel my sin
In the full weight of justice, virtuous madam,
And let it wake me thoroughly : but, chaste lady,
Out of the bounty of your grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure.

Dutch. It shall not need, good sir ; we are
ourselves
Of power sufficient to judge you ; ne'er doubt it.
Withdraw, Lactantio ; carefully place your guard
I' th' next room.

Lact. You'll but fare the worse ;
You see your niceness spoils you ; you'll go nigh
now
To feel your sin indeed.

[*Exit Lactantio and Guard.*]

And. Hell-mouth be with thee !
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider
For man's misfortunes ?

* "*Puck-foist*," sometimes written *puff-foist*, or *puff-fist*, a sort of mushroom filled with dust.

Dutch. First, sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny
What your own knowledge proves to you.

And. That were a sin, madam,
More gross than flattery spent upon a villain.

Dutch. Your own confession dooms you, sir.

And. Why, madam?

Dutch. Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my lord's death, never to marry more?

And. That's a truth, madam, I'm a witness to.

Dutch. Is't so, sir? you'll be taken presently.
This man needs no accuser. Knowing so much,
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to solicit me (so strictly settled)
With tempting letters, and loose lines of love?

And. Who? I do't, madam?

Dutch. Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breathes.

And. Better destruction snatch me quick from
sight
Of human eyes, than I should sin so boldly!

Dutch. 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or
fire,
For my truth's credit. Look you, sir; read out;
You know the hand and name.

And. *Andrugio!*

Dutch. And if such things be fit, the world
shall judge.

And. Madam.

Dutch. Pish! that's not so; it begins otherwise;
Pray look again, sir; how you'd slight your know-
ledge.

And. By all the reputation I late won——

Dutch. Nay, an you dare not read, sir; I am gone.

And. Read? *Most fair Dutchess.*

Dutch. Oh, have you found it now?

There's a sweet flatt'ring phrase for a beginning;
You thought belike that would o'ercome me?

And. I, madam?

Dutch. Nay; on, sir; you are slothful.

And. *The report of your vow shall not fear me.*

Dutch. No? are you so resolute? 'tis well for you, sir.

And. *I know you're but a woman——*

Dutch. Well, what then, sir?

And. *And what a woman is, a wise man knows.*

Dutch. Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.

And. *Perhaps my condition may seem blunt to you——*

Dutch. Well; we find no fault with your bluntness.

And. *But no man's love can be more sharp set——*

Dutch. Ay, there's good stuff now.

And. *And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.*

Dutch. Weapon! You begin like a flatterer, and end like a fencer.

Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?

And. Now by the honour of a man, his truth, madam,

My name's abus'd!

Dutch. Fie, fie! deny your hand?

I will not deny mine; here, take it freely, sir,

And with it my true constant heart for ever.
I never disgrac'd man that sought my favour.

And. What mean you, madam?

Dutch. To requite you, sir:

By courtesy I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it. Sir, in as plain truth
As the old time walk'd in, when love was simple
And knew no art, nor guile, I affect you :
My heart has made her choice : I love you, sir,
Above my vow : the frown that met you first,
Wore not the livery of anger, sir,
But of deep policy : I made your enemy
The instrument for all ; there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given.

And. Here's a strange language !

The constancy of love bless me from learning on't !
Although ambition would soon teach it others.
Madam, the service of whole life is yours ; but—

Dutch. Enough ! thou'rt mine for ever. Within
there.

Enter LACTANTIO and the Guards.

Lact. Madam.

Dutch. Lay hands upon him ; bear him hence ;
See he be kept close prisoner in our palace,
The time's not yet ripe for our nuptial solace.

[*Exit.*

Lact. This you, could clear yourself?

And. There's a voice that wearies me
More than mine own distractions.

Lact. You are innocent?

And. I have not a time idle enough from pas-
sion,

To give this devil an answer ; Oh, she's lost !
Curs'd be that love, by which a better's cross'd !
There my heart's settled.

Lact. How is he disgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love ! faith, he that can
Wish more to his enemy, is a spiteful man,
And worthy to be punish'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PAGE, CELIA, *and* CROTCHET.

Celia. Sir, I'm of that opinion ; being kept
hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well.

Crotch. (*Sings.*) *G, sol, re ut* ; you guess not
right i'faith.
Mistress, you'll find you're in an error straight :
Come on, sir, lay the books down ; you shall see
now.

Page. (*Aside.*) Would I'd an honest caudle
next my heart,
Let who as would *Sol fa*, I'd give them my part.
In troth methinks I have a great longing in me
To bite a piece of the musician's nose off ;
But I'll rather lose my longing, than spoil
The poor man's singing :
The very tip will serve my turn, methinks,
If I could get it ; that he might well spare,
His nose is of the longest.—Oh, my back !

Crotch. You shall hear that ; rehearse your
gamot, boy.

Page. (*Aside.*) Who'd be thus toil'd for love,
and want the joy ?

Crotch. Why when ? begin, sir : I must stay
your leisure ?

Page. Gamot, (*sings*), *a re, be me, &c.*

Crotch. (*Sings.*) *Ee la*: Aloft! above the clouds, my boy!

Page. It must be a better note than *ela*, sir, That brings musicians thither; they're too hasty, The most part of 'em, to take such a journey, And must needs fall by th' way.

Crotch. How many cliffs be there?

Page. One cliff, sir.

Crotch. Oh, intolerable heretic To voice and music! do you know but one cliff?

Page. No more; indeed I, sir; (*aside*), and at this time, I know too much of that.

Crotch. How many notes be there?

Page. Eight, sir. (*Aside.*) I fear me I shall find nine shortly,

To my great shame and sorrow.—Oh my stomach!

Crotch. Will you repeat your notes then? I must *Sol fa* you, why when, sir?

Page. A large, a long, a breve, a semibreve, a minum, a crotchet,

A quaver, a semiquaver*.

Crotch. Oh, have you found the way?

Page. Never trust me If I have not lost my wind with naming of 'em.

Crotch. Come, boy, your mind's upon some other thing now : Set to your song.

* As it must be presumed that each note is of twice the length of that succeeding, a *large* must have been of equal length with eight semibreves, which are the longest notes now in common use. I do not remember to have seen the name of the first note any where else; and the *long* and *breve*, I believe, are seldom found except in ancient church music.

Page. (*Aside.*) Was ever wench so punish'd ?

Crotch. Ut. Come begin.

Page. (*Sings.*) *Ut me re fa sol la.*

Crotch. Keep time, you foolish boy.

[*Here they sing prick-song.*

How like you this, Madona ?

Celia. Pretty ;

He will do well in time, being kept under.

Crotch. I'll make his ears sore, and his knuckles ache else.

Celia. And that's the way to bring a boy to goodness, sir.

Crotch. There's many now wax'd proper gentlemen,
Whom I have nip'd i' th' ear, wench ; that's my comfort.

Come, sing me over the last song I taught you :
You're perfect in that sure ; look you keep time well,

Or here I'll notch your faults up. *Sol, sol ;* begin, boy. [*Song**.

Celia. So you've done well, sir.
Here comes the dancing-master now, you're discharg'd.

Enter SINGUAPACE the Dancer.

Sing. Oh, Signior Crotchet, oh !

Crotch. A minum rest, two cliffs, and a semi-breve. In the name
Of Alamire, what's the matter, sir ?

Sing. The horriblemst disaster that ever disgrac'd the lofty cunning of a dancer.

* These songs are very rarely met with.

*Crotch. (Sings.) Be fa be me: Heaven forbid,
man.*

Sinq. Oh—oo—the most cruel fortune!

*Crotch. That semiquaver is no friend to you,
That I must tell you; 'tis not for a dancer
To put his voice so hard to't; every workman
Must use his own tools, sir; (sings), de fa sol,
man, dilate
The matter to me.*

*Sinq. Faith, riding upon my foot-cloth, as I
use to do, coming through a crowd by chance, I
let fall my fiddle.*

Crotch. (Sings.) De sol re. Your fiddle, sir?

*Sinq. Oh, that such an instrument should be
made to betray a poor gentleman! nay, which is
more lamentable, whose luck should it be to
take up this unfortunate fiddle, but a barber's
'prentice, who cried out presently, according to
his nature; You trim gentleman on horseback,
you've lost your fiddle; your worship's fiddle! see-
ing me upon my foot-cloth, the mannerly cox-
comb could say no less: but away rid I, sir;
put my horse to a coranto pace*, and left my
fiddle behind me.*

Crotch. (Sings.) De la sol re.

*Sinq. Ay, was't not a strange fortune? An ex-
cellent treble-viol! by my troth 'twas my mas-
ter's, when I was but a pumper; that is, a puller
on of gentlemens' pumps.*

Crotch. (Sings.) C, c, sol fa: I knew you then, sir.

* The *coranto* seems to have been a very quick dance. "Swift corantos" are mentioned in "Henry V." See note, vol. ii, p. 131.

Sinq. But I make no question but I shall hear on't shortly at one broker's or another, for I know the barber will scourse it away for some old citron.

Crotch. (*Sings.*) *Ela me*, my life for yours on that, sir; I must to my other scholars, my hour calls me away; I leave you to your practice; (*sings*), *Fa sol la*. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Sinq. The lavoltas of a merry heart be with you, sir; and a merry heart makes a good singing man: a man may love to hear himself talk, when he carries pith in's mouth.—*Meterenza Celia.*

Celia. Signior Sinquapace,
The welcom'st gentleman alive of a dancer.
This is the youth; he can do little yet;
At his prick-song very poorly; he is one
Must have it put into him; somewhat dull, sir.

Sinq. As you are all at first. You know 'twas
long
Ere you could learn your doubles.

Celia. Ay, that's true, sir;
But I can tickle 't now. *Fa, la, la, &c.*
[*Sings and dances.*

Look you; how like you me now, sir?

Sinq. Marry, pray for the founder, here he stands; long may he live to receive quarterages, go brave, and pay his mercer wondrous duly; ay, and his jealous laundress, that for the love she bears him starches yellow; poor soul! my own flesh knows I wrong her not. Come, *Meterenza*, once more shake your great hips, and your little heels, since you begin to fall in of yourself,

and dance over the end of the coranto I taught you last night.

Celia. The tune's clear out of my head, sir.

Sinq. A pox of my little usher! how long he stays too with the second part of the former fid-file! Come, I'll *Sol fa* it i' th' meantime: *Fa, la, la, la, &c.* (*He sings and she dances.*) Perfectly excellent! I will make you fit to dance with the best christian gentleman in Europe, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

Celia. Nay, I know I shall do well, sir, and I am somewhat proud on't; but 'twas my mother's fault, when she danced with the Duke of Florence.

Sinq. Why, you'll never dance well, while you live, if you be not proud. I know that by myself; I may teach my heart out, if you have not the grace to follow me.

Celia. I warrant you for that, sir.

Sinq. Gentlewomen, that are good scholars, Will come as near their masters as they can; I have known some lie with 'em for their better understanding: I speak not this to draw you on forsooth; use your pleasure, if you come you're welcome, you shall see a fine lodging, a dish of comfits, music, and sweet linen.

Celia. And trust me, sir, no woman can wish more in this world, Unless it be ten pound i' th' chamber window, Laid ready in good gold against she rises.

Sinq. Those things are got in the morning, wench, with me.

Celia. Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting ;

So says my sister ; she's a lawyer's wife, sir,
And should know what belongs to cases best :

A fitter time for this ; I must not talk

Too long of womens' matters before boys.

He's very raw, you must take pains with him,

It is the Dutchess's mind it should be so ;

She loves him well I tell you. [*Exit.*

Sinq. How, love him ? he's too little for any woman's love i' th' town, by three hands full : I wonder of a great woman, she's no more wit i' faith ; one of my pitch were somewhat tolerable.

Enter USHER.

Oh, are you come ? who would be thus plagued with a dandiprat usher ! how many kicks do you deserve, in conscience ?

Usher. Your horse is safe, sir.

Sinq. Now I talk'd of kicking, 'twas well remembered, is not the footcloth stol'n yet ?

Usher. More by good hap than any cunning, sir. Would any gentleman but you, get a tailor's son to walk his horse, in this dear time of black velvet ?

Sinq. Troth, thou say'st true ; thy care has got thy pardon ; I'll venture so no more. Come, my young scholar, I am ready for you now.

Page. (*Aside.*) Alas, 'twill kill me !
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear ;
How shall I do to hold up ? Alas, sir,

I can dance nothing but ill-favour'dly;
A strain or two of Passa-measures * galliard.

Sinq. Marry, you're forwarder than I conceiv'd
you :

A toward stripling; enter him, Nicholao,
For the fool's bashful, as they are all at first
Till they be once well enter'd.

Usher. Passa-measures, sir?

Sinq. Ay, sir, I hope you hear me; mark him
now, boy. [*Usher dances.*]

Ha, well done! exc'llent boys! dainty fine
springals;

The glory of dancers' hall, if they had any;
And of all professions, they had most need of one,
For room to practice in, yet they have none.

O times! O manners! you have very little.
Why should the leaden-heel'd plumber have his hall,
And the light-footed dancer none at all?

But fortune *de la guerre*, things must be;
We're born to teach in back houses and nooks,
Garrets sometimes, where't rains upon our books.
Come on, sir; are you ready? first your honour.

Page. (*Aside.*) I'll wish no foe, a greater cross
upon her.

Sinq. Curtsey, heyday! Run to him, Nicholao;
by this light he will shame me; he makes curtsey
like a chambermaid.

Usher. Why, what do you mean, Page? are
you mad? did you ever see a boy begin a dance,
and make curtsey like a wench before?

* Passamezze is probably the true reading. A passy-measure is mentioned in the "Twelfth Night" of Shakspeare; and the reader who will consult the notes on the passage may find all the information that the ablest critics could collect.

Page. Troth, I was thinking of another thing, And quite forgot myself; I pray forgive me, sir.

Sinq. Come, make amends then now with a good leg, and dance it sprightly. What a beastly leg has he made there now! 'twould vex one's heart out! Now begin, boy: Oh! oh! oh! oh! &c. Open thy knees; wider, wider, wider, wider: did you ever see a boy dance clench'd up? he needs a pick-lock: out upon thee for an arrant ass! an arrant ass! I shall lose my credit by thee; a pest'lence on thee! Here, boy, hold the viol, let me come to him; I shall get more disgrace by this little monkey now, than by all the ladies that ever I taught. Come on, sir, now; cast thy leg out from thee; lift it up aloft, boy; a pox! his knees are solder'd together; they're sow'd together; canst not stride? Oh, I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter! I shall never teach this boy without a screw; his knees must be opened with a vice, or there's no good to be done upon him.—Who taught you to dance, boy?

Page. It is but little, sir, that I can do.

Sinq. No; I'll be sworn for you.

Page. And that Signior Laurentio taught me, sir.

Sinq. Signior Laurentio was an arrant coxcomb, And fit to teach none but white bakers' children To knead their knees together. You can turn above ground, boy?

Page. Not I, sir; my turn's rather under ground.

Sinq. We'll see what you can do; I love to try What's in my scholars the first hour I teach them:

Show him a close trick now, Nicholao.

Ha, dainty stripling! come, boy.

Page. 'Las, not I, sir;

I am not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not, sir.

Sinq. How; such another word, down goes your hose, boy.

Page. Alas, 'tis time for me to do any thing then. [*Springs upwards and falls down.*]

Sinq. Heyday, he's down; is this your lofty trick, boy?

Usher. Oh, master, the boy swoons; he's dead I fear me.

Sinq. Dead! I ne'er knew one die with a lofty trick before.

Up, sirrah, up!

Page. A midwife! run for a midwife!

Sinq. A midwife! by this light the boy's with child.

A miracle! some woman is the father.

The world's turn'd upside down; sure if men breed,

Women must get, one never could do both yet.

No marv'l you danc'd close knee'd the Sinquapace:

Put up my fiddle, here's a stranger case.

[*Exeunt Sinq. and Page.*]

Usher. That 'tis I'll swear; 'twill make the Dutchess wonder.

I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request,

And hinder our profession for a time.

Your women, that are closely got with child,

Will put themselves clean out of exercise,

And will not venture now for fear of meeting

Their shames in a coranto, 'specially

If they be near their time: Well, in my knowledge,

If that should happen, we are sure to lose
 Many a good waiting-woman, that's now o'er shoes.
 Alas, the while ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the DUTCHESS and CELIA.

Dutch. Thou tell'st me things are enemies to
 reason,
 I cannot get my faith to entertain 'em.
 And I hope never shall.

Celia. 'Tis too true, madam.

Dutch. I say 'tis false : 'twere better thou'dst
 been dumb,
 Than spoke a truth s' unpleasing ; thou shalt get
 But little praise by't : he whom we affect
 To place his love upon so base a creature !

Celia. Nay, ugliness itself you'd say so, madam,
 If you but saw her once ; a strolling gipsy ;
 No christian that is born a hind could love her ;
 She's the sun's masterpiece for tawinness ;
 Yet have I seen Andrugio's arms about her,
 Perceived his hollow whisp'rings in her ear,
 His joys at meeting her.

Dutch. What joy could that be ?

Celia. Such, madam, I have seldom seen it
 equal'd ;
 He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
 As if her* lips had been as red as yours :
 I look'd still when he would be black in mouth,
 Like boys with eating hedge-berries : nay more,
 madam,

* The original reads, "*his* lips."

He brib'd one of his keepers with ten ducats
To find her out amongst a flight of gipsies.

Dutch. I'll have that keeper hang'd, and you
for malice ;

She cannot be so bad as you report,
Whom he so firmly loves ; you're false in much,
And I will have you tried : go fetch her to us.

[*Exit Celia.*

He cannot be himself, and appear guilty
Of such gross folly ; 'has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him. This wench fails
In understanding service ; she must home,
Live at her house i' th' country, she decays
In beauty and discretion. Who hast brought there?

Enter CELIA and AURELIA.

Celia. This is she, madam.

Dutch. Youth and whiteness bless me !
It is not possible. He talk'd sensibly
Within this hour ; this cannot be : How does he?
I fear me my restraint has made him mad.

Celia. His health is perfect, madam.

Dutch. You are perfect
In falsehood still ; he's certainly distracted :
Though I'd be loath to foul my words upon her,
She looks so beastly ; yet I'll ask the question :
Are you belov'd (sweet face) of Andrugio ?

Aur. Yes show'rly, mistress ; he done love me
'Bove all the girls that shine above me.
Full often has he sweetly kiss'd me,
And wept as often when he miss'd me :
Swore he was to marry none,
But me alone——

Dutch. Out on thee! marry thee? Away with her;
Clear mine eyes of her. [*Exit Aurelia.*]

A curate that has got his place by simony,
Is not half black enough to marry thee.
Surely the man's far spent; howe'er he carries it,
He's without question mad; but I ne'er knew
Man bear it better before company.

The love of woman wears so thick a blindness,
It sees no fault, but only man's unkindness;
And that's so gross, it may be felt. Here, Celia,
Take this; with speed command Andrugio to us,
And his guard from him.

Celia. It shall straight be done, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Dutch. I'll look into his carriage more judiciously,
When I next get him. A wrong done to beauty,
Is greater than an injury done to love,
And we'll less pardon it; for had it been
A creature whose perfection had outshin'd me,
It had been honourable judgment in him,
And to my peace a noble satisfaction:
But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly!
Look he be mad indeed, and thoroughly gone,
Or he pays dearly for't: 'tis not
The ordinary madness of a gentleman,
That shall excuse him here; 'had better lose
His wits eternally, than lose my grace:
So strange is the condition of his fall,
He's safe in nothing, but in loss of all.

Enter ANDRUGIO and CELIA.

He comes: Now by the fruits of all my hopes,
A man that has his wits cannot look better!

It likes me well enough ; there's life in's eye,
And civil health in's cheek ; he stands with judgment,

And bears his body well. What ails this man ?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand ladies,
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs, which makes none laugh

But their own waiting-women, and they dare do
no otherwise.

Come nearer, sir :—I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.

And. What new trick 's in this now ?

Dutch. How long have you been mad, sir ?

And. Mad ! a great time, lady ;
Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sin'd ;
That's now some thirty years ; by'r lady, upwards.

Dutch. (*Aside.*) This man speaks reason wondrous feelingly ;
Enough to teach the rudest soul good manners.
You cannot be excus'd with lightness now,
Or frantic fits ; you're able to instruct, sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seize on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart,
And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,

It in a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the abusing of thy spiteful enemy,
That sought to fix his malice upon thee ;
And couldst thou so requite me ?

And. How, good madam ?

Dutch. To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely

Upon contempt itself, disdain and loathsomness;
A thing whose face, through ugliness, frights
children;

A straggling gipsy!

And. See how you may err, madam,
Through wrongful information; by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
Bestow'd upon a creature so unworthy.

Dutch. No! then you cannot fly me. (*To Celia.*)

Fetch her back;

And though the sight of her displease mine eye
Worse than th' offensiv'st object earth and nature
Can present to us; yet for truth's probation,
We will endure 't contentfully. What now,
Art thou return'd without her?

Enter CELIA, and AURELIA in her own Dress.

And. No, madam; this is she my peace dwells in;
If here be either baseness of descent,
Rudeness of manners, or deformity
In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yield it;
Tax me severely, madam.

Dutch. (*To Celia.*) How thou stand'st,
As dumb as the salt pillar; where's this gipsy?
(*Celia points to Aur.*) What! no: I cannot blame
thee then for silence.

Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.

Aur. Your pardon, and your pity, virtuous
madam.

Cruel restraint, join'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art; in that disguise I 'scap'd
The hardness of my fortunes; you that see
What love's force is, good madam, pity me.

And. Your grace has ever been the friend of truth ;

And here 'tis set before you.

Dutch. I confess

I have no wrong at all ; she's younger, fairer :

He has not now dishonour'd me in choice :

I much commend his noble care and judgment.

'Twas a just cross led in by a temptation,

For offering but to part from my dear vow,

And I'll embrace it cheerfully : rise both,

The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls,

I will not part you.

And. Virtue's crown be yours, madam.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Aur. (Aside.) Oh, there appears the life of all my wishes !

Is your grace pleas'd, out of your bounteous goodness

To a poor virgin's comforts, I shall freely

Enjoy whom my heart loves ?

Dutch. Our word is past,

Enjoy without disturbance.

Aur. There, Lactantio,

Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her

That has wrought all this means to rest in thee.

And. Death of my joys ! how's this ?

Lact. Prithee away, fond fool ; hast no shame in thee ?

Thou'rt bold and ignorant, whate'er thou art.

Aur. Whate'er I am ; do not you know me then ?

Lact. Yes, for some waiting-vessel ; but the times

Are chang'd with me, if you'd the grace to know 'em.

I look'd for more respect; I am not spoke withal
 After this rate, I tell you; learn hereafter
 To know what belongs to me; you shall see
 All the court teach you shortly. Farewell, man-
 ners.

Dutch. I'll mark the event of this.

Aur. I have undone myself
 Two ways at once; lost a great deal of time,
 And now I am like to lose more. O my fortune!
 I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vow'd
 To have a child by twenty, if not twain:
 To see how maids are cross'd! but I'm plagu'd
 justly:

And she that makes a fool of her first love,
 Let her ne'er look to prosper. (*To And.*) Sir—

And. O falsehood!

Aur. Have you forgiveness in you? There's
 more hope of me
 Than of a maid that never yet offended.

And. Make me your property?

Aur. I'll promise you,
 I'll never make you worse: and, sir, you know
 There are worse things for women to make men.
 But by my hope of children, (and all lawful)
 I'll be as true for ever to your bed
 As she, in thought or deed, that never err'd.

And. I'll once believe a woman, be it but to
 strengthen
 Weak faith in other men: I have a love
 That covers all thy faults.

Enter CARDINAL and the LORDS.

Card. (Aside to Lact.) Nephew, prepare thyself
 With meekness and thanksgiving to receive

Thy reverend fortune : amongst all the lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee.

Lact. (Aside to Card.) Alas, I'm not to learn
to know that now.

Where could she make choice here, if I were
missing ?

'Twould trouble the whole state, and puzzle 'em all
To find out such another.

Card. 'Tis high time, madam,
If your grace please, to make election now.
Behold, they are all assembled.

Dutch. What election ?
You speak things strange to me, sir.

Card. How ! good madam ?

Dutch. Give me your meaning plainly like a
father ;

You are too religious, sir, to deal in riddles.

Card. Is there a plainer way than leads to
marriage, madam,
And the man set before you ?

Dutch. O blasphemy
To sanctimonious faith ! comes it from you, sir ?
An ill example ! know you what you speak,
Or who you are ? Is not my vow in place ?
How dare you be so bold, sir ? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently
Take all th' advantage on't ?

Card. Is this in earnest, madam ?

Dutch. Heaven pardon you ! If you do not
think so, sir,
You've much to answer for : but I will leave you ;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
All you bless'd powers that register the vows
Of virgins and chaste matrons, look on me

With eyes of mercy; seal forgiveness to me
 By signs of inward peace; and to be surer,
 That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
 I bind myself more strictly: all my riches
 I'll speedily commend to holy uses;
 This temple* unto some religious sanctuary,
 Where all my time to come I will allow
 For fruitful thoughts; so knit I up my vow.

Lact. This 'tis to hawk at eagles! Pox of pride!
 It lays a man i' th' mire still, like a jade
 That has too many tricks, and ne'er a good one.
 I must gape high; I'm in a sweet case now,
 I was sure of one, and now I have lost her too.

Dutch. I know, my lord, all that great studious
 care
 Is for your kinsman; he's provided for
 According to his merits.

Card. How's that, good madam?

Dutch. Upon the firmness of my faith 'tis true,
 sir.

Enter LACTANTIO'S PAGE, dressed as a Woman.

See here's the gentlewoman; the match was made
 Near forty weeks ago: he knows the time, sir,
 Better than I can tell him; and the poor gentle-
 woman

Better than he: but being religious, sir, and fear-
 ing you,

He durst not own her for his wife till now;
 Only contracted with her in man's apparel,
 For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
 And never could endure the sight of a woman,

* By "this temple" is meant her person: the expression is taken from scripture, but is rather too solemn for the occasion.

For fear that you should see her: this was he
Chose for my love; this Page prefer'd to me.

Lact. I'm paid with mine own money.

Card. Dare hypocrisy,
For fear of vengeance, sit so close to virtue?
Steal'st thou a holy vestment from religion,
To clothe forbidden lust with? Th' open villain
Goes before thee to mercy, and his penitency
Is bless'd with a more sweet and quick return.
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee;
I'll sooner make a paracide my heir,
Than such a monster. O forgive me, madam!
Th' apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sin's weight at it. I forget all charity,
When I but think upon him.

Dutch. Nay, my lord,
At our request, since we are pleas'd to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors,
Which conscionable justice now sets right,
From you we expect patience; 'has had punish-
ment
Enough in his false hopes; trust me he has, sir;
They have requited his dissembling largely.
And to erect your falling goodness to him,
We'll begin first ourself: ten thousand ducats
The gentlewoman shall bring out of our treasure,
To make her dowry.

Card. None has the true way
Of overcoming anger with meek virtue,
Like your compassionate grace.

Lact. Curse of this fortune! this 'tis to med-
dle with taking stuff, whose belly cannot be con-
fin'd in a waist-band. (*To his late Page.*) Pray
what have you done with the breeches? we shall

have need of 'em shortly, an we get children so fast; they are too good to be cast away. My son and heir need not scorn to wear what his mother has left off. I had my fortune told me by a gipsy seven years ago; she said then I should be the spoil of many a maid, and at seven years end marry a quean for my labour; which falls out wicked and true.

Dutch. We all have faults; look not so much on his.

Who lives i' th' world that never did amiss?

For you, Aurelio, I commend your choice,

You've one after our heart: and though your father

Be not in presence, we'll assure his voice;

Doubt not his liking, his o'er-joying rather.

(*To Lact.*) You, sir, embrace your own, 'tis your full due;

No page serves me more, that once dwells with you.

Oh, they that search out man's intents, shall find

There's more dissemblers than of womankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF VOL. IV.

Old plays being a continuation of Dodsley's collection

Bd.: 4

London (1816)

P.o.angl. 282 b-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748210-8